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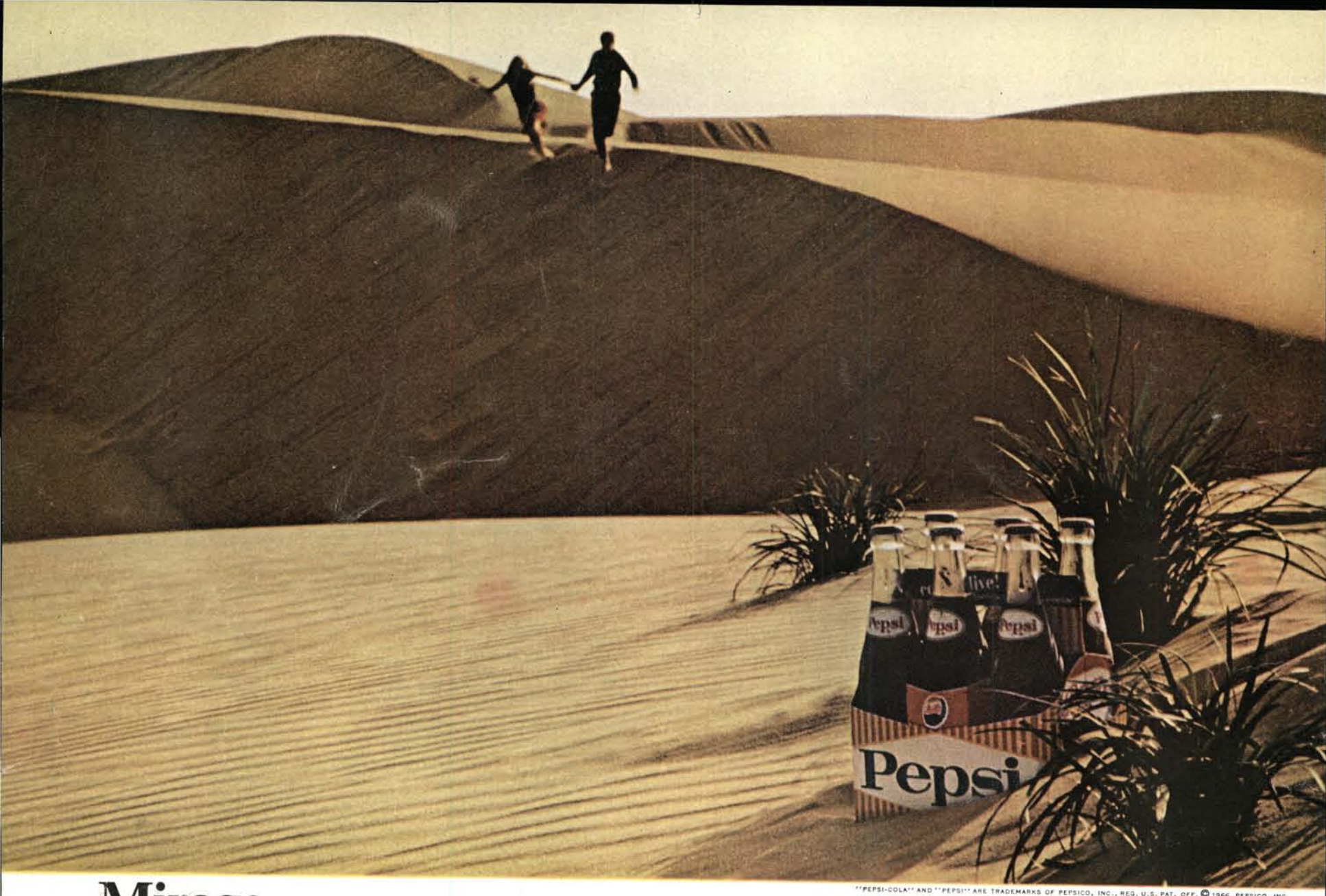

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True or false?

Can you pick all 9 true statements in this quiz?

(No time limit—but no help from your spouse or a 12-year-old boy who happens to know everything.)

1. T F ☐☐ Coca-Cola and Ford are the two best known trademarks in the world. If you think it's true, check "T."

2. T F ☐☐ Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for furniture, wall coverings and sporting goods.

3. T F ☐☐ We manufacture both color and black and white TV sets, ranges, radios, automatic washers and dryers, air conditioners, phonographs, refrigerators and home freezers. (Need extra help on this one? Philco Corporation is a Ford subsidiary.)

4. T F ☐☐ Our Philco scientists have developed an electronic print reader that can read 15,000 words a minute. (That's about one novel every 10 minutes.)

5. T F ☐☐ The planet Mars was approximately 134 million miles from Earth when Mariner IV passed it in midsummer 1965. The first pictures ever taken of Mars were relayed from Mariner IV by a Philco-built antenna from a distance of 150 million miles. True or false?

6. T F ☐☐ The trend in women's fashions is to shorter skirts. Ford of Paris has created a new collection of sports car clothes for Mustang-minded women.

7. T F ☐☐ In order to track satellites moving through space at 17,500 miles per hour—Ford's Philco subsidiary has built some of the world's largest antennas that move in 2 directions at one time.

8. T F ☐☐ Most of the major safety devices on today's cars were pioneered by Ford. These include seat belts, safety glass, padded instrument panels, deep-dish steering wheels and safety door locks.

9. T F ☐☐ American astronauts traveled more than 3 million miles in their historic flight last August. Ford's Philco scientists designed and provided most of the equipment for Gemini Control at NASA's Mission Control Center, Houston, Texas.

10. T F ☐☐ On an average day, U.S. Post Office Department handles more than 200 million letters and packages. Zip-coding speeds delivery. Ford's Philco subsidiary has developed a machine that can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.

11. T F ☐☐ Ford manufactures the following cars in the United States: Mustang, Bronco, Falcon, Fairlane, Ford, Comet, Stutz Bearcat, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

ANSWERS: False: Numbers 6 and 11. We don't make Paris fashions yet—but give us time. And the nearest thing we make to a "bearcat" is our wild little pony—Mustang.

Ford

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The Saturday Evening
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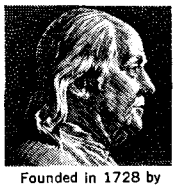

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About this issue

Trevor Armbrister

About a year ago, in Olympia, Wash., TREVOR ARMBRISTER conducted the first interview in his study of the crisis in state government. Since then he has interviewed more than 300 people and has traveled nearly 15,000 miles; the research material he amassed now takes up half of one room in his home. After writing a first draft of some 70,000 words, he finally pared the manuscript to 17,000 words. But after it was all over, did he take a vacation? No. Within a week he was off on assignment to South Vietnam. . . . In 1964 ALICE LAKE gave birth to her second child, but within two days the baby died of Rh-factor incompatibility. Now, Mrs. Lake reports in this issue, doctors have found a new way of saving such babies: by giving them blood transfusions *before* birth. . . . CHARLES PORTIS, who describes the world of country music, is a former reporter for the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette* and the New York *Herald Tribune*. He has written a comic novel that will be published this year by Simon & Schuster.

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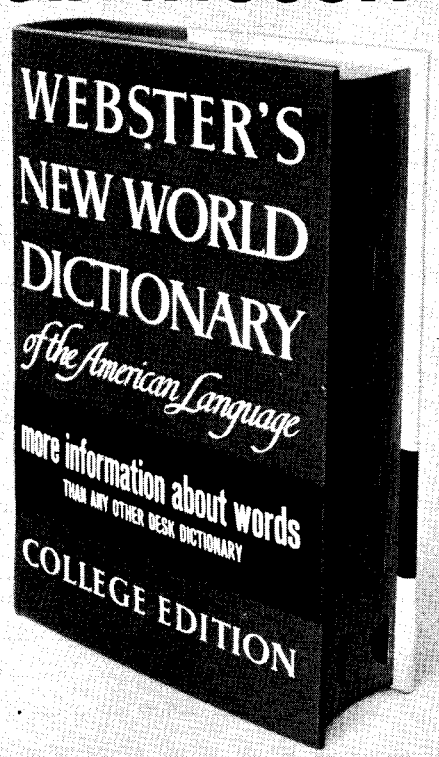

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Letters

M.D.'s and the A.M.A.

Dear Sir:

John Bird's article, YOUR DOCTOR AND THE A.M.A. [January 1], is in my opinion the best presentation of the problem at hand that I have seen anywhere. Particularly noteworthy was its complete objectivity and truthfulness, virtues I had grown to feel had been abandoned by American journalism.

It may seem strange that physicians could almost to the man be "conservatives" in regard to their political philosophy. But the answer to me seems simple: The nature of our work places a disproportionately great emphasis on the importance of the individual. Any benefit society may obtain is a secondary gain. That the individual is more important than the society in which he is contained is a concept that fits very nicely into the original doctrine of our democracy.

H. F. COULTER, M.D.
Mission, Kans.

Sir:

While the A.M.A. may well speak for organized medicine, there is, nevertheless, a minority opposed to most of its policies. The minority has no voice, and most of its members cannot even show their disapproval, because no trade union maintains a more rigid control than the A.M.A.

Membership in a county medical association is a requisite for a hospital-staff appointment, and county members must be members of the state medical association, to which no one is admitted unless he belongs to the A.M.A. Consequently, any doctor who wants hospital privileges must *a priori* belong to the A.M.A.

COLIN KENDALL, M.D.
Temple Terrace, Fla.

Gentlemen:

I suggest that one reason for A.M.A.'s poor image, public-relationswise, is its predominantly masculine membership. The Russians more sensibly fill most G.P. posts with dedicated and trained women. The ladies, God bless 'em, have more sensitive social consciences, so are less easily swayed by mercenary self-interest. Surely an A.M.A. medical matriarchy could do no worse than its existing reactionary patriarchy has done.

W. A. LYELL SR.
Lakewood, N.J.

Dear Sir:

John Bird's article was factual and accurate, if not sympathetic. There are many of us doctors, like Jack Schreiber, who wish to care for the sick with a personal relationship not dictated by any government bureau with a number for each patient and forms to make out in triplicate. Please do not talk about our refusing care to the aged under Medicare. We do not wish to refuse care to anyone who needs it. We just refuse to work as government hirelings.

We are a proud breed with a tradition of excellence. Can you blame us for refusing to be debased under the socialistic scheme devised by the Administration?

JAMES L. FISHER, M.D.
Youngstown, Ohio

Snubbed flub

Sirs:

Donald Reid is one of our country's forgotten persons—the amateur (unsponsored) inventor [THE SUB THAT SAILS IN THE SKY, by Robert K. Massie, January 1]. The undisguised cynicism of the industry and the Government concerning the rights of an individual to the fruits of his creativity is a costly national error. Numberless excellent inventive ideas are lost yearly to our nation by its failure to assist, protect and reward its natural engineers and untrained scientists.

In the article, hydrodynamics engineer Handler's comment, "Patents protect a particular design, not a general concept. Reid has a patent on *his* flying submarine, but not on *all conceivable designs* for flying submarines. . . ." (italics mine), means that Mr. Reid may as well open his ballast tanks for a final dive unless the unanticipated miracle happens.

I feel less sorry for Mr. Reid, perhaps, than for the total loss to this nation's scientific community which he symbolizes.

PARKER KIMBALL
Dana Point, Calif.

Benjamin Franklin

Dear Sirs:

Your Ben Franklin cover [January 1] with the 18th-century printing press behind the inimitable Sage of Philadelphia, and your admirable editorial, THE TRADITION OF BEN FRANKLIN, provided the right new-year send-off. I hope it won't seem ungrateful to add that I wish your editorial had included the full text of Franklin's tersely witty epitaph, a further metaphoric proof of his regard for his profession:

The Body of
B Franklin Printer,
(Like the Cover of an old Book
Its Contents torn out
And stript of its Lettering &
Gilding) Lies here, Food for
Worms. But the work shall not
be lost; For it will, (as
he believ'd) appear once more,
In a new and more elegant
Edition Revised and corrected,
By the Author.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Peace Corps

Editor:

As U.S. ambassador to Ghana during the Zeitlins' tour of Peace Corps duty, I wish to correct the impression left by their article, THE PEACE CORPS ISN'T DOING ITS JOB [January 1].

In my opinion, the record of the Peace Corps in Ghana has been magnificent. Although Ghana has one of Africa's most advanced educational systems, a good part of it at the secondary level literally is carried by Peace Corps volunteers, and has been since 1961. They instruct in science and math, and fields of critical need in Ghana. As the Zeitlins point out, the volunteers generally are not seasoned teachers. But all of them are otherwise qualified, so much so that, despite occasional criticism of the Peace Corps in Ghana's official Leftist press, we were consistently asked to supply twice as many volunteers as we actually could supply. In addition, we have supplied 25 geologists to help further development of Ghana's mineral wealth.

The spirit, dedication and performance of Peace Corps volunteers is

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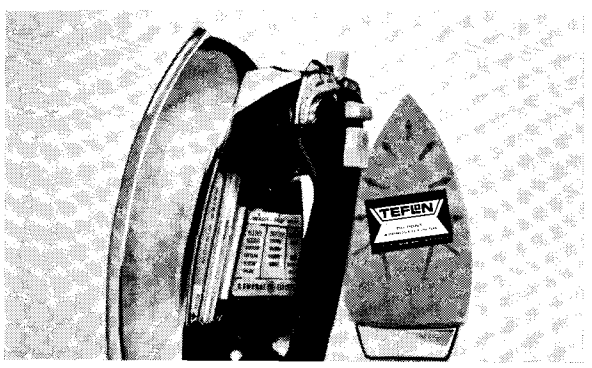

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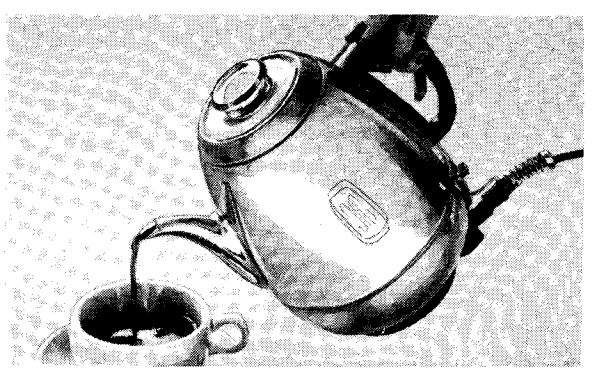

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Letters

unmatched by any other comparable effort in the world. Speaking of spirit—I have often said that in Africa not all missionaries have collars that button down the back; some button in front. I would put our Peace Corps volunteers in that category.

WILLIAM MAHONEY
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sir:

I agree with the criticism of the Peace Corps expressed by Arnold and Marian Zeitlin. My Peace Corps assignment (Brazil, 1962–3) in extension youth work was rewarding because it was well defined and administered. Most Corps projects aren't.

The Peace Corps needs a full-time director, fewer psychologists and public-relations personnel, more Ph.D.'s in project-related fields, intensified direct recruitment toward skills and occupations, and increased use of independent agency contracts in project administration. Here in the Midwest, the Corps should send fewer Ivy League recruiters; our skilled farm boys just don't dig them.

JERRY A. MARK
Iowa State University of Science & Technology
Ames, Iowa

Editor:

The intelligently critical remarks of the Zeitlins were doubly welcome—most articles on the Peace Corps in popular magazines have been little more than publicity releases.

Having served in West Pakistan as a volunteer professional librarian, I generally concur with the Zeitlins' judgments. However, I think they exaggerate the extent to which the volunteers lack needed skills. True, there are many "B.A. generalists," but there are also many with a good grounding in engineering, nursing, agriculture, surveying and other specialized fields, some (though not many) with many years of experience. Possessing such precise skills is sometimes a mixed blessing, because jobs in hungry nations are often ill defined; consequently, volunteers must piece together several jobs to fill out a working day.

R. NEIL BARRON
New York, N.Y.

Sir:

Trumpeted by New Frontiersmen as the dispatch of skilled Americans to assist backward nations, the Peace Corps early showed the Zeitlin-indicated defects by a foot-in-mouth proposal to send several thousand English teachers to "underdeveloped" Japan. This proposal was scotched by the Japanese National Teachers Union, and Japan has formed a Peace Corps that sends *skilled technicians only* to backward areas of Southeast Asia.

The Philippines, where at the turn of the century thousands of dedicated American schoolteachers inaugurated the nationwide public-school system whose curriculum is unequaled in Asia, is similarly flooded by superfluous teachers of the "B.A.-generalist" type. A picture of a giddy-looking blonde in short shorts leading barrio tots in calisthenics while being ogled by older youths is "enuff said" re the Corps in the Philippines.

In a decade's residence in Yokohama and Manila, I observed no shortages of English teachers or speakers, calisthenics leaders or historians. The Peace Corps's attempts to flood these nations with callow college kooks, while short-changing truly backward areas, exposes the shortcomings of this New Frontier boondoggle.

JOHN F. KENNEALLY
Petersburg, Va.

Picture of Salazar

Dear Sir:

The photograph you published as that of Professor António de Oliveira Salazar simply is not his, but belongs to a prominent general of the Portuguese Air Force [WHO MURDERED GENERAL DELGADO? by Sanche de Gramont, January 1]. The head of the Portuguese Government is a scholar and a statesman and was never a soldier. Mr. Salazar has never used any medals at all.

That the Portuguese Government had nothing to do with ex-General Delgado's death and simply deplores it can be very well seen in its suggestion of an international investigation on the whole affair.

RAMIRO VALADÃO, *Director*
Casa de Portugal
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am a Portuguese and I can testify that your article is a true one, as I was living in Portugal at the time of the election of 1958. All the details—the background presented and the actual killing of the General—are without a doubt true.

However, the picture on page 50 is not the picture of Dictator Salazar. He very seldom smiles and is never out in the sun; he would much rather stay in the comfort of his library. Though he is a dictator, he has a candid appearance resembling a sophisticated peasant more than a prosperous, happy military chief.

Your article is too serious to lose impact by printing this wrong picture, which might make some readers doubt the truthfulness of the entire piece. I think that a public correction would be in order in your next issue.

GABRIEL S. GONSALVES
Chicago, Ill.

The Post regrets the error, and publishes below a picture of the real Premier Salazar.—Ed.

General Homem de Figueiredo (left) and Premier Antonio de Oliveira Salazar.

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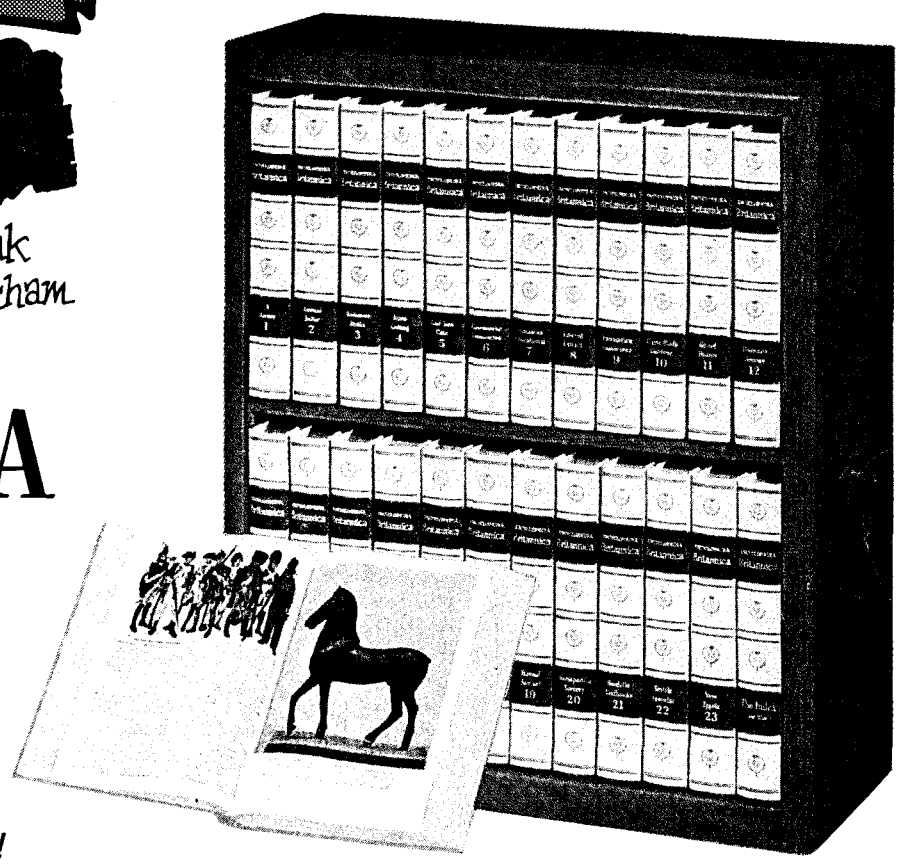

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Speaking Out

WE'RE UNFAIR TO DRAFT-CARD BURNERS

By Richard E. Rubenstein

Few recent events in this country have provoked such widespread and vociferous indignation as the refusal of a few young Americans to be drafted for combat duty in Vietnam. The first youth who publicly burned his draft card, a 22-year-old New Yorker named David Miller, was pursued and arrested in New Hampshire by a squad of FBI agents; and other young demonstrators, whose only offense was participation in sit-ins, have lost their student deferments and been speedily reclassified 1A. With almost no debate, as if under siege, Congress abruptly passed, and the President signed, a law making it a serious crime to burn a draft card.

We are rightly concerned about disrespect for the law in any shape or form. Some of these Vietnam objectors may be hypocrites, or sensation-mongers, or outright subversives, of course. But surely, for those sincere and loyal citizens who believe the war to be unjust, military service in Vietnam presents a terrible moral issue. And, I submit, we are seriously discriminating against this sincere minority and putting its members in an impossible moral position.

To demonstrate, let us say that one young man announces that he is forbidden by conscience to take part in *any* war. The legal response, and much of the public verdict, would be that he should not be required to serve in the military, and a way would be provided for him to perform other service honorably. But there are other young men who may say that World War II was just because Hitler had to be fought, but that the Spanish-American War was unjust and the Vietnamese War is unjust and therefore they cannot conscientiously support it. Like John Quincy Adams, who fought for the American Revolution but bitterly opposed the Mexican War, they are willing to participate in "just" wars but not an "unjust" one. Public opinion denounces them, and the law says they can be sent to a federal penitentiary.

Congress has never dealt adequately with these distinctions in the series of draft laws that it has passed. One of the first federal draft acts, passed in 1864, exempted only those members of established religious communities who were forbidden by their articles of faith to bear arms—Quakers, Mennonites and the like. Thereafter, seemingly by force of habit, Congress repeated the exemption of total religious pacifists from combat service. The Draft Act of 1917 contained language almost identical to that of the 1864 act but the 1940 law finally broadened the exemption to include all those whose opposition to war was based upon "religious training or belief," with or without membership in a religious group. Thus one did not have to be a Quaker to obtain conscientious-objector classification—only to think like one. In some ways, of course, our draft statutes have become both more complex and more reasonable. The 1917 act provided that the objectors were to be drafted, but permitted to do noncombatant work, and the 1940 statute added the provision that those conscientiously opposed even to noncombatant work could perform "civilian work" at the direction of their draft boards. ("Civilian work," in practice, often meant labor within the confines of conscientious-objector camps.)

In spite of all these developments, Congress has never faced the fact that just as one may oppose *all* war on religious grounds without being a Quaker or a Mennonite, one may oppose a single war—for instance, Vietnam—on religious or ethical grounds without being a total pacifist.

Many will say that a citizen has no more right to refuse to fight than to refuse to obey other laws. And if one does have such a right, may he not also refuse to pay taxes to support the "unjust war?" In time of national emergency, it will be argued, the opposition of a minority to an essential law may deprive the nation of its very right to survive. The proper route of protest, the argument continues, is through the courts or legislation, not by civil disobedience.

From the point of view of the sincere objector himself, there is only one answer to these arguments, and it is not really an answer at all, but rather the response that Martin Luther made to similar entreaties: "Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise."

For every man there can be some things which conscience forbids, even while the law says, "You must!" Rarely will a command of the State and one's ethical standards clash so violently, but when they do, a man must give priority to his own deepest convictions or lose respect for his own moral worth. As a lawyer, I of course have deep respect for the law, and yet I also recognize that a man's conscience may tell him that, legal right or no legal right, his moral "right" is absolute. As to the argument that the nation's right of self-preservation must supersede individual rights, Harlan Fiske Stone, later Chief Justice of the United States, has given the most effective answer:

> All our history gives confirmation to the view that liberty of conscience has a moral and social value which makes it worthy of preservation at the hands of the state. So deep in its significance and vital, indeed, is it to the integrity of man's moral and spiritual nature that nothing short of the self-preservation of the state should warrant its violation; and it may well be questioned whether the state which preserves its life by a settled policy of violation of the conscience of the individual will not in fact ultimately lose it in the process.

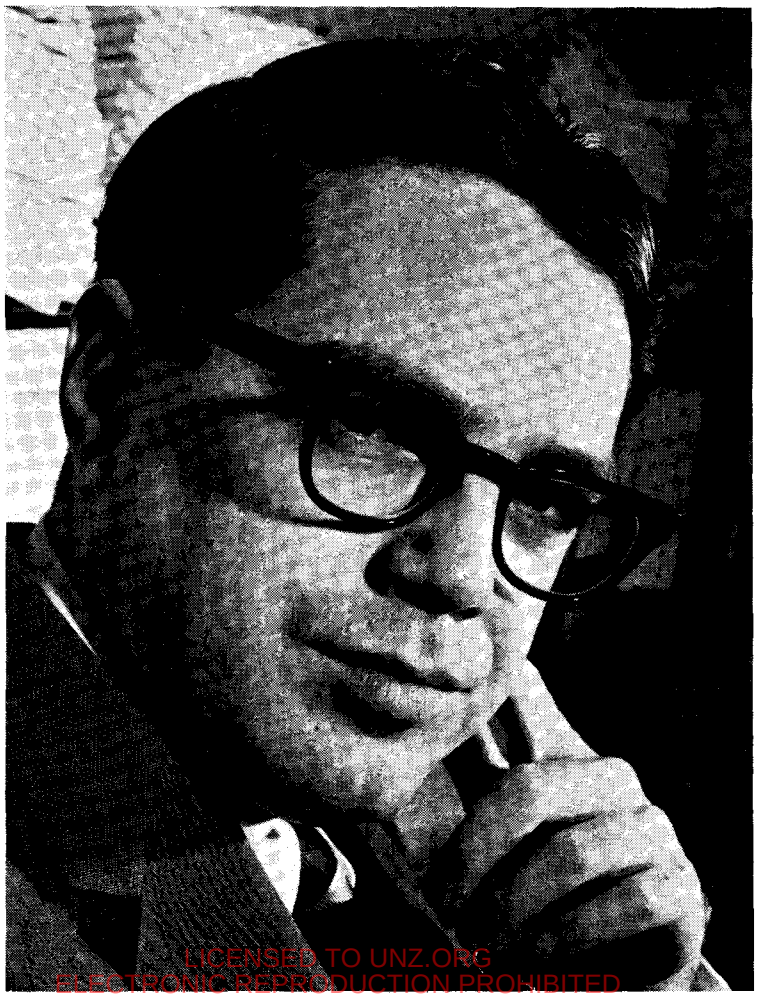
Henry Thoreau said it even more briefly: "I think that we should be men first, and subjects afterward."

It has been our pride in America to produce men, not just subjects, and to accommodate our laws, where possible, to the demands of the individual conscience. This is often an excruciating task, and many times, on such issues as fluoridation and vaccination, the moral issue has been found insufficient and the conscience has been obliged to give way. But plainly the law can and should make exception for those who wish to serve in other ways than by carrying a gun in a particular war. We can and should recognize what our existing conscientious-objector laws imply—that the draft makes a unique demand upon the citizen.

The soldier cannot later work for "repeal" of the war he believes unjust and for resurrection of the enemy dead—at least not in this world. Only in time of war do we ask our citizens to commit the one act which all religions otherwise recognize to be, *prima facie*, a mortal sin—killing. Surely, if the problem were confronted squarely, few of us would want our citizens to suspend moral judgment in wartime. When a man is asked to kill in the service of his country, we should not ask him to say to himself as he pulls the trigger: "I am not responsible for this act; I am just a tool of national policy; I am justified because I am acting under superior orders."

Morally speaking, the conscientious objector may feel that his right not to fight is absolute, but in the political realm (as the Supreme Court has held time and time again) there are few, if any, absolute rights; and when an in-

A graduate of both Oxford, which he attended on a Rhodes Scholarship, and Harvard Law School, the author now practices with a Washington law firm.



One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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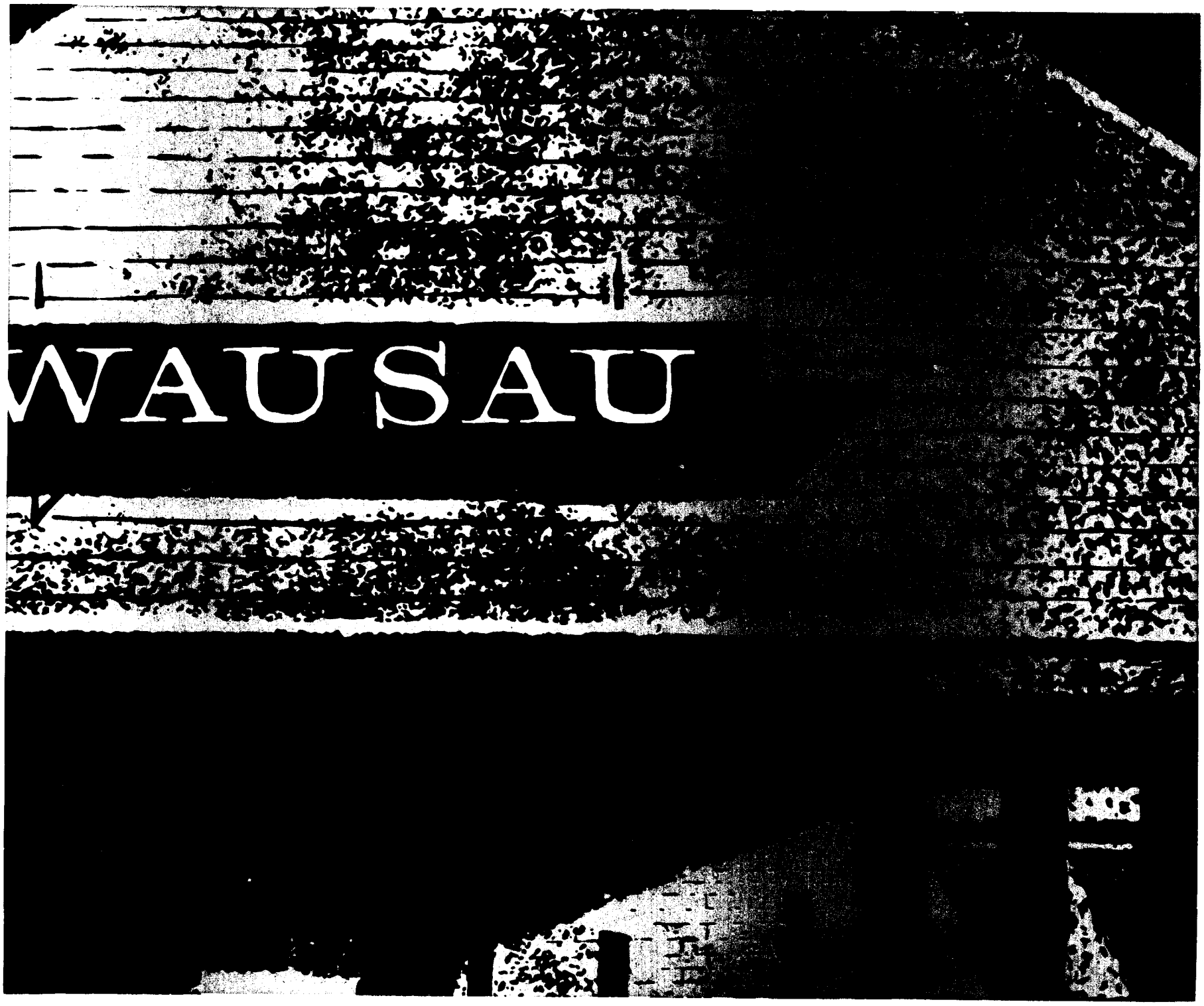

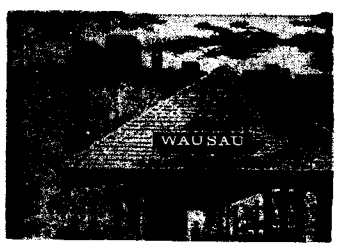

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transigent minority threatens the majority's right to govern, the minority must admittedly give way. But by the same token, the majority have no right to *assume* that permitting dissenters to live as their consciences dictate will tear society apart. It is this kind of assumption—"Give 'em an inch and they'll take a foot"—which has been responsible for some of the most murderous repressions of minorities in history. What I plead for is a new, pragmatic approach to the problem.

My proposal is a simple one. Force a real, hard choice on the zealots. Expand our conscientious-objector statute so that those who are "conscientiously opposed" to a particular war can preserve their consciences without becoming criminals. The present law says that pacifists shall be assigned "to noncombatant service" or to "civilian work contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety or interest." To this I would add a new classification for the particular-war objector. He, too, would be called into service for the national interest. If it were killing in Vietnam to which he conscientiously objected, he could go into noncombatant service there—as the conscientious objectors may do now. If, in good conscience, he couldn't take part in the Vietnam war at all, then he could do combat duty on another front, perhaps Korea or Germany. If he still proved recalcitrant, he could be treated much like a general conscientious objector, and be posted to difficult or hazardous civilian work, perhaps in the Southwest deserts or the swamps of Central Africa—wherever he was needed. If administering this plan sounds like an unbearable burden, one must reply that this is the kind of price we pay, and pay again, to protect the rights of suspected criminals and even reckless drivers.

One can immediately foresee several major objections, but I think that all of them can be effectively rebutted. It can be argued, for example, that unconscientious fakers will take advantage of such a law. Some will, of course, as they do under present law—but not many. Under existing statutes, persons claiming conscientious-objector status are first investigated by their draft boards, and then may appeal to another board which is supplied information by the Justice Department. Their lives and characters are scrutinized. This procedure deters many from applying, and an adaptation of the procedure could be used on the particular-war objectors.

Next, some will object that too many would use the new route to avoid service. This notion has no basis in known fact. When the 1917 Act exempted conscientious objectors, there were dire predictions that no one would be available for the fighting. As it turned out, few were willing to spend that war, or any subsequent wars, at some dangerous noncombatant job or in difficult or often degrading civilian work, risking career and reputation to join a minority to which a stigma has always attached.

The vast majority of America's young men have always been conformist in useful ways. They prefer to go where the action is—to be with their colleagues, even in war, rather than be banished from their company. And as Vietnam demonstrates daily, Americans make willing, brave and skillful soldiers.

Defense Department officials would probably be the first to admit that if an announcement were made tomorrow at Danang Air Base offering to transfer out any man who had lost faith in the American cause and who was prepared to explain his views to a hearing board, there would be few—if any—takers. In recent years the U.S. Army has permitted servicemen who are suddenly "converted" to total conscientious objection to leave the service without dishonor. Very few have tried to use this policy as a means of avoiding service.

Some may object that a new law which recognizes the particularity of the conscience will tempt our youth too much. Many young men—especially those in college, or so it will be argued—could easily be induced by skillful propagandists to adopt a leftist, anti-war position, and this could cripple our ability to combat Communist expansionism. In fact, college students on the whole are as susceptible as their countrymen to the persuasive power of a national campaign to generate popular support for military action. A recent survey found that in over 80 colleges the school officials believed that only one percent of the students were involved in anti-war activity. Few of this tiny minority, if required either to apply for objector status or to join the military, would adopt the former course—particularly since the chances of participating in the real shooting are actually very small. Moreover, an exemption for the particular-war objector would rob the extreme leftist movement of much of its glamour (its appeal to the martyr instinct), and of its future potential, which lies in students made outlaw by the present law.

Few young men would or could achieve the new status of the conscientious objector to the particular war. Not only would it put their convictions to the test, but it could bring them some duty as hazardous and dirty as combat. Nevertheless, there are such men among us today, and at present they are ordered either to fight, contrary to their beliefs, or to go to jail. This situation is intolerable. Thoreau, in his Biblical way, went directly to the point: "Is there not a sort of blood shed when the conscience is wounded? Through this wound a man's real manhood and immortality flow out, and he bleeds to an everlasting death."

We cannot admit that national security and liberty of conscience are incompatible, at least not until we have made an effort to reconcile them. The objectors to particular wars should be put in their place—a place where they need not trouble their countrymen unduly, or vice versa, and also where they will not give aid and comfort to the enemy. It need not be a very pretty place, and certainly not a glamorous or an easy one. But permitting these difficult and dedicated young people to keep their consciences intact will achieve the same advantage for the rest of us. Is it not plain that one of the main reasons we are made so nervous by these few young men is that we fear we may not be giving them a fair hearing and fair judgment?

Roland E. Robertson

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'We could stockpile birds'

WASHINGTON:

Well, just for example, we could stockpile birds. It wouldn't be impossible, you know—biologists know how to trap birds by the thousands. There's always *some* way to deal with these problems."

This odd comment, made by a high Defense Department official, rather vividly suggests the surrealistic complexities surrounding an immensely grave decision which the President and the Congress are sooner or later going to have to face up to. The decision is this—whether to make a really serious effort to assure the survival of a big proportion, at least, of the people of the United States in case of nuclear war. The decision involves a great many billions of dollars. It could also involve a great many millions of American lives—71,000,000 American lives according to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's estimate.

Last year, in testimony on Capitol Hill, Secretary McNamara, with his passion for "quantification," reduced the problem to a sort of money-lives equation. He produced a little chart which assumed a massive nuclear attack on our biggest cities: as follows:

Spending	*Fatalities*
$ 0 billion	149,000,000
$ 5 billion	120,000,000
$15 billion	96,000,000
$25 billion	78,000,000

In other words, if nothing is done, and if McNamara's quantification is correct, about three out of four Americans would die in a major nuclear war. But given a fully mature A-ICBM, or anti-missile system, only (an odd word to use in this context) a bit more than a third of the citizenry would be killed. That is quite a difference.

To make the difference, the first requirement is a system which will really shoot down incoming missiles. This is quite a trick—it is a bit like hitting one bullet with another bullet. But there is no longer any doubt that the trick can be done.

The Army and the Air Force have been playing games with each other in the Kwajalein Island area, and these games have proved beyond question that an anti-missile missile really can shoot down an incoming intercontinental missile. They have proved that a mature missile defense, with all its fantastic complex of computers, radar, and missiles, could indeed destroy a very high proportion of incoming missiles before they reached their target—if the radar could first sort out the real missiles from the fake missiles.

"Interception isn't the problem any more," says one expert. "The problem is discrimination." There are all sorts of tricks for fooling the radar-computer system of the defense, from dropping "chaff," or metal strips, to create confusing blips on the radar screen, to attaching "dinosaur wings" to the missile to make its trajectory unpredictable. But even the problem of discrimination can be solved, the experts believe, if enough money is spent.

But is it worth spending billions of dollars to solve the problem? The more you examine that question, the more eerily unanswerable it seems. In the first place, as McNamara has pointed out, an anti-missile missile system is not worth having unless it is married to an adequate shelter program. There are two reasons why this is so.

First, an A-ICBM like Nike X has a nuclear warhead. The warhead is designed to explode in the atmosphere, which creates radioactive fallout. It would not be very useful to fire hundreds or even thousands of such missiles, knocking out a high proportion of enemy missiles, if it meant killing by radiation millions of your own people.

Second, the enemy, instead of aiming at the defended cities, might aim at the undefended open spaces. To kill the people of Chicago, it is not necessary to hit the city—a big thermonuclear weapon exploded several hundred miles upwind of Chicago could kill every Chicagoan not protected from radiation. So a lot of the $25 billion in the biggest McNamara estimate would go for radiation shelters.

But, some scientists ask, what good is it to protect people in shelters if they are going to die anyway when they emerge from the shelters? Here we come to those stockpiled birds. Secretary McNamara's precise figures were produced by feeding certain "quantifiable" assumptions—weight of attack, concentration of population, defensive kill rate, degree of sheltering—into a computer, and then reading off the answers. But the scientists point out that there are some factors in this terrible equation which are simply not quantifiable.

Take those birds. Dr. Barry Commoner of Washington University points out that birds are about 10 times as sensitive to radiation as most insects (of course, the creeping, undercover insects, like cockroaches, would also have shelter). The humans might be in their shelters during a nuclear exchange, but the birds wouldn't be. The birds would die, the insects would survive, and the "ecological balance," or chain of life, would be upset. With no birds to control them, the insects would multiply at a cancerous rate, and the humans would emerge from their shelters to find their crops and food supplies consumed. Having escaped a new-fashioned death by radiation, they would die an old-fashioned death by starvation.

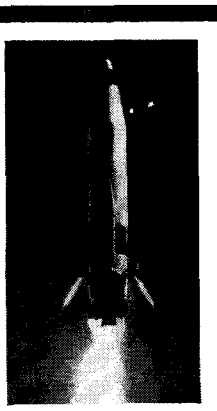
Of course, the birds serve only to illustrate the problem. The heart of the problem is this: Some animals and plants are a lot more vulnerable to radiation than others. (Pine trees, for example, are much more vulnerable than deciduous trees.) Thus a major nuclear attack, quite apart from blast and fire damage, might render a whole continent, even a whole world, uninhabitable, simply by upsetting the ecological balance.

There are other problems which are not quantifiable, like the danger of floods resulting from the destruction of ground cover, the danger of Strontium 90 and other death-dealing radiation in foodstuffs, the danger of epidemics resulting from the breakdown of medical services. There is even, according to a Hudson Institute study, some danger of another ice age resulting from a very big nuclear exchange. A catastrophic climactic change could result from the global dust cloud, obscuring the sun, thrown up by the explosion of thousands of bombs.

All this sounds macabre to the point of lunacy. But these are serious matters, which serious men most seriously debate behind the closed doors where the vital decisions are made. As all this suggests, some scientists contend passionately that even Secretary McNamara's blood-chilling quantification of the fatalities resulting from a major nuclear exchange is very low. In any case, McNamara has surely been eternally right in rejecting the idiot theory of the "bigger bang for a buck"—the notion that the nuclear weapon is a nice, cheap substitute for all other forms of defense.

The plain fact is that resort to nuclear war is in itself an act of total despair and utter irrationality—and yet we must somehow convince our adversaries, and our allies too, that we will commit this act of madness if we are left no choice. Meanwhile, there may be some consolation in Winston Churchill's remark, at the beginning of the atomic age: "I sometimes have the awed thought that when everyone can kill everyone else, no one will want to kill anyone at all."

Stewart Alsop



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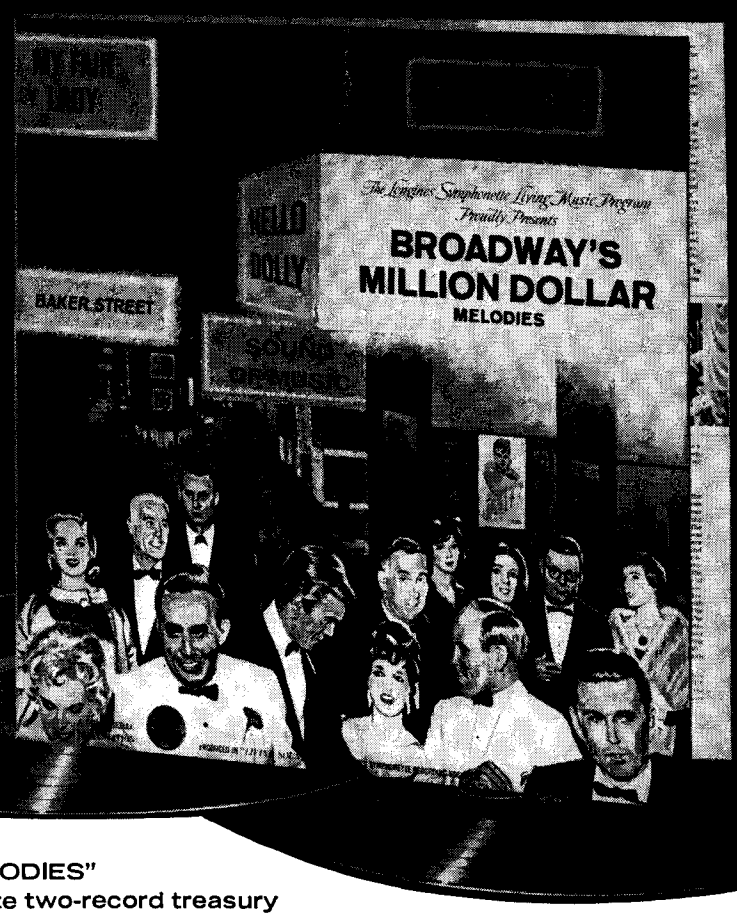

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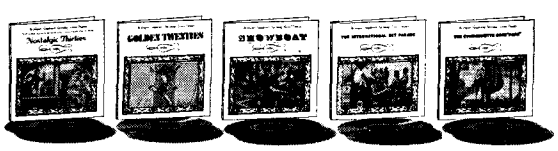

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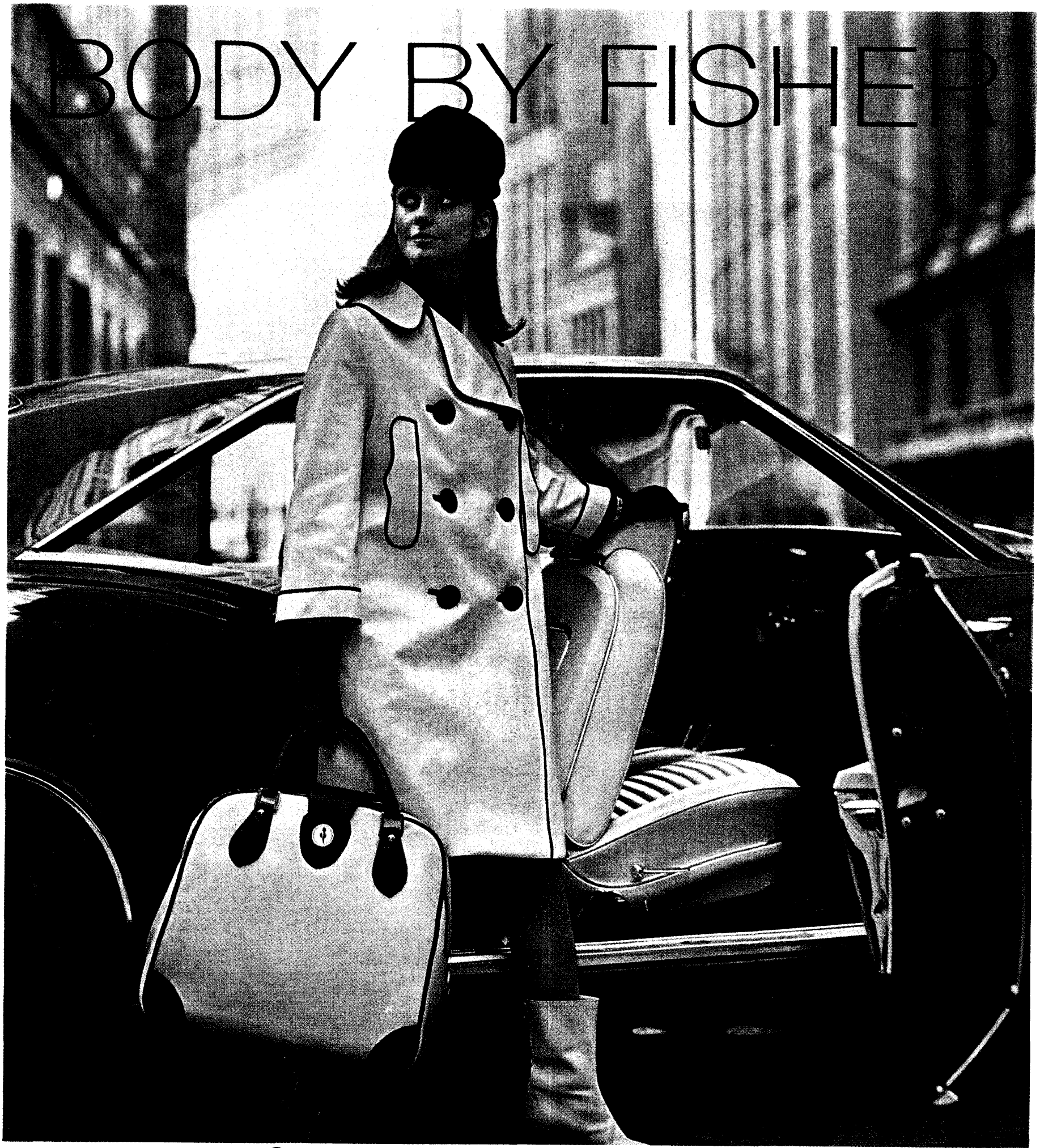

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This sophisticated travel coat and case are made with the same vinyls we use for seat covers. The best we can find. They're easy-care. They travel tirelessly, beautifully, in a GM car with Body by Fisher. So will you. Remember, every car has a body, but only GM cars have Body by Fisher. And Body by Fisher makes it a better buy: Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac.

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Rose earrings, about $150; rose pin, about $270; leaf pin, about $2150; ring, about $455; orchid pin, about $775. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.

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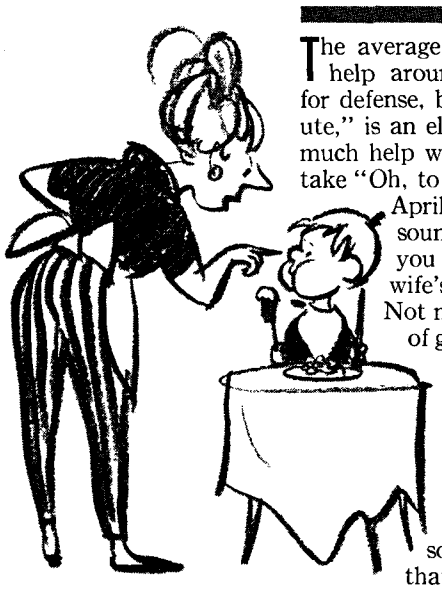
By Will Stanton

Watch Out for the Wollypops



The average quotation isn't a lot of help around the house. "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," is an elevating thought, but not much help when the washer quits. Or take "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there." It has a lovely sound, but it's not something you can really say when your wife's mother comes to visit. Not much help either is "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime," particularly when the boss is coming for dinner and the plumbing is stopped up.

It seems to me there's a place in our lives for some of the homely sayings that never make anthologies. When I was a boy, for example, we had a young and inexperienced hired girl who came to stay with us. The first morning she cooked soft-boiled eggs for breakfast, and when she tried to open them, she had a touch of stage fright. She took a spoon and hit the first one about a quarter of an inch from the end. Then she gave an ineffectual tap a little farther down.

My father took the egg from her and sheared off the top with an easy flick of his knife. "Never be afraid of a soft-boiled egg," he told her.

Since then I have had many harrowing experiences—trying to assemble a tricycle, carving a duck for company, having a conference with a child's teacher, tearing a strip of adhesive tape, gift-wrapping a lamp, costuming a small daughter for a Thanksgiving pantomime. And when I've been most convinced that the world was against me, my father's words—"Never be afraid of a soft-boiled egg"—have carried me through. A man who has truly overcome his fear of a soft-boiled egg can face the rest of life's problems with dignity and grace.

This is the earliest quotation in my collection, but not the only one to stem from my father. A number of years later he happened to be on an airliner that was forced to make an emergency landing. He was describing afterward how calmly the passengers received the news. "After the stewardess made the announcement," he told us, "nobody said a word! We just kept right on talking."

Technically this is known as an Irish Bull—the oddest form of misstatement in the language. I feel fortunate in having two of these. For the second one I'm indebted to my wife. At dinner, while cautioning one of the children about stuffing his mouth, she said, "Don't you put another thing in your mouth until you've swallowed it first."

This was Gabe the three-year-old. We also have Roy, who is five and Sheila, who is eight. One time they were opening boxes of Crackerjack, and Roy's prize was a cardboard sled which Sheila wanted very much. When she opened her box, she got something else. She was furious. Roy was a bit more philosophical.

"Well, Sheila," he said with a shrug, "that's the way it goes. Sometimes you get the cardboard sled, and sometimes you don't."

It was Gabe who supplied me with another noteworthy item. The first time he was given a dish of apricots, he was surprised to find the stones in them. "Hey, man," he said, "there's pieces of wollypops in there."

This is an expression that applies to a lot of things besides apricots. It can be used to describe any experience where something wet and sticky turns up where it isn't supposed to be. I find occasion to use it almost every day.

In truth my children have contributed most of the choice quotations in my collection. Roy decided one time he wanted a tractor—not a toy, but a regular farm tractor.

"I'm sorry," I told him. "I don't have enough money."

He said, "And what's your other reason?"

I said, "I don't have another reason."

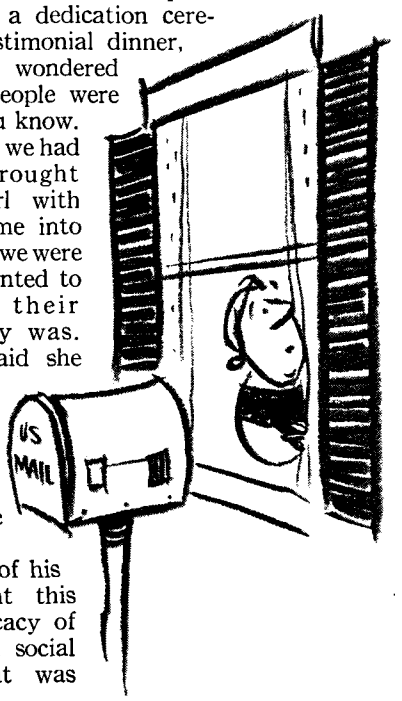
He said, "You always ought to have two reasons."

Then there was the time I was playing a game of checkers with Sheila. She made an incautious move, and I jumped two of her men. She swept all the checkers off the board. "I don't think you're being very nice," she said. "You're *trying* to win."

I've thought about that quite a lot. I've decided that that's the reason I find so many people so hard to get along with. They're all trying to win.

It was Gabe who called my attention to a flock of birds one time when we were out for a ride. They had risen up from a field we passed and were fluttering wildly back and forth. I asked him what they were doing. He thought for a moment. "Oh," he said finally, "they're just birdin' around."

I've tried to translate this remark into more general terms. What it means, I think, is a lot of frantic activity to reach a goal that isn't there. If you've ever attended a political convention, or a dedication ceremony, or a testimonial dinner, you may have wondered what all the people were doing. Now you know.



Another time we had guests who brought their little girl with them. Roy came into the room where we were talking and wanted to know where their daughter Amy was. Her mother said she believed she was in the bathroom.

"Well," Roy said, "whereabouts in the bathroom?"

For a child of his age I thought this showed a delicacy of expression and social awareness that was unusual.

And there was Aunt Clara. She became very annoyed one time because the mailman was late. "I was watching by the window," she said, "and he didn't come, and he didn't come, and he didn't come."

I don't think we ever found out why he was late—probably just birdin' around somewhere.

This is the sort of thing you have to expect in life. You wait for something you've set your heart on, and it doesn't come, and it doesn't come, and it doesn't come. At such a time it's always comforting to have a few quotations to fall back on.

As a matter of fact, the pathway of life is a rocky one and strewn with pieces of wollypops.

But that's the way it goes. Sometimes you get the cardboard sled and sometimes you don't. □

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT WEBER

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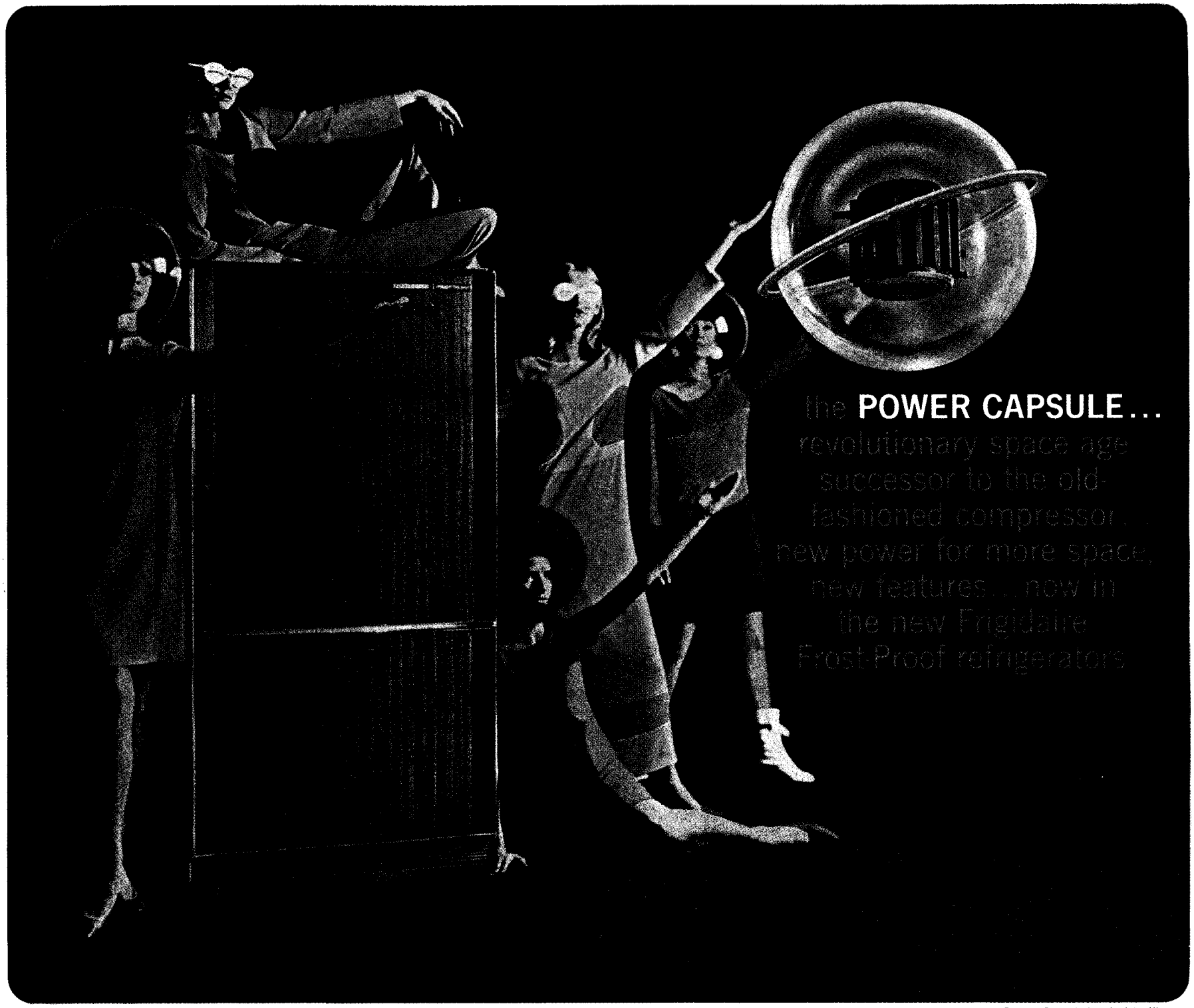
FRIGIDAIRE ANNOUNCES SPACE AGE REFRIGERATION!



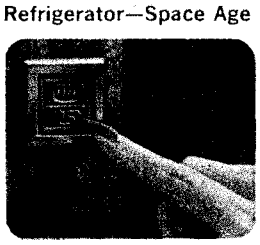
Model shown FPCI-19BK available in white and 4 colors—optional doors in wood grain vinyl or brushed chrome.

Space Age fashions from Harper's Bazaar. Dress designs by John Kloss.

Refrigerators have been getting bigger. Better, too. More space. Exciting new features. They're all big improvements, but they all put big new demands on the power system—demands the new Frigidaire Power Capsule can meet without even breathing hard.

Compact, Powerful Power Capsule! Packs more power per cubic inch—as much as 78% more than past Frigidaire units. No pistons, no gaskets, no connecting rods—only 3 moving parts, sealed in steel, oiled for life, cushioned to reduce vibration. Whisper silent. Made with incredibly wear-resistant materials—the divider block, one of 3 moving parts, is made of a satellite-type material which has a resistance to wear 4 times greater than highest grade steel.

See the 1966 Frigidaire Custom Imperial Nineteen Refrigerator—Space Age inside and out.



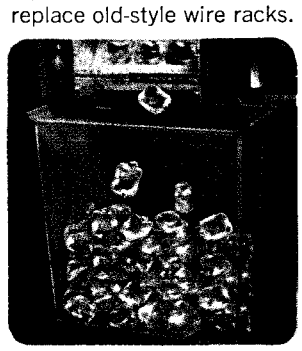
New Electric Door Opener—Now even with both hands full, you can open the refrigerator door. The Electric Door Opener responds to the lightest touch automatically.

Beautiful new Wing-Swept Exterior

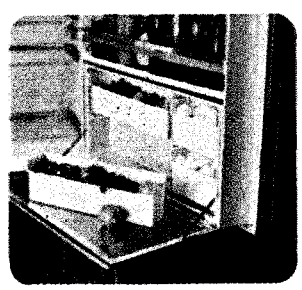
A whole new structural design. A soaring beauty no other refrigerator has. Stripped of non-essentials. Not even a handle to break the grace of its Wing-Swept doors. So functional the whole edge of each door can act as a handle. Built-in beauty without built-in cost.

Exclusive new Space-Crafted Interior

Wonderful new interior design for expansive living. **Space Booster**—takes a fat watermelon, or a 25-lb. turkey with no shelves to adjust. **Solid Visi-Shelves**—provide a smooth, strong, transparent surface to replace old-style wire racks.



Compact Automatic Ice Maker—fills, freezes, releases and stores cubes automatically. Handy door server holds 270 cubes right where they're easiest to reach. You'll never mess with ice trays again. Can be easily connected to water supply.



Vapor Zone—for foods hard to keep fresh—eggs, certain fruits and vegetables. Wraps them in moist air to keep them at peak flavor. Strong, clear, Visi-Door acts as handy shelf when open. Lets you see provisions at a glance when shut.

5-YEAR WARRANTY INCLUDES AMAZING POWER CAPSULE. All the resources of Frigidaire and General Motors are behind the new Space Age Refrigerators. The 5-year Warranty, backed by General Motors Corporation, is evidence of their dependability, precision, and quality. A one-year warranty on the entire refrigerator for repair of any defect, plus a four-year warranty for repair of any defect in the refrigerating system. And you get all this long, strong protection at no extra charge whatsoever.

FRIGIDAIRE

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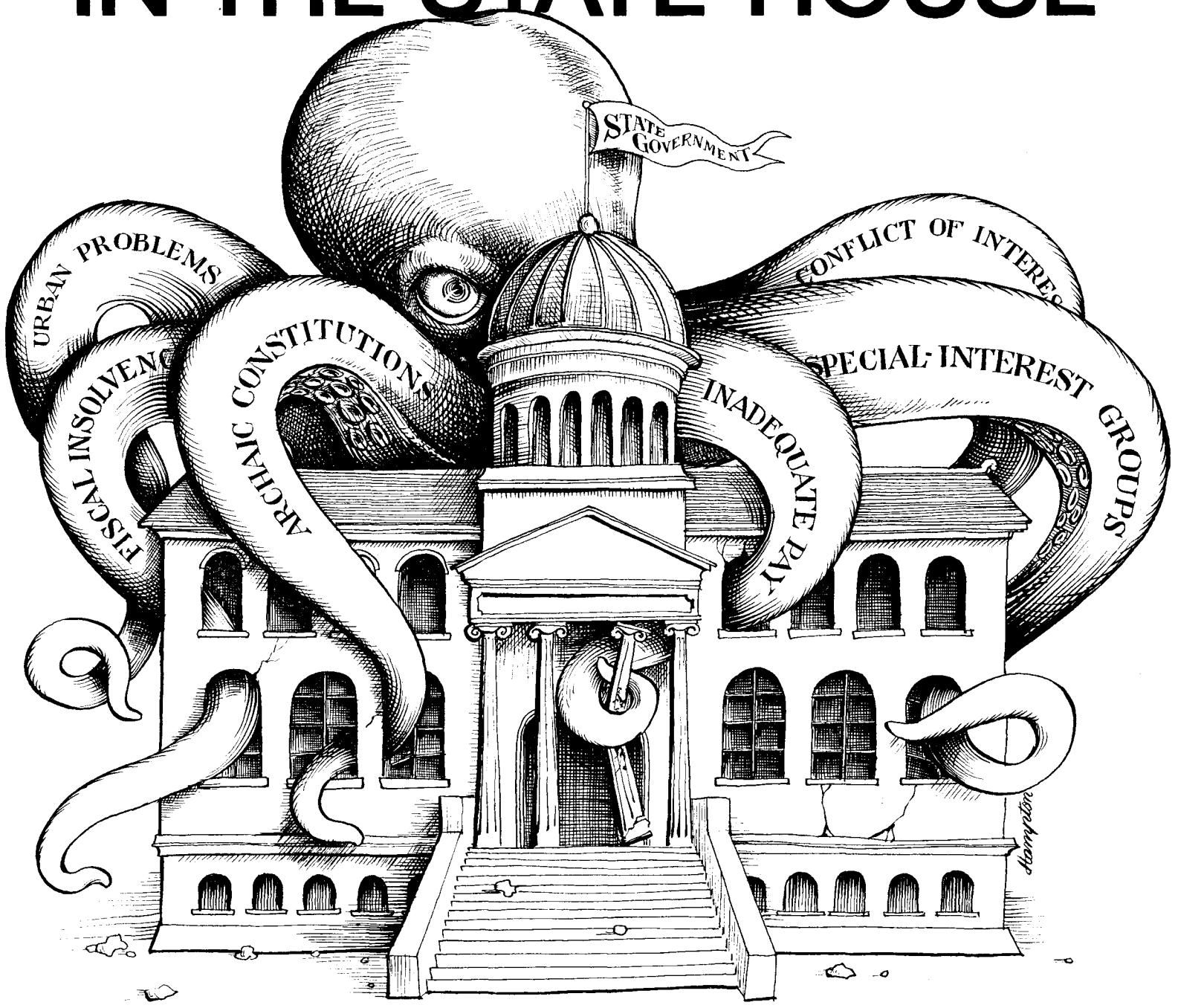
The Saturday Evening POST

THE OCTOPUS IN THE STATE HOUSE



By TREVOR ARMBRISTER

Greed, laziness, inefficiency, waste, stupidity—there are many forces that have been strangling and bankrupting our state governments. But today, under pressure from the Supreme Court, a vast process of change is under way—threatening some of us, promising hope to others. Here is a nationwide report—one year in the making—on the roots of a major American problem and the search for a solution.

Illustrated by Blake Hampton

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Symptoms of decline in state legislatures: drunken speeches, fistfights, impromptu barbershop singing, hoots and catcalls.

The small, uncomplicated world of Frank A. Hutchins began to crumble shortly after three o'clock on the afternoon of May 14, 1965. Nodding glumly to his colleagues, the tall, 66-year-old Republican from the town of Stannard stepped slowly down the aisle and took his seat in Vermont's House of Representatives. On the rostrum, a clerk began to call the roll: "Adams, Alexander, Anderson, Andrew, Arthur, Baird . . ." The vote was on a bill to abolish a form of government that had existed in the state since 1793. Frank Hutchins knew the measure would pass. He knew also that it would mean the end of his political career.

Frank Hutchins, of course, had never thought of himself as a *politician*. To him the word was odious. It conjured up images not at all in keeping with his personal credo. He liked to think of himself instead as a gentleman farmer imbued with a high sense of civic duty. This sense of duty had first impelled him to run for the state legislature in 1931. As the representative from Stannard (population 113), he had crusaded for economy in government. He worried about the state's mounting debt, and he fought hard against what he considered to be unnecessary expenditures in health, education and welfare. Over the years his efforts seemed to meet with less and less success. The total state budget—a paltry $16 million when he first trudged down to Montpelier in 1931—had already soared to a dizzying $135 million. Now it seemed likely to climb even higher. For on this sweltering afternoon in May, the legislature was voting to reapportion its membership on the basis of population and thereby purge from office the scores of small-town representatives who had stood together for so long as the last bastion of common sense and frugality.

". . . Myers, Nelson, Nolan, O'Brien . . ." The clerk droned on through the list of 245 legislators. Inside the historic, high-ceilinged chamber, the temperature climbed past 90 degrees. A few men peeled off their coats and milled about in shirtsleeves. Frank Hutchins kept his coat on and stared straight ahead. ". . . Wiquest, Woodward, Yeaw, Zampieri . . ." At last the roll call was over. The measure had been approved overwhelmingly. A few lawmakers shouted endorsement; cheers broke out among the spectators in the balcony. Alone at his desk, Frank Hutchins began to cry.

Hutchins is only one of several hundred casualties in a battle that has been raging for almost two years in state capitals across the nation. The name of the battle is reapportionment. It was touched off in June, 1964, when the United States Supreme Court ruled that both houses of a state legislature must be apportioned on the basis of population. The decision has caused consternation, upheaval and panic and subjected the High Court to fierce attack. Yet by changing the complexion of the legislative branch, reapportionment has also given the states a final opportunity to reassert themselves as meaningful units of government. "It's a revolution without guns," says a graying, soft-spoken Washington, D.C., attorney named Charles S. Rhyne. "If reapportionment hadn't come along, the states would be practically going out of existence. They'd reached the point of inaction anyway."

"Crisis," perhaps, would be a more appropriate word. Nearly every state faces the specter of further federal encroachment into areas it once considered to be its own responsibility. Nearly every state faces a fiscal emergency. Nearly every state is inefficiently and wastefully governed—stymied in its actions by an outmoded constitution. Under many capitol domes, stagnation reigns.

For the citizens of the states the result is tragic—bad government in all its frustrating, dispiriting aspects. All this is acutely apparent to that canny breed of journalist, the statehouse reporter, but he also sees drama and levity, for he is witness to perhaps the most colorful and outrageous spectacle that American politics provides. Nowhere but in the state capitols are able men quite so earnest or scoundrels quite so base. And nowhere else do native American characters collect in such profusion to display their assorted traits.

Consider, for example, Nebraska senator Richard Proud, who entered the chamber in Lincoln last year clad in striped bib overalls—his way of emphasizing that legislators are the *people*'s representatives. "I'm striking a blow for liberty," he announced. Consider also Joseph Zaretzki, an able New York senator with a Rabelaisian disregard for daintiness. Last session he startled his colleagues by shouting down a Republican suggestion while his mouth was full of banana. Nearby sat his rotund, rosy-faced colleague, Sen. Max Turshen, who is known for his ebullient pronouncements that he is "three-hundred percent" for a bill. Noted Georgia journalist Celestine Sibley recalls that on the final night of the 1965 session, "Rep. Grover Lee gave an exhibition of train calling. Reps. Howard Rainey and Ben Jessup gave spirited demonstrations of automobile auctioneering. Rep. Dewey Rush rose on a point of personal privilege and ended up by singing a country ballad, *I've Been Hanging Around This Old Town Too Long.* Rep. James Hull cried, 'Kill the bull, kill the bull!' whereupon the House took up the cry, 'Olé, olé!'"

With men like these in the paneled chambers, it is no wonder that legislative proceedings frequently veer off into areas of somewhat less than momentous significance. Last year the Maryland legislature found itself unable to agree on a reapportionment plan, nor could it act on bills concerning the distribution of guns, fair housing, equal access to public accommodations or an educational-TV network. During the final hours of the regular session, however, while the clock was running out, the senators found ample time for a spirited debate on the location of a garbage incinerator in the city of Annapolis.

For years New Hampshire's legislators have expressed concern over porcupines. There is always someone who introduces a bill to poison the animals, and someone else who says the state should no longer pay bounties for their skins. During the 1965 session lawmakers decided that the best way to reduce the porcupine population was to raise the bounty from 50 cents to 75 cents per animal. But some representatives still seemed troubled. "How can you tell if a porcupine is really a native of New Hampshire?" one asked. "How can you be sure he hasn't slipped across the border from Vermont?"

Florida has no porcupine problem, but legislators did pass a bill last session which, in effect, prohibits monkeys from driving automobiles on state highways. Connecticut's lawmakers deliberated the merits of "an act prohibiting cats from roaming at large." And in North Carolina last spring a bill aimed at protecting alligators won passage only after senators beat back amendments that would have included elephants and kangaroos.

For pure nonsense, however, few legislatures can rival Tennessee's. Last session it decided that the Volunteer State needed a poet laureate and promptly nominated a gentleman named R. M. (Pek) Gunn for the job. Most Tennesseans knew Gunn only as the director of prison services in the Department of Correction. But suddenly he was being praised as the author of a poem which read:

When I came to the city, boys
I sure was in a pickle.
For deep down in my pocket,
I couldn't find a nickel.

Midway in the debate over Gunn's qualifications, Rep. Joan Strong jumped up to suggest that her colleagues select a poet laureate from within their own esteemed ranks. And she had just the candidate: Rep. V. F. Goddard, who had once written a poem beginning "Sam Houston, you bum. . . ." (Gunn won.)

Toward the end of the Tennessee session, the talk turned to nudism. Rep. A. Gaines Morton was against it. "I'd like to bring out a few points," he explained one day—to general laughter. Rep. Charles Galbreath then rose to ask, "How many nudists does it take to make a colony?" Morton wasn't sure, but he thought the answer was more than one. His colleagues took his word for it, and promptly banned all nudist colonies in the state.

Such tomfoolery is only one symptom of the general decline in state government. Other symptoms are less amusing. In Louisiana, for example, state senator Jack Frugé was to go on trial last week on charges that he and a woman in the state conservation department conspired to commit forgery to get funds from the Senate payroll. In Minnesota last fall a federal grand jury indicted state insurance commissioner Cyrus E. Magnusson on charges of fraud and conspiracy in connection with the collapse of a St. Paul auto-insurance company. In Massachusetts, after conducting a three-year probe, the state's crime commission reported that "The reality has been worse than we imagined. We have observed with indignation the ways in which some of the most highly placed and powerful figures in the state have betrayed the public trust. We have noted with increasing concern the moral blindness of so many who have appeared before us . . ." Already, 19 corporations and 95 individuals—including more than two dozen present and former public officials—have been indicted on charges ranging from bribery to the filing of false reports. With similar scandals grabbing headlines elsewhere, it is not surprising that the image of state government is woefully tarnished.

"Geographically, the states are obsolete," insists writer-professor Jerome Ellison. "Their boundaries were drawn on the bases of political realities of 50 to 300 years ago. . . . The states have more often than not proved to be failures as political units. They have rarely been able to carry through administrative jobs more complicated than mailing out license plates. . . . In many aspects, state government is dead and ripe for burying."

Ellison's elegy seems premature. For the states today still retain broad powers. They control most courts and pass most laws affecting most citizens. They make the ground rules for local governments. They levy and collect taxes. They regulate voting and control the police. They build and operate public schools, colleges and universities.

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They build and repair most roads and highways. They maintain most prisons and hospitals. They regulate such industries as banking and insurance. The states, in short, attempt to perform—in Thomas Jefferson's phrase—"whatever acts they can do as well as the national government."

The difficulty is that in the past 25 years the line of separation between what the states should do and what the Federal Government should do has become increasingly fuzzy. And when in doubt, the Federal Government has moved—not always wisely but always on a broad scale—to take up the slack. In 1932 the Federal Government operated 13 grant-in-aid programs totaling $229 million. Today, it maintains roughly 120 such programs adding up to $13.6 billion, and these programs encompass many fields previously left to the states.

What most disturbs state officials about some of the recent programs—aid to education, water pollution, the war on poverty—is the fact that they funnel federal dollars directly to cities, schools and private organizations. The war on poverty, for example, bypasses the states entirely in five of its six separate titles. Last year, when the state governors fought to retain the right to veto local antipoverty projects, they suffered a galling defeat. Their veto power had to be taken away, said Antipoverty Program Director Sargent Shriver, to insure that "community action is not stultified by state action."

"The Federal Government is moving to usurp state government in Medicare, education, poverty," warns California Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh. "Pretty soon, there won't be anything for the states to do except maintain a police force and issue parking tickets."

The states are just as willing to do what should be done as the Federal Government," says Alabama's Gov. George C. Wallace, gesturing with the stump of a dead cigar, "but they took our tax sources years ago, and you can't assume responsibilities without taxes." In state after state other harried executives bemoan the loss of income-tax revenues. And while revenues were vanishing, they point out, the states have had to shoulder the brunt of the population explosion. Throughout the country, education costs have skyrocketed. Welfare costs have risen sharply too, and so have the price tags on highways, sanitation systems and hospitals. Often the states have failed to find ways to finance these services adequately, and the Federal Government has had to help.

But money is just part of the difficulty. Social problems today are not only more costly to tackle but vaster. In the past, most of a state's concerns fitted neatly inside its own boundaries. But civil rights, unemployment, education, urban sag and suburban sprawl—such problems are now scattered willy-nilly across state lines. Because the states can so seldom cooperate on common problems, federal intervention is inevitable.

Contrary to the popular myth, this broad expansion of federal power cannot be attributed solely to the activities of greedy bureaucrats in Washington. To a surprising degree, the states have psychologically lost the ability to solve complex problems. In 1953 President Dwight D. Eisenhower appointed a special commission to determine what responsibilities the states wanted to take back from the Federal Government. Commission members launched a lengthy probe, then reported that the states really didn't want to recapture a single important function. This attitude persists today. "We can be talking about a problem like water pollution," says Pennsylvania Rep. K. LeRoy Irvis, "and someone will get up and say, 'Let's not do anything on a state level until

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we find out what the Federal Government's going to do.' So we wait."

"The first and most natural attachment of the people will be to the governments of their respective states," wrote James Madison nearly 200 years ago. Today that attachment seems tenuous at best. Over a Martini at the faculty club on the campus of New Jersey's Rutgers University, political science professor John Bebout says, "State governments have become relatively less meaningful ever since the New Deal. A whole generation of Americans were brought up with a demonstration that basic issues could be dealt with only by a massive national program. They gave up on the states." Adds Laszlo Ecker-Racz, a curly-haired, Hungarian-born economist: "For twenty-five years the United States has been taught by the academic community that the states are on the way out."

Ecker-Racz points out that a major share of federal expansion has come about only because the states were unwilling to act in areas where they had both time and resources. "Urban areas," he says, "have long tried to get the states to do something about public housing, urban renewal and water pollution. The states were reluctant to act. In the more politically oriented atmosphere of Washington, where the value of votes is recognized, the cities found a ready ear and an open purse."

In the past four years Detroit has received more than $60 million in federal funds. "There's an almost total lack of interest, lack of help on the part of the state," says Mayor Jerome Cavanagh. "Then, along comes the Federal Government and, almost apologetically, it gives a little help. The Federal Government has been much more oriented toward solving the real problems that exist in this country, and those problems exist in urban areas."

Examples of state default are easy to pinpoint. Most states have laws against water pollution. Yet in their frantic efforts to retain large industries, they enforce these laws lackadaisically. Sometimes, they are even more cooperative. In 1947, for instance, the Florida legislature passed a bill allowing manufacturers in Taylor County to pour their industrial and chemical wastes into the Fenholloway River.

Today the Fenholloway stinks. Yet during the 1965 session, Senator L.P. (Pete) Gibson introduced a bill to allow *further* pollution of the river and its tributaries. The legislature passed the measure and sent it on to the governor. By this time, opposition had developed. Gov. Haydon Burns vetoed the bill. But then, in one of those Byzantine twists that typify Florida politics, he agreed to let another bill pass which states that no river or lake can be polluted unless the rules and regulations of the State Board of Conservation are followed. Since the State Board of Conservation has no rules covering pollution, anything goes.

Consider also the field of medical care. In 1960, Congress passed the Kerr-Mills Act. This program called for financial aid from the Federal Government but insisted on a minimum of federal control. It offered the states, in other words, an opportunity to prove they could solve the problem themselves. Eventually, 28 states took advantage of Kerr-Mills. But 22 others failed to use it in any way. Enter Medicare.

"State governments are unequipped to understand urban problems, let alone solve them," says Mayor John Collins of Boston. "How can anyone logically expect any state government to develop the expertise to pass on a program like urban renewal—and what is the sense of putting three hundred people to work in a state capital trying to second-guess what the cities are doing? Uncle Sam knows what we're doing. I say, let state government ship out."

II THE ONE-MAN, ONE-VOTE MESS

Not long ago in Tallahassee, Fla., the state senate was locked in a bitter debate over urban renewal when up jumped Sen. Dempsey Barron with a remarkable suggestion: "Don't you think that we could make a good argument that we need some slums in America so people can realize there is somewhere for them to work up to?"

How is it possible for state governments to be so out of touch with the realities of the urban age? A primary cause of the illness is the malapportionment of state legislatures, a system under which rural representatives ("The Cornstalk Brigade" in Ohio; "Appleknockers" in New York; "The Kerosene Kult"—because they oppose electricity—in Vermont) have been able to strangle their colleagues' attempts to pass laws smacking even faintly of the 20th century.

This malapportionment is a relatively recent phenomenon. The original constitutions of 36 states provided that representation in both houses of a state legislature should be based predominantly on population. In 27 of these states, population was to be the sole basis. Until 1900, most states obeyed their own constitutions and reapportioned every 10 years. But suddenly they stopped. One reason was the mass migration to the cities, a migration that as early as 1920 gave urban America a majority of the population. Understandably, rural legislators didn't want to reapportion themselves out of office. But there was still another factor to be considered. By 1920, control of municipal government in Boston, Chicago, Kansas City and many other American cities had fallen into the clutches of corrupt political machines. The vision of these machines extending control across the state made rural lawmakers shudder.

So malapportionment spread. By 1960, 11.9 percent of Connecticut's population could elect a majority in the state's house of representatives. Hartford (population 162,178) had two delegates; so did Union (population 383). In California, state senator Tom Rees of Los Angeles County had 6,800,000 people in his district. His colleague, Senator William Symons Jr., was accountable to a mere

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With howls of protest, the 'cornstalk brigades' at last are yielding control of the states to the urban majorities.

15,300 constituents spread over three barren northern counties. And in Vermont, where the vote of Frank A. Hutchins from Stannard (population 113) could cancel out the vote of Richard H. Schmidt from Burlington (population 35,531), some districts had extremes of 987 to one.

"To the beleaguered, small-town legislators in an unfriendly world of cities," write Michigan State University professors Charles Press and Charles R. Adrian in *The Antioch Review*, "it often seems as if they are themselves the last stronghold of sanity and morality. Low taxes and simplicity in state government are [their] goal."

To gain these ends, the rural representatives have seldom needed to devise programs of their own. They needed only the power to impose a veto. Where malapportionment has existed, they have had such power, and often they have used it mercilessly.

For years the rural-dominated Indiana legislature prohibited Indianapolis from accepting federal grants for such programs as urban renewal, thereby denying the city an estimated $40 million. Nor would the legislature allow gasoline-tax receipts to be used for improving the city's streets. It was permissible, however, for these receipts to be used to pay for repairing roads and highways outside Indianapolis. A similar situation exists in Louisiana where—despite the decay of downtown Baton Rouge—the legislature still refuses to allow federal participation in urban renewal.

In Connecticut not long ago, the legislature devised a state-aid formula that gave towns with less than 500 population $27.19 per student; cities with more than 100,000 people received only $4.95 per pupil. By the same token, in Colorado, suburban Jefferson County received $100,000 more in state school aid than Denver—which had to support 72,000 more students. In Alabama, tiny Coosa County with only 10,000 residents, few cars and few roads to maintain receives as much from the state's gasoline-tax revenues as industrial Birmingham with its 634,000 citizens and 140,000 registered automobiles.

In an effort to force their state to obey its own constitution, eradicate malapportionment and thereby snuff out a major cause of anti-urban discrimination, nine prominent Tennesseans filed suit in 1959 against their secretary of state, Joe C. Carr. Since 1901, there had been no change in Tennessee's legislative districts. Yet although the state's major cities—Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and Chattanooga—had grown substantially during that period, their voters could elect only 19 of the state's 99 assemblymen. The urban plaintiffs charged that malapportionment diluted the value of their votes.

After a succession of predictable lower-court defeats, the Tennesseans succeeded in bringing their suit to the United States Supreme Court. The High Court had heard such cases before and always rejected them, claiming it lacked jurisdiction. The Court had seemed to agree with the late Justice Felix Frankfurter, who in 1946 had warned of the dangers that might ensue if the judiciary were to enter the "political thicket" of legislative apportionment.

Yet always before, the plaintiffs in reapportionment suits had based their argument on Article Four, Section Four, of the U.S. Constitution—the so-called guaranty clause—which says, "The United States shall guarantee to every state . . . a republican form of government." But Charles Rhyne, the attorney for the Tennessee plaintiffs, decided on a different attack. He would base his appeal on the "equal-protection clause," the provision written into the 14th Amendment which stipulates that no state "shall deny to any person . . . the equal protection of the laws." His strategy succeeded. On March 26, 1962, in deciding Baker vs. Carr, a majority of the Court ruled that legislative apportionment was, after all, a legitimate judicial issue.

The Court's decision opened the lower courts of the nation to a flood of reapportionment cases. Thirty-six separate suits were filed within a 12-month period. Yet even as these cases entered litigation, the High Court was moving to expand its own doctrine. On June 15, 1964—in what was undoubtedly the most significant judicial decision since public-school desegregation—a 6–3 majority ruled that both houses of a state legislature had to be apportioned on the basis of population. No longer could history or social and economic considerations be given weight. The Court's pronouncement applied directly only to cases in Alabama, Virginia, Delaware, Maryland, New York and Colorado, yet it implied that urban dwellers everywhere could attempt to gain fair representation by filing suit in lower courts. Thus it spelled upheaval for all but a handful of states.

"Legislators represent people, not trees or acres," wrote Chief Justice Earl Warren in the majority opinion. "Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests. . . . To the extent that a citizen's right to vote is debased, he is that much less a citizen. . . . The weight of a citizen's vote cannot be made to depend on where he lives. . . ."

Many disputed the *right* of the Court to make such a sweeping decision. Many more wondered whether such a broad interpretation of the equal-protection clause would create more problems than it solved. Was it healthy, for example, to grant populous southern California near-absolute domination over the entire state? Writing in the *Harvard Law Review*, attorney Philip Kurland accused the Court of "a lack of workmanlike performance" in reaching its conclusions. And in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Illinois Sen. Everett M. Dirksen charged that the Court had taken "what may prove to be the longest step toward creating a judicial dictatorship. . . ."

Of the six cases decided by the Court, the one that aroused the most vehement criticism originated in Colorado. In 1961 the state legislature had devised a reapportionment plan which said that House representation should be based solely on population. But taking into account the size and diversity of the state, the plan also granted consideration to area in the shaping of senatorial districts. Placed on the ballot by popular initiative, the plan was approved overwhelmingly by Colorado's voters who—at the same time—rejected another proposal to base both houses strictly on population. Yet now the Supreme Court, with the avowed intention of protecting majority rights, was overruling Colorado's majority vote. To many critics of the Court, the legal justification for such a step was flimsy at best.

As the champion of these critics, Senator Dirksen began corralling support for a constitutional amendment that would allow the states to base one house of a legislature on "factors other than population." But even as his drive gained momentum, the states were struggling to meet reapportionment deadlines imposed by lower courts. And the problems the states faced in meeting those mandates seemed almost insurmountable. The High Court had ordered the states to make "an honest and good faith effort to construct districts . . . as nearly of equal population as is practicable." But what, specifically, did "practicable" mean? How much leeway did it allow from absolute mathematical equality? The Supreme Court had handed this problem to the lower courts—and few of them could agree on a standard.

A second major obstacle was the fact that many state constitutions prohibited the crossing of county lines in the creation of legislative districts. Yet without crossing county lines it was almost impossible to conform to the High Court's "one-man, one-vote" requirement. Then, too, there were the knotty problems of personal loyalty and friendship. As one California senator put it, "How do you tell a man you've worked with, voted with and drank with for 20 years that his services are no longer needed?"

In state after state chaos ensued. In California the senate voted to split the state in half rather than submit to a plan that would transfer power to Los Angeles County. Connecticut's legislators stalled until the last possible moment, reapportioned only after a three-judge panel ordered a Yale University computer expert to do the job. In Washington a reapportionment battle deadlocked the legislature for 47 days and stymied the passage of all but minor housekeeping bills. In Vermont one representative suggested that his colleagues chain themselves to their desks—to avoid giving up their seats. And in Florida, during one after-hours argument about the unorthodox tactics of the reapportioners, Rep. Claude Wingate beat up Rep. Bill Basford and, for the rest of the session, Basford wore dark glasses. "I'd rather fight than switch," he said.

Despite occasional outbursts of bellicosity, legislators across the nation grudgingly conformed to lower-court mandates. The "Dirksen Amendment" seemed doomed; further legal appeals seemed futile. By January 1, 1966, legislatures in 39 states had apportioned themselves—with varying degrees of success—and most of the rest were beginning to follow suit.

From a political standpoint reapportionment should boost the fortunes of Republicans in the South, Southwest and West; Democrats in New England and the Middle West. Minority groups will have a new voice—as witness the election of 10 Negroes to Georgia's state legislature. And despite the dire predictions of conservatives, big-city political machines will not gain a hammerlock on state government. Says William J.D. Boyd of the National Municipal League: "The suburbs, and in the long run only the suburbs, will gain from reapportionment."

Census figures back up his analysis. Of the 15 major U.S. cities, only Houston has grown faster than its surrounding suburbs since 1950. Most major cities have lost population. Somehow it seems ironic that a battle originally waged on behalf of the cities *(continued on page 70)*

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What is country music? It's soul in a rhinestone suit, honesty with amplifiers, a new 'uptown' sound that city folks like—and it's back in the big time again.

THAT NEW SOUND FROM NASHVILLE

By Charles Portis

Nashville, the Athens of the South, is home to Vanderbilt University, Fisk University and at least half a dozen other colleges, as well as a symphony orchestra, a concrete replica of the Parthenon and a downtown beer joint called Tootsie's Orchid Lounge. Tootsie's is where the country-music people hang out—those who don't object to beer joints. It has a very active jukebox and shaky tables, and there are 8-by-10 glossies all over the wall and a clutter of small-bore merchandise behind the counter—stuff like gum, beef sticks and headache powder. The hostess is Tootsie Bess, a motherly, aproned woman who doesn't mind noise or a certain amount of rowdiness, but whose good nature has its limits. One night a drunk songwriter addressed Maggie, the cook, as "nigger," and Tootsie threw him out and banned him. She has three cigar boxes full of I.O.U.'s.

On Saturday nights, performers on the Grand Ole Opry step out the stage door and cross an alley and go in the back door of Tootsie's to get aholt of themselves between sets with some refreshing suds. Songwriters—"cleffers," as the trade mags say—sit around and chat and wait for artistic revelations. Deals are closed there. New, strange guitar licks are conceived.

Roger Miller (*King of the Road*), the antic poet who was too far out to have any success on the Opry itself, was singing and clowning in Tootsie's back room years ago, for free. "He wrote *Dang Me* right here in this booth," says Tootsie. But his rates are stiffer now. He just did a special for NBC-TV and is talking with them about starring in a series next year. "Yeah, Roger's doing all right," says a Nashville business associate. "He was in here the other day with a quarter of a million dollars in his pocket. It was two checks."

Tootsie's is like a thousand other beer joints in the South with such names as Junior's Dew Drop Inn and Pearl's Howdy Club, and a certain type of country boy feels right at home there, whether he has $250,000 in his pocket or just came in on the bus from Plain Dealing, La., with a guitar across his back and white cotton socks rolled down in little cylinders atop his grease-resistant work shoes. And a song in his heart about teardrops, adultery, diesel trucks.

Photographs by Tony Ray-Jones

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This is the *milieu* of commercial country music, the Southern honky-tonk. Sometimes it's called "hillbilly music," which is only half accurate, because the southern lowlanders have contributed just as much as the hill folks, perhaps more; and sometimes "country and western," which is misleading because such of it as reflects the culture west of Abilene, Tex., tends to be pretty thin stuff. "Southern white working-class music" would never do as a tag, but that's what it is.

By any name, country music is prospering, and so is Nashville's recording industry, which now does a brisk non-country trade. Perry Como, hitless for almost two years, packed a carpetbag recently and went to Nashville and came back with a hit single, *Dream On, Little Dreamer*, by two country-music writers, and a hit album, *The Scene Changes*. The golf was good too, he says. Both RCA Victor and Columbia have built big new studios there in the past year, and all sorts of unlikely people—Al Hirt, Ann-Margret—are going there to record. Elvis Presley always has.

It is odd in a way that the country-music business should have settled in Nashville, instead of in a rougher, rawer town like, say, Shreveport. (Shreveport does have a lesser version of the Opry called "The Louisiana Hayride.") Nashville is an old town (1780), a state capital, a college town, and a headquarters town for southern churches.

There are some 200,000 people in the city proper. It is a pleasant, green, genteel, residential place on the banks of the Cumberland River in the rolling hills of middle Tennessee. Nashville once had poets like Sidney Lanier and Allen Tate, and now it has Ernest Tubb and doesn't quite know what to do with him, except ignore him. Few country singers manage to get themselves taken seriously in Nashville. Eddy Arnold is a big community man, and he is being discussed as a Democratic nominee for governor next year. Roy Acuff ran for governor as a Republican, unsuccessfully. But generally, the Athenians of the South go one way, and the country-music people another. Less than 10 percent of the Opry audiences come from the Nashville area. Middle-class Nashvillians, anxious lest they be mistaken for rubes, are quick to inform the visitor that they have never attended the show. It is not for them, this hoedown. They long for road-company presentations of socko Broadway comedies. Even radio station WSM, which carries the Opry, is not really a country-music station. "Oh, no," says Ott Devine, WSM's Opry manager. "Except for the Opry and a few record shows we're a *good* music station."

But settle there the business has, and it now brings in some $60 million a year to the town. From the Opry it has grown into a complex of 10 recording studios, 26 record companies, and a colony of 700 cleffers, 265 music publishers, and 1,000 union musicians, about half of whom can read music with some facility. Nashville has replaced Chicago as the country's third-busiest recording center, after New York and Hollywood, and is probably ahead of Hollywood, says RCA Victor vice president Steve Sholes, "in the production of successful single records." The main reason is that it has developed its own style, what outsiders call "The Nashville Sound." Nobody wants to define it, but it amounts to country music with a dash of Tin Pan Alley, in the form of non-country instruments like drums and trombones.

The music, in its present form, is not really very old. It is a blend of British balladry, American folk songs, 19th-century Protestant hymns, Negro blues and gospel songs, southern-white themes and, now, a touch of northern pop. There were important pioneers in the early 1920's such as Vernon Dalhart ("If I had the wings of an angel. . . .") but for most practical purposes the music dates from 1927 when Jimmie Rodgers made his first record (Victor) for a goldback $20 bill.

Rodgers was The Blue Yodeler, The Singing Brakeman. He was a consumptive drifter from Meridian, Miss., who, in a span of six years, established commercial country music as a distinct new form. He was not quite 36 years old when he coughed himself to death in a New York hotel room in 1933. At the end he was so wasted and weakened with tuberculosis that he had to lie on a cot while recording at Victor's 24th Street studio in New York. He left a legacy of 112 songs, many of them classics like *My Carolina Sunshine Gal, I'm in the Jailhouse Now*, and

I'm goin' to town, honey,
What you want me to bring you back?
Bring me a pint of booze
*And a John B. Stetson hat. . . .**

With a strong assist from The Carter Family (*Wildwood Flower, Wabash Cannon Ball*) Rodgers set the pattern for the music, and the Grand Ole Opry formalized it and gave it a home. The Opry is the mother church. Actually this show predates Rodgers's recording career by two years, but in the beginning it was only a fiddler's show, and it wasn't until later that it took on its present form as a singin' and pickin' jamboree.

In the 1930's the music remained pretty well localized in the South and Midwest, except for the hemispheric exposure it was given by the Mexican-border radio stations, beaming it out at 200,000 tube-shattering watts, the hillbilly songs sandwiched in between harangues from jackleg preachers and pitches for towels and chickens. ("Send your card or letter to *Baby Chicks*! That's *Baby Chicks*! Sorry, no guarantee of sex, breed or color.")

But it didn't get off the ground nationally until World War II, when the northern boys and city boys got strong doses of it in barracks and on decks and in southern camp towns. For those in uniform there was no escape from *Smoke on the Water* and *Pistol Packin' Mama* and *Detour* and *There's a Star-Spangled Banner Wavin' Somewhere*. Some of the city boys developed a tolerance for it, a few even came to like it. In 1944 the USO polled GI's in Europe to determine the most popular singer and, lo, Roy Acuff's name led all the rest. It was much the same in Korea. There were few rifle companies in that war without a wind-up record player and a well-worn 78 rpm record of Hank Williams's *Lovesick Blues*. The Chinese even used the music in an attempt to make the American troops homesick, or maybe it was their idea of torture. For whatever reason, they set up giant speakers and boomed ditties like *You Are My Sunshine* across the valleys in the long watches of the night.

The music soon went into eclipse again, as it had done after World War II, and it wasn't until the late 1950's that it began making its present comeback—this time with The Nashville Sound.

A White Sport Coat and Pink Carnation
I'm all dressed up for the dance. . . . **

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The boom started just a few years after country music was laid low by rock 'n' roll. "Elvis made *Heartbreak Hotel* in whenever it was, 'Fifty-something [January, 1956], and all those rock songs came along and country music took a nose dive like nobody's business," says Buddy Killen, executive vice president of a Nashville publishing house called Tree Music. "Things began to look up when Ferlin Husky made one called *Gone*. I think that was the first big one with the new sound. It had the beat and the piano and Jourdanaires. That's the thing now, the beat. It used to be the song."

Others cite Marty Robbins's *A White Sport Coat* or Sonny James's *Young Love* as the breakthrough tunes. All three records had a country flavor, but they weren't *too* country; they were country-pop hybrids that sold well in both markets. They had The Nashville Sound.

They don't call it that in Nashville, of course. They call it "uptown country," as opposed to "hard country," which is the traditional hillbilly music that is still big on the Opry and on five A.M. snuff shows. Hillbilly is characterized by a squonking fiddle introduction, a funereal steel guitar and an overall whiney, draggy sound that has never set well with urban ears.

The masterminds of The Nashville Sound have abandoned all that. They have smoothed out many of the rough edges likely to offend. They use sophisticated new chord progressions and, while the guitar remains the primary accompaniment—lead, rhythm, steel, 12-string—they have added piano, drums and choral voices, and anything that strikes their fancy—vibes, tenor sax, harpsichord, trombone. The prejudice against non-string instruments has largely gone by the way. Even the Opry now permits drums on the stage, though it is still holding the line against brass and woodwinds.

So popular is the new sound that the number of country-music radio stations has increased from 81 to 200-plus in the past four years, and that includes several 50,000-watt heavyweights in places like Los Angeles (KGBS) and Chicago (WJJD). Even New York City—where there are restaurants for Polynesians, northern *and* southern Italians, northern *and* southern Chinese, Moors, Scandinavians, Lithuanians and Romanians, but where you can't buy a decent plate of turnip greens, purple-hull peas and fried okra—even that market has been opened up. Since last September, WJRZ in Newark, a former pop station, has been beaming Lefty Frizzell and Ferlin Husky across the Hudson all day and all night, and it has increased its audience 1,000 percent.

"This music has a new acceptance and a new dignity," says Harry Reith, the general manager of WJRZ. "It's not, you know, the old hillbilly stuff, the nasal voices, those guitars thumping and all. Our mail response has been fantastic."

Few people can agree on precisely what The Nashville Sound is, but there is pretty general agreement as to who the masterminds are—namely, Chet Atkins, Victor's Artist and Repertoire man in Nashville; Owen Bradley, A-and-R man there for Decca; and Don Law, A-and-R man for Columbia. The A-and-R man is the guiding hand in record production. He matches the song with the singer and directs recording sessions—so far as anyone can be said to "direct" a session in Nashville. He picks the recordings to be released and the ones to be shelved. He puts albums together.

Chet Atkins, who may be the best guitarist in the country, is a quiet, introspective man who sits tieless in a plush executive office on Nashville's Music Row and reflects (*continued on page 34*)

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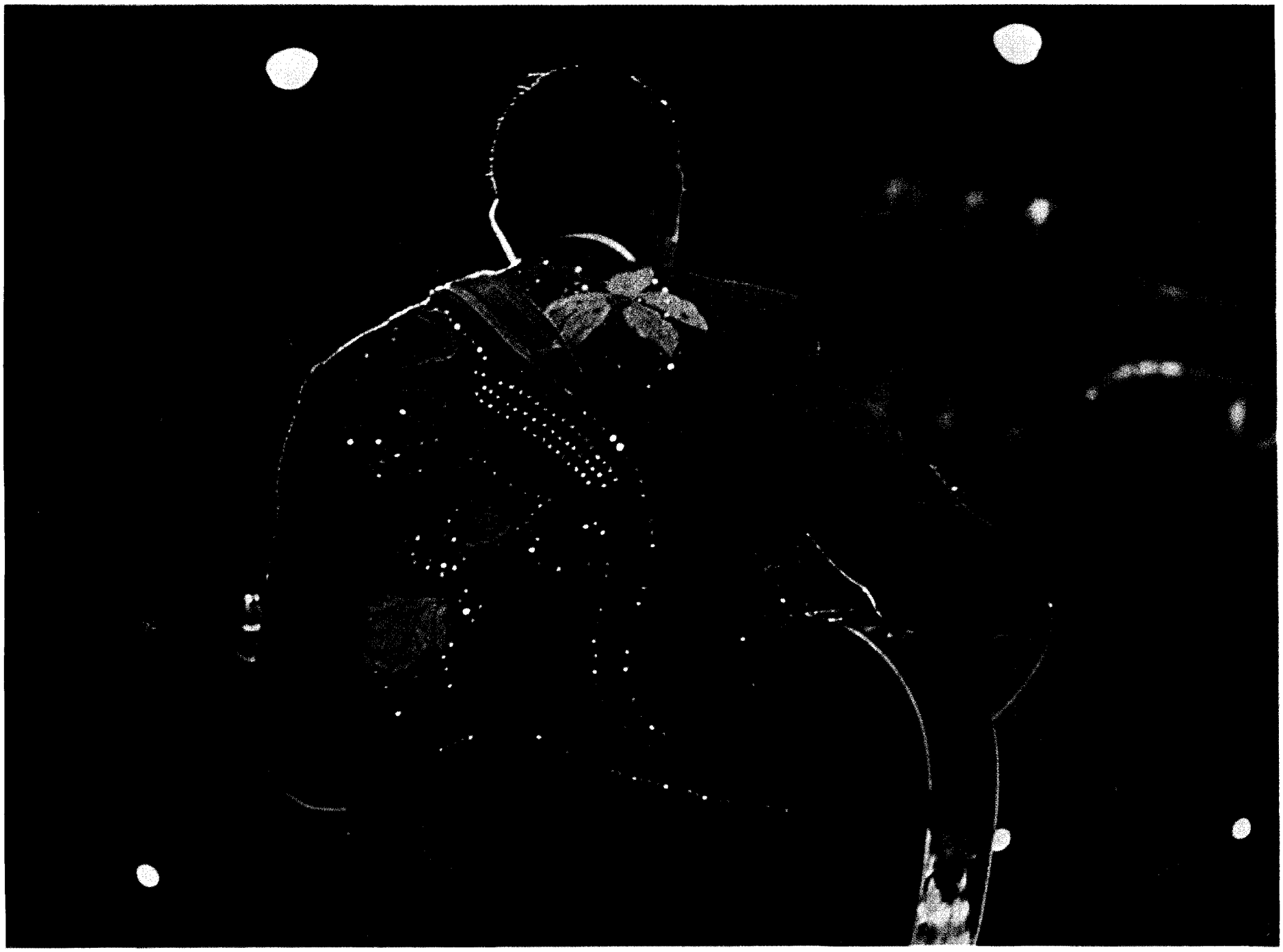
A night at the Grand Ole Opry: Standing fast against rock, pop and Roger Miller, it is still the gaudy shrine of country music.



Every Saturday night the fans line up for three hours to get to see the Opry stars. And the stars work for as little as $10 a night to be seen there.

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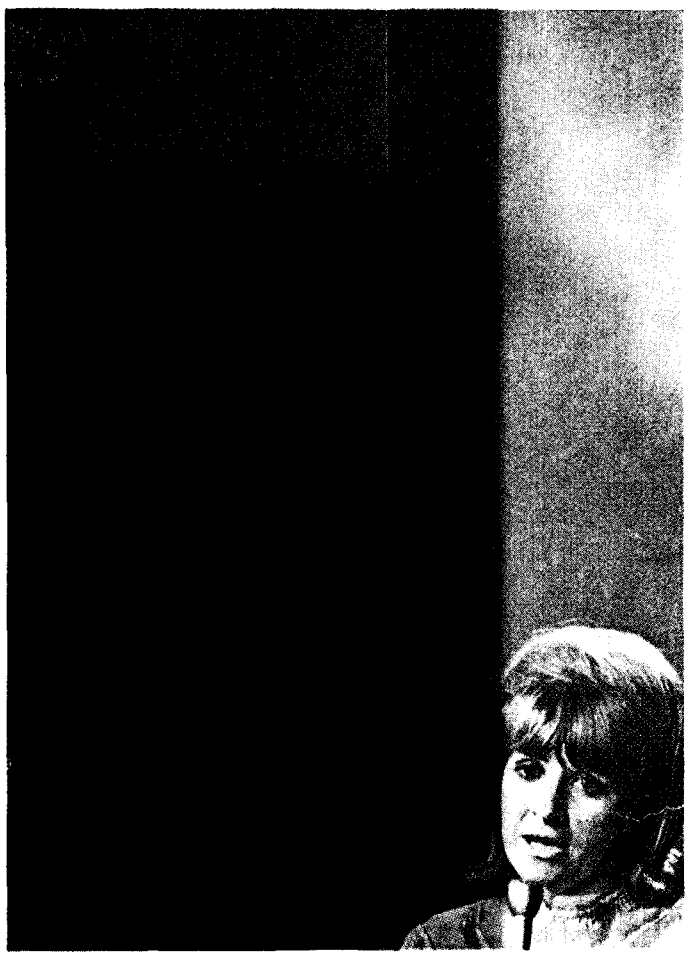
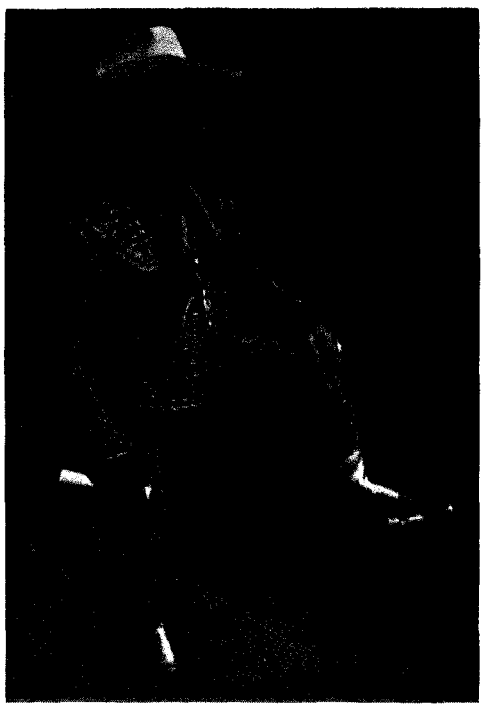
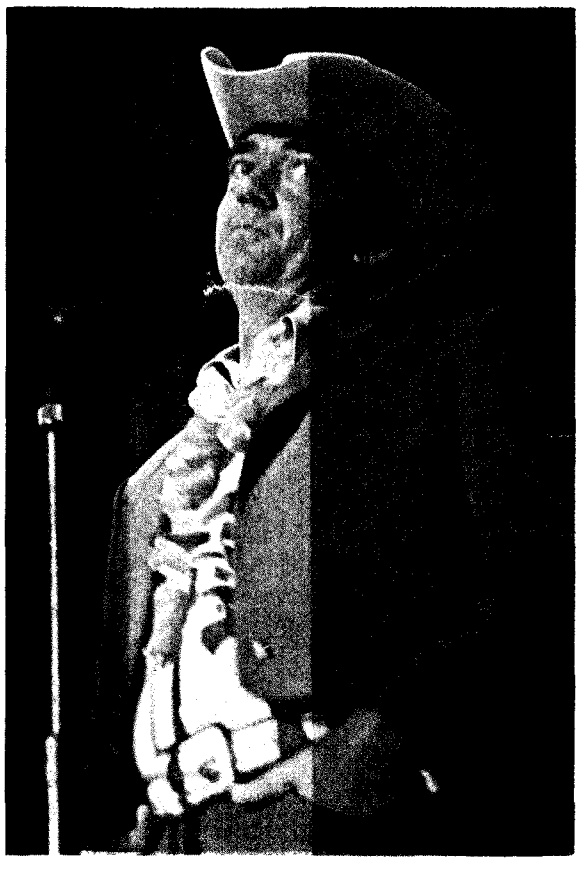


Clothes make the performer, and Nudie of Hollywood, right, makes most of the clothes. Some "typical" Opry fashions, below: part of Carl Butler's Opry outfit, a store window near the theater, and two musicians at the stage door.





Opry singers play "hard country" music, and the frills are all on the clothes. Left, the Carter Family. Above left, the fancy back of Jimmy Newman. Top, this page, Ernest Tubb. Middle, Skeeter Davis. Above, Loretta Lynn. Right, Carl Smith.

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on such things as posture as a key to character. "Look at me," he says, as though trying to puzzle out how he got the job. "All I really am is a hunched-over guitar player."

Questions about The Nashville Sound seem to bore him. He shrugs and says it is not much more than a gimmicky tag. "You can get the same sound with country records made in Hollywood," he says. "You can get it anywhere with these same musicians, boys from this part of the country. They're country boys, poor boys from the farm. The music they play has honesty. It has the same quality as Ray Charles. Soul. If you have it, it comes out in your music. That's all it is."

A few years back Atkins was playing in an after-hours club in Nashville called the Carousel, and some say this was the origin of the sound. The band was made up of Atkins, Grady Martin and Hank Garland on guitars, Floyd Cramer on piano, Buddy Harman on drums and Bob Moore on upright bass. These are the musicians seen over and over again at the recording sessions.

The tinkly, gospel-rock piano work of Cramer is one of the most disinctive things about the new sound, that and the smooth choral backing of the Anita Kerr Singers and the Jourdanaires. Nashville A-and-R men are not as much inclined to electronic trickery (echo chambers, etc.) as their rocker counterparts in Detroit and Hollywood, but in the current spirit of *anything goes*, they are moving in that direction. Already they do quite a bit of overdubbing, and if a sideman gets carried away and hits a crazy lick or makes a weird noise, it's usually left in. A lot of the unidentifiable noises are produced by Pete Drake on his steel guitar. He can make it *gronk* like a tuba if gronks are called for, and he can make it sound like someone talking underwater if this need arises.

Atkins, of course, is a soloist, but he occasionally does some personal overdubbing. That is, he will take a taped song and superimpose his own guitar runs on it to beef up the thin spots. Cramer and Drake are soloists too, but they are also among the busiest sidemen in town. The money is good, $61 for a three-hour session, double that for the leader, and they have no objection to playing nameless on someone else's record. There are about 100 sidemen in Nashville who work with some regularity at the studios, says Musicians' Local 257, and about 35 of them make from $20,000 to $80,000 a year.

Decca's Owen Bradley, another guitarist-executive, also flounders a bit in trying to define the Sound. "I've been asked what it is a thousand times and I've given a thousand different answers. And I think I've been right every time." He peers over his glasses at a clock that tells him what time it is in Hollywood and New York and smokes a cigarette in a holder and carries on a long-distance phone conversation and a personal chat, all at once. "A few years ago we were forced to take a second look at some of these songs. They were better than we thought. This *Sound* business, all it boils down to is an approach. It's the spontaneity of certain musicians here getting together and making up an arrangement on the spot. The A-and-R men are just some kind of referees."

Music Row, where the business is concentrated, runs for three or four parallel blocks on 16th and 17th avenues in a going-to-seed residential section about five minutes from downtown Nashville. A Nashville recording session is a very casual affair. There are no arrangers, no producers and no written music, except once in a while a lead sheet, and the singer has probably brought that along for the words, not the music. Usually no one has rehearsed except the singer. At the start of the session he goes through the song once, or just plays a demo (demonstration record) for the sidemen. If the

'Look at me,' the executive says. 'All I really am is a hunched-over guitar player.'

A-and-R man is an accomplished musician like Atkins, he may have some definite ideas about how it should be done. If not, he, the singer and the sidemen simply work it out as they go along, and stop when everybody is more or less pleased. They know one another well and they anticipate one another's moves. Everybody is free to offer suggestions and there is a lot of fast infield chatter.

"Hey, Pig, why don't you do that twice?"

"Brighten it just a hair, Jerry."

"And right there, more ching-ching-ching."

"We're all lollygagging, come on, punch it up."

"You got any squirrels out at your place?"

"I ain't seen a squirrel this year. Plenty of hicker nuts but no squirrels."

"Bear with me, chillun, I'm 'on sing this lover if it takes all night."

There is not much written music to be seen in Nashville, except for what is embroidered on clothes, but pianists and bass players are frequently seen reading from scraps of paper on which series of numbers have been scribbled. The numbers are code—each of them represents the bass note of the chord in one bar of music. Some musicians are so deft at it that they can jot the note numbers down after listening to a demo once.

"If we gave even the most mediocre written musical test, I doubt very much if half our members could pass it," says George W. Cooper, president of Local 257. "But that's not to say they aren't good musicians. We've got some of the best." "Oh, they read music all right," Atkins says. "But they read it with their ears instead of their eyes."

Atkins is an artist and he naturally takes his own guitar work seriously. The same goes for Bill Monroe, the father of bluegrass picking, and his protégés, Flatt and Scruggs. For the most part though, to ask serious questions about country music—apart from what it's doing in the charts—is to draw blank looks. The songs have been scorned and ridiculed so long by outsiders that the performers themselves have come to place little value on them. A good many of the singers, one gathers, would turn to pop music tomorrow morning if they could change their accents and get booked in Las Vegas. They yearn to see their records in the pop charts, where the money is. At the same time they must not *seem* to be wanting this; they must be careful not to alienate their country fans, who are a jealous lot.

The situation makes for curious ideas of loyalty.

Wesley Rose, who runs the town's largest publishing house, Acuff-Rose, is known as a passionate advocate of pure country music. "I've been fighting this battle for years," he says. "I tell my boys to keep their eyes off the pop market and concentrate on making good country songs. If they're good enough they'll make their way anywhere." A few days later one finds Rose directing Roy Orbison, a rock-pop singer, in a recording session. Orbison was one of the rockers with Sun Records in Memphis in the 1950's who dealt country music such a terrible blow.

Or take Audrey Williams, who is the handsome platinum-blonde widow of Hank Williams, probably the most legendary figure country music has produced. Audrey Williams is something of a celebrity herself, having been the provocation for so many of Hank's famous laments. She now directs an operation called Audrey Williams Enterprises, which involves a small movie company, a record label and the management of her singer-son, Hank Jr. She is not without sentiment. She keeps in her garage the 1952 blue Cadillac convertible that Hank died in on New Year's Day, 1953. But when Sam Katzman made a movie based on Hank's life (*Your Cheatin' Heart*), she agreed with the boys from the Coast that Hank's twangy, countrified singing should not be used on the sound track. The much blander voice of Hank Jr., then 15, was used instead, along with new arrangements and instrumentation. Of course it was Hank, not Hank Jr., who sold all those records, but Mrs. Williams does not see the point of the objection. "We thought it would reach more people this way," she says. "A lot of people don't like that old fiddle-and-steel-guitar sound. I believe in progress."

Then there's Buck Owens (*I've Got a Tiger by the Tail*) who has the Buck Owens Pledge to Country Music. It's in scroll form, and free copies are available, suitable for framing. "I shall sing no song that is not a country song," it goes, and "I shall make no record that is not a country record," and so on. Fair enough, except that one of Buck's latest releases, a big seller, is an instrumental called *Buckaroo* that you can do the Watusi to.

It is probably foolish to pursue this sort of thing, and it is certainly unrewarding—like trying to get a triangulation fix on Roger Miller, the biggest thing out of Nashville since Hank Williams. "Oh yeah, we still think of Roger as a country singer," says Buddy Killen, Miller's publisher in Nashville. "No, no, Roger's not a country singer, not anymore," says Don Williams, Miller's agent. "I don't know just what I am," says Miller, rehearsing for a television show in New York. "I like to entertain everybody. Scooby doo."

I see you going down the street in your big Cadillac,
You got girls in the front and got girls in the back,
Yeah, and way in the back you got money in a sack,
Both hands on the wheel and your shoulders rared back,
*. . . I wish I had your good luck charm and you had a do-wacka-do wacka-do.**

To many people the most interesting thing, the *only* interesting thing about the business is the money—the idea of all them old country boys being in the chips, driving Cadillacs with six-shooter door handles and wearing outrageous, glittering Western suits, designed by Nudie of Hollywood. Country singers are growing weary of this image, if not weary enough to stop making money.

"I guess you're going to write another one of those articles about how we're all a bunch of rich idiots," said Faron Young, the Singing Sheriff. "Rhinestones on our clothes and all that." "Well, a lot of you are idiots, Faron, remember that," said Jan Crutchfield, an irreverent cleffer. The former movie lawman was not amused. "Not all of us, neighbor. Not by a long shot."

The big money is in personal performances—state fairs, coliseum shows, one-night stands in tank towns. Young Johnny Cash grosses around $500,000 a year on personals alone. He, Roger Miller and Buck Owens are the superstars, and they get $2,500 and up for a single show, against a percentage of the gate, usually half. Porter Wagoner, The Thin Man from West Plains, gets $1,400 and up for a show, and Ernest Tubb (*I'm Walking the Floor Over You*) gets upwards of $1,000. Tubb and his Texas Troubadours are on the

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In Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, the greats of country music smile down as new deals are made and new licks created.

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road some 200 days a year, traveling as much as 500 miles a day. Tubb has been at this grind since 1933, and you can see it in his seamed, exhausted face. "Just to look at him you wouldn't think Ernie was only twenty-eight years old, would you?" says Miller, with a straight face. "That's what the road'll do for you." But Tubb's schedule is not unusually rigorous. Some of them are on the road 300 days a year.

A lot of them also have to rush back from the man-wrecker road to meet their Opry commitments, or to tape their syndicated television shows. This is the new mark of prestige, the syndicated television show. Flatt and Scruggs have one, and so have the Wilburn Brothers and Leroy Van Dyke. Carl Smith has a network show on Canadian television. Porter Wagoner's show, sponsored by a purgative called Black-Draught, is probably the most successful. It is shown in 80 "markets," and claims an audience of 20 million people. This is about the same size as Jimmy Dean's ABC network audience.

For most country singers there is not much money in records. "Country records are like salt and pepper in the grocery store," says Owen Bradley. "The turnover is not big but it's steady." This reassuring salt metaphor (sometimes flour) is often heard in Nashville.

Eddy Arnold (*Bouquet of Roses*), most durable of the country crooners, has had 56 top-10 records since 1948, which makes him far and away the leader over a period of years. He, Miller, Cash or Owens could make a handsome living on record sales alone, but not many could.

In fact, a record can make the top five in the country charts and not sell more than 15,000 copies. At a wholesale price of 50 cents per record the company gross on a 15,000 seller would be $7,500. Take at least $700 off the top for the cost of the recording session ($850 if choral voices are used, $1,200 with strings) and that leaves $6,800. The singer would then get about four percent of that or a $272 check for his "hit."

And that's all he'd get. Jukebox operators, who buy most of the country singles, pay no royalties to anybody because of a curious interpretation of the copyright law, and radio stations pay no royalties to the "artist" or singer. The stations do, however, pay royalties to the publisher and composer. So almost every singer and picker in Nashville seems to be a music "publisher" these days.

The word actually is a misnomer, a holdover from the days when sheet music was a substantial part of the business. Acuff-Rose still prints sale copies of its songs, and Tree Music contracts out the printing of Roger Miller's songs, but few others print anything. If you went to a small "publisher" and tried to buy a sheet copy of something like *You Broke My Heart, So Now I'm Going to Break Your Jaw*, the chances of getting it would be slim, unless you had a subpoena.

These days the "publisher" is really a talent scout and a copyright agent. He seeks out songs, copyrights them and peddles them, usually on demo tapes, to the singers and the record companies. For this service B.M.I. (Broadcast Music, Inc.) pays him four cents per radio play (the composer gets 2.5 cents). The composer and publisher get a penny apiece for each record sold.

At one time, in true folk tradition, just about every country singer wrote his own songs. Most of the classics are productions of the singer-writer: Jimmie Rodgers's Blue Yodel series, Roy Acuff's *Great Speckled Bird*, Jimmie Davis's *You Are My Sunshine*, Hank Williams's *Cold, Cold Heart*. The singer-writer is still very much around—Roger Miller sings only his own material—but in recent years there has been a proliferation of nonperforming writers. It is a precarious trade.

Miller himself first made his reputation as a writer. "The Opry never figured me for much of a singer," he says. In 1958 he wrote a string of country hits such as *Half a Mind* (Ernest Tubb), *Invitation to the Blues* (Ray Price) and *Billy Bayou* (Jim Reeves). "I was a great big success; the only thing was, I wasn't making any money."

Writer Jan Crutchfield explains about that kind of success: "I wrote one in 1961 with two other guys that was in the charts 26 weeks. It was called *The Outsider*. Bill Phillips cut it. You know what my royalty check was? Thirty-three dollars. Yeah. I looked at that check and I thought, 'Yeah, a few more hits like this and I'm going back to gospel singing.'" Crutchfield's third of the royalty represented a sale of about 10,000 copies. Nevertheless, with a few really big sellers and a small catalog of standards, a writer can retire young.

Crutchfield and collaborator Fred Burch, both thirtyish and Kentuckians, are two comers, part of Nashville's new wave. They wrote *Dream On, Little Dreamer*, which Perry Como recorded and which shows signs of becoming a standard, and they have had a number of moderate successes. Crutchfield is a tall, thin, moustachioed country hipster who used to share a boardinghouse room with Roger Miller. Burch is an admirer of author Terry Southern, and he has an upper-middle-class, tousled, campusy air. He once planned to attend the New School for Social Research in New York, and is writing a novel about the Nashville scene. Together he and Crutchfield write rock songs, pop songs, uptown country and hard country. At taping sessions, Crutchfield does the singing—now he's Fats Domino, now T. Texas Tyler—and Burch sits in the control room and makes suggestions and laughs at the songs and Crutchfield's antics. In two hours, with four pickup sidemen, they get eight songs on tape.

Afterward they sit in an office at Cedarwood Publishing and decide on the disposition of their newly minted tunes. One is called *Push My Love Button*. It breaks Crutchfield up. "That is one more raunchy song, ain't it? Yessir, that goes to Ann-Margret." Ann-Margret? Does she sing? "Hell, naw," says somebody, "but she makes records." Other people have drifted in, bookers and secretaries, to listen and offer advice. "Do me a favor, Crutch, and pitch that one to Lefty Frizzell. . . . Now that's a George Morgan song if I ever heard one. Or Buck Owens. Buck's would sell more, but I kinda like to hear George do it. . . ."

Detour, there's a muddy road ahead,
Detour, paid no mind to what it said,
Detour, all these bitter things I find,
Should have read
*That Detour sign.**

Nashville is not a closed shop anymore, but, say Burch and Crutchfield, it's still much safer not to stray too far from the mainstream of traditional country music. "Look at Roger Miller," says Crutchfield. "He's a genius and he was knocking around here for years and couldn't get anywhere. They didn't even know what he was trying to do."

Miller's career is a good measure of what the

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Grand Ole Opry is all about. In the bad old rock-'n'-roll days, the Opry stood firm when other hillbilly shows around the South were giving way. The Opry came through it and the others only managed to lose both audiences. But this same conservatism led it to overlook Miller.

The pay is bad on this show and the working conditions are primitive, but a country singer will do anything—lose money, drive a log truck up from Moultrie, Ga.—to get on it. A few years ago a singer named Stonewall Jackson did that—parked his log truck outside the WSM building, went in, sang a song and won a spot on the show. The Opry's pay scale starts at 10 dollars, and nobody, big star or jug blower, is paid much more than $60 for a Saturday night's performance.

Many singers have a deep loyalty to the Opry. Roy Acuff, the King of Country Music (Dizzy Dean gave him the title), has been a regular since 1938. He certainly doesn't need the billing or the money, and he couldn't be dragged off the show. "I never thought the Opry needed me," he says. "I need the Opry. I still get a little shaky every time I go out on that stage."

Every Saturday night in the cold and heat, people line up for blocks outside the ratty old Opry auditorium and wait patiently for three hours to get inside, where they will sit on hard church pews for five more hours of Hank Snow and Stringbean and Wilma Lee and Stony. Surprisingly, most of the people who come are not from the South but from Indiana, Illinois and Ohio. Family groups prevail—grim, watchful guys who you know are not going to clap, their subdued wives and small kids, who will be asleep on the pews, mouths open, before it's all over. Along the waiting route there are souvenir shops that sell Kitty Wells cookbooks. A man out front with a big card in his hat sells chicken cacklers, little oral noisemakers. People are afraid it's a trick, that the cackler won't work when they get it home, but they are even more afraid to try it out there on the sidewalk and have 3,000 people watch them make hen noises. "I sell more than you would think," says the cackler salesman.

Backstage, there is a lot of socializing and a lot of coming and going to Tootsie's. There are two bare dressing rooms, but nobody seems to dress in them, because they are always open. Jim and Jesse, a new bluegrass team, are in one of them, jamming. Over there is Porter Wagoner, resplendent in a purple brocade creation, signing a popcorn box for an autograph hunter who got past the guard. Pretty Loretta Lynn (*Blue Kentucky Girl*) is sitting on a bench telling a stranger about her recent European trip. "Put in your article about how bad the toilet paper is over there," she says. "I wish you could see it, hun, you wouldn't believe it." A chubby woman comes by and says, "Loretta, have y'all eat up all them butter beans?" Loretta says, "Girl, what are you talking about? I put up fifteen quarts last Saturday. Come on out to the house and get you some." Married at 14, now a 31-year-old grandmother, Loretta can sing like nobody's business.

While the show is going on, wives, girl friends, children wander idly back and forth across the stage. The announcer, Grant Turner, looks around to see if the singer he is announcing is actually there. If not, he brings on another one. The show runs in 30-minute segments and for radio purposes it must run on time. Somehow it does. No one is even sure who is going to be on the show until Thursday or Friday. "But that's the Opry," says manager Devine. "If we produced it we'd kill it."

Hank Williams, who couldn't stay sober, was dropped by the Opry in August 1952, for missing shows, and banished to The Louisiana Hayride in Shreveport, whence he came. He was making $200,000 a year, and people like Tony Bennett had begun to record his songs. If ever a country singer didn't need the Opry, it was Hank Williams. And yet for the next five months, the last five months of his life, he was on the phone to Nashville almost every day trying to get back on the show.

'Y'all don't worry,' Hank used to say, 'cause it ain't gonna be all right nohow.'

"If you were an opera singer, you'd want to sing at the Met, wouldn't you?" said Carleton Haney, a promoter who books Coliseum shows. "Look, there's what?—four billion people on earth, and only forty-eight of them can be on the Opry. Think about that."

Cigareetes and whusky
And wild, wild women,
They'll drive you crazy,
*They'll drive you insane. . . .**

The legend is that the country singer is a hell of a fellow. Big spender, big drinker, a poolroom fantasy come true. It is based largely on the life of Hank Williams and, to a lesser extent, that of Jimmie Rodgers. Rodgers set the style—sudden fame and riches, a short, tragic life—and Williams fulfilled it.

Rodgers's influence on the music was all-pervasive in the 1930's. Young Clarence (Hank) Snow heard his records in remote Nova Scotia and marveled, and left the farm to sing and yodel like Jimmie, so far as he could. Down in Texas and Oklahoma, Ernest Tubb and Gene Autry were doing it. Of this lot the widow Rodgers pronounced Tubb the champ, and she presented him with one of Jimmie's fancy guitars, one that said THANKS on the back in mother-of-pearl. It remains an object of veneration in the country-music world, and Tubb plays it only on special occasions.

Rodgers was known to take a drink, and because of his tuberculosis he came to rely on drugs, but his excesses were as nothing compared to those of Hank Williams. Hank had troubles. Thin and sickly, he too had a legitimate need for drugs. He suffered chronic bouts of pain from a spinal injury. He was an alcoholic, the kind who can get drunk in 20 minutes; and, beset by chippies, his home life was often rancorous and stormy.

No one since Rodgers had shown more talent in the field. If it took him longer than a half hour to write a song, he said, he threw it away. He was known for his generosity, and for his black, bitter moods. "Y'all don't worry," he would tell his audiences, "cause it ain't gonna be all right nohow."

In 1952, as his drinking grew worse, he was fired by the Opry and divorced by his beloved Audrey. He went to Louisiana and married a pretty young divorcée ("To spite Audrey," he said) named Billie Jean Jones Eshliman, who, as it turned out, wasn't quite divorced. He married her once in a more or less private ceremony, again on the stage at a matinee show in New Orleans, and yet again on the night show, for those who had missed the matinee. He picked up a paroled forger who treated him for his alcoholism at $300 a week. This was H. R. (Toby) Marshall, "B.A., M.A., D.S.C., Doctor of Science and Psychology and Alcoholic Therapist"—who later admitted he had never got beyond high school. "Doctor" Marshall administered, among other things, chloral hydrate, a knockout potion he was fond of.

Hank was desperately trying to get hold of himself, and, right at the end, on Jan. 1, 1953, he got a bit of hope. The Opry finally gave in to his pleading and agreed to give him another try, in February. That day, with this happy news, he left Knoxville, Tenn., in the Cadillac with an 18-year-old chauffeur, Charles Carr, for a show in Canton, Ohio. Before leaving Knoxville he managed to get two shots of chloral hydrate. He stretched out on the back seat and Carr drove.

At Rutledge, Tenn., a policeman stopped the car for speeding. He wrote out a ticket and peered through the window at the form in the back. "That guy looks dead," he said. Carr explained about the sedation, paid a $25 fine and drove on. But by the time he got to Oak Hill, W. Va., he sensed something was wrong. He touched Hank, found him cold and drove him to a local hospital, where he was pronounced dead. Hank was 29. A coroner's jury declared he had died of "a severe heart condition and hemorrhage."

More than 20,000 people came to the funeral in Montgomery, Ala., including all the Opry luminaries. Red Foley sang *Peace in the Valley*, and "Doctor" Marshall presented the widow Billie Jean with a bill for $736.39 for his therapy services, possibly on the basis that he had stopped Hank's drinking. Billie Jean suggested there was more to Hank's death than met the eye. "I will never accept the report that my husband died of a heart attack," she said. Later she and Marshall both testified at a legislative committee hearing in Oklahoma on narcotics traffic, but nothing came of it as far as shedding light on Hank's death was concerned. Probably he did die of a heart attack. This was a clinical detail. He knew and his friends knew that he was running out of time. "I just don't like this way of living," he sang, and, "I'll never get out of this world alive. . . ."

Disaster and sudden death have come to be a part of the country-music scene. In 1960 the unlucky Billie Jean was widowed once again by a country singer when her third husband, Johnny Horton (*Battle of New Orleans*), was killed in a car wreck. In March, 1963, Opry stars Patsy Cline, Hawkshaw Hawkins and Cowboy Copas were killed in a plane crash near Camden, Tenn.

Two days after that accident, singer Jack Anglin (of the Johnny and Jack team) was killed in a smash-up while driving to Patsy Cline's funeral. The venerable Texas Ruby was next; she died in a house-trailer fire. In August, 1964, Gentleman Jim Reeves, a crooner whose posthumous releases still appear in the charts, was killed in a plane crash just outside Nashville, along with his accompanist.

"We were burying 'em around here like animals for a while," Roy Acuff recalls. "I don't even like to talk about it." Last July Acuff, who wrote *The Wreck on the Highway*, and guitarist Shot Jackson were badly injured in a wreck on the highway near Sparta, Tenn. Acuff, who is back on his feet now, had every sizable bone in the right side of his body broken. He thinks he and all the other singers who haven't been killed yet are lucky and ahead of the odds, when their mileage, often mileage under pressure, is considered. Since the late 1930's he has traveled about 100,000 miles a year. "But I'm thinking about cutting down."

It's not an easy life at all. There's fame in it, of a sort, and money, and that keeps a lot of them going. But there's some deeper feeling too that keeps them out on the road, with a night here and a night there and a long drive in between, singing their songs, some trash, some gold, about hearts and wrecks and teardrops. They can't talk about those things, so they sing them. □

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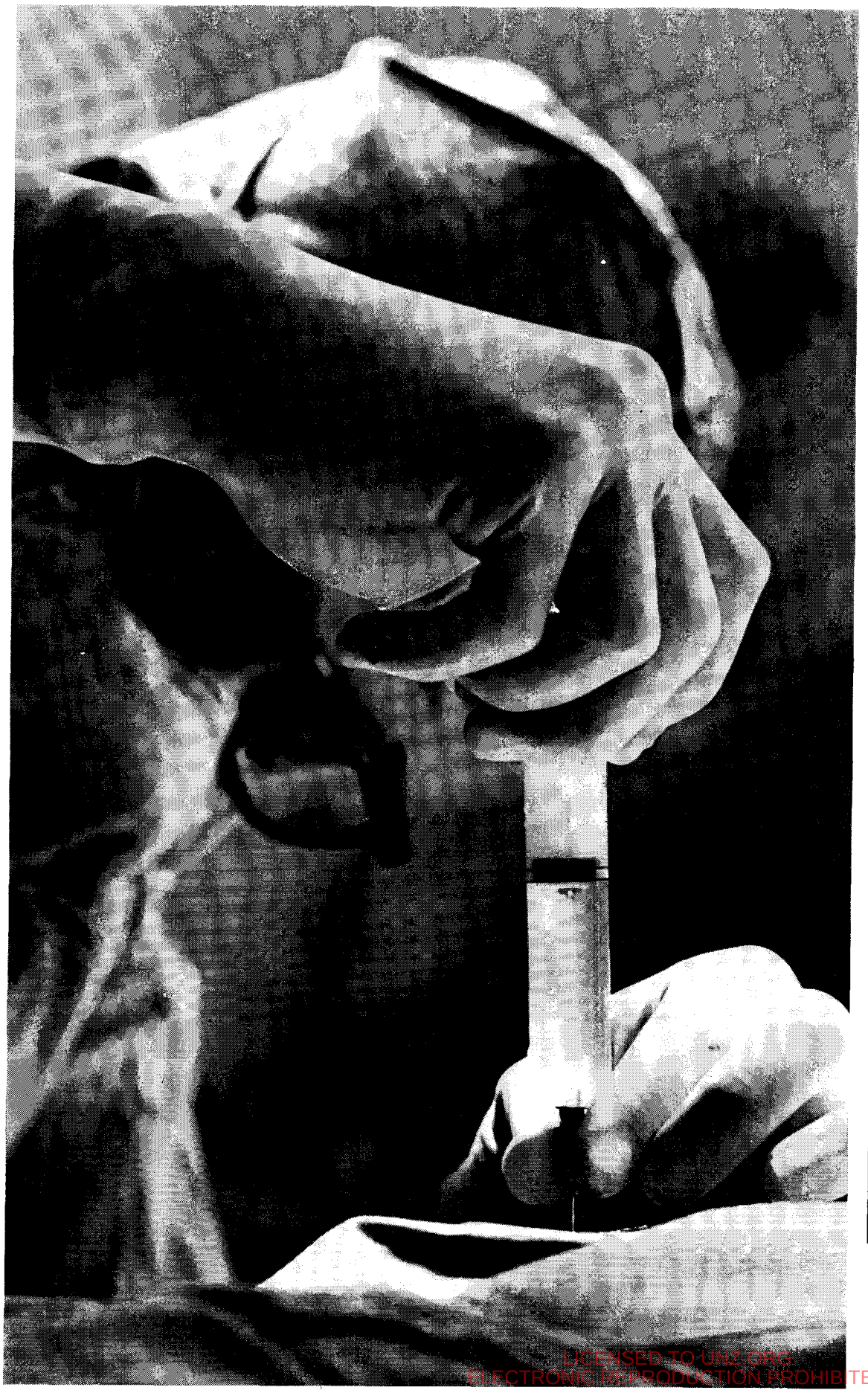
MEDICINE'S NEWEST PATIENTS

HOW DOCTORS HEAL THE UNBORN

Three years ago a pioneering New Zealand obstetrician gave a blood transfusion to an unborn child. Today doctors are using X rays, sound waves and surgery to save lives in the womb.

By Alice Lake



When Mrs. Vera Messina, a 41-year-old housewife of Long Island, N. Y., bore her third child late in 1964, her obstetrician warned her never to attempt another pregnancy. The child, a girl, had been born with severe anemia. Immediately after birth she had required two exchange transfusions, in which her entire blood supply was replaced by fresh blood, and she almost died. Furthermore, Mrs. Messina's blood type made it probable that the same thing would happen even more severely if she became pregnant again. Like one woman in seven, Mrs. Messina has Rh-negative blood; antibodies in her bloodstream, developed when she was carrying an earlier child, would attack and devour the red blood cells of any subsequent fetus with Rh-positive blood inherited from its father.

"But," Mrs. Messina says, "I wanted another baby desperately." She ignored the warning.

"When I told the doctor I was pregnant again," Mrs. Messina recalls today, "he looked at me as if I were some kind of nut." The first months of the pregnancy were normal. Then, during the sixth month, tests revealed that the fetus was in grave danger and, without fresh blood, would die before it was born.

One steamy afternoon last July, Mrs. Messina was wheeled into a tiny X-ray room at The New York Hospital for an operation which three years ago was considered unthinkable—a blood transfusion to an unborn baby. The operating doctor, a 32-year-old obstetrician named John T. Queenan, took a seven-inch needle and, in a swift, confident gesture, plunged it into Mrs. Messina's abdomen. "I think we're all right," he said exultantly. With the needle serving to keep the fetus from squirming out of position, three X rays were taken, and they confirmed his optimism. The needle had penetrated about four inches, through the wall of the mother's abdomen, through her uterus, through the amniotic sac—a cocoon of sweetish fluid surrounding the fetus—and into the lower half of the baby's abdomen, an unseen target about half the size of a lime. If the needle had missed, it might have fatally punctured the baby's heart, lungs or spleen; if it had merely nicked the skin, the fetus would have wriggled out of reach. Forty minutes after that first injection, a second needle was inserted, and a single cupful of blood began dripping into the patient's body.

Transfused blood survives only temporarily, so a second prenatal transfusion was performed on August 5, and a third on August 19. On September 5, the unseen patient, soon to be named John Queenan Messina, was delivered at The New York Hospital. He weighed five pounds, and required only one additional transfusion and a booster. He is now a healthy, lively five-month-old baby.

"I can hardly talk about it," Mrs. Messina says

Using the procedure that created a new field, a doctor injects dye into the womb of a pregnant patient. X rays then reveal the baby's position for a blood transfusion.

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One injection broke the emotional barrier to the study of life before birth.

today. "Doctor Queenan is just God to me. This baby should never have been born alive—I still shake when I think about it. When we went to the pediatrician, he just shook his head and said, 'Someone up there must like you.'"

Dr. John T. Queenan is a member of a new medical breed. He is a fetologist, a doctor who treats the ailments of the fetus, and there are only a handful of specialists like him in the world.

Fetology was born in Auckland, New Zealand, less than three years ago, when a blond, ruddy-faced obstetrician named A. William Liley plunged a needle into an unborn baby's abdomen to perform the first fetal blood transfusion in history. When Doctor Liley spoke before America's most distinguished baby doctors in New York in October, 1964, his audience gave him a standing ovation. With that one injection, Doctor Liley had swept away a curtain shrouding life before birth.

For years the pregnant uterus was considered forbidden territory where any meddling might precipitate premature birth. "One reason we have made so little progress," says Dr. Jerold F. Lucey, associate professor of pediatrics at the University of Vermont Medical School, "is the emotional barrier we have erected toward the study of human life in the uterus. One can certainly question why we have been allowing patients—the fetus in this case—to die from anemia when they are only inches away from a blood transfusion."

Traditionally, the womb has been pictured as a cozy, warm nest in which the baby lies, unknowing, unknown and safe from the outside world. It is now known that the watery home sometimes proves a trap instead of a haven. The unborn child may starve or be overfed. He may thrive until birth, and then die of asphyxiation during his passage through the birth canal. In the United States alone, over 65,000 babies are stillborn each year during the last half of pregnancy, and another 67,000 fail to survive the first week after birth—all told, four times the number of children who die between the ages of one and 14. Each year a quarter of a million babies are born tragically damaged—blind, deaf, mentally retarded, crippled by cerebral palsy and afflicted by heart disease.

Today, thanks to fetology, some of these babies are being saved. Already, says Doctor Liley, "we've built up a very good view of the baby's behavior in the uterus. By the time we've seen him in outline in the amniotic fluid, felt him twitch at the far end of the needle and identified his sex from the X-ray details, we know him very well indeed. He's as much a patient to us as if he were lying in a crib." During the transfusion to Mrs. Messina's son, Doctor Queenan actually had considerable information about his unseen patient. He knew that the baby was about 14 inches long and weighed about two and a half pounds, and he knew that it was lying upside down, head in its mother's pelvis, buttocks above her waist, arms and legs wrapped around its own tiny body.

Doctors have also learned a lot about life before birth. They know that the fetus lives in a state of weightlessness, just like an astronaut. Doctor Liley refers to him as an "encapsulated spaceman." They know he perceives sensations, opens his eyes, dodges the painful prick of a needle. Deep inside the womb, he hears sounds, including the lower tones of his mother's voice, and reacts with quickened heartbeat. A few months ago when cannons were fired in Warsaw to celebrate a national holiday, fetal heart rates in a nearby maternity hospital jumped as high as 220 beats per minute.

At birth the infant's brain is not a cleanly washed slate, as some psychiatrists have thought, for even in the womb he has a personality of his own. Some unborn babies are placid; others twitch at the lightest pressure of a hand on the mother's abdomen. A few are stubborn. If a doctor manipulates them into the birth position, head down in the pelvis, they gracefully somersault to the head-up position which they seem to prefer. Long before he is born, the baby sucks on his fingers or his toes. "If a child's thumb-sucking is due to insecurity," Doctor Liley says, "it's rather surprising to find a fetus doing it, but he does."

The greatest advance in knowledge of the fetus has come through the development of accurate tools to diagnose abnormality, and lab tests for the unborn are now a reality. They include:

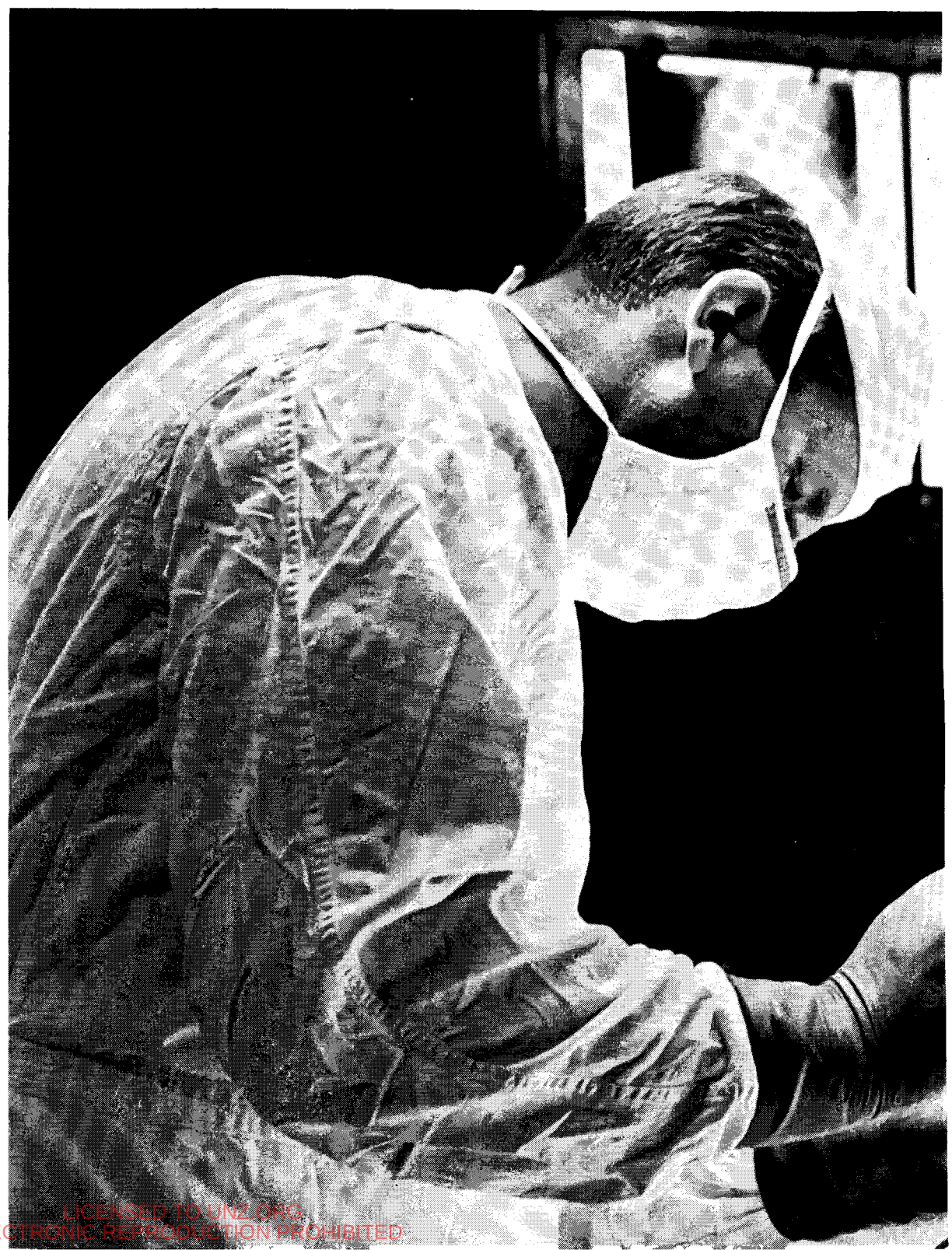
Electrocardiogram. The electric activity of the heart can be charted by the 12th week after conception, long before heart sounds are heard through a stethoscope. Usually the fetal heartbeat is recorded by electrodes attached to the mother's abdomen. If the beat quickens or slows suddenly during labor, a doctor is alerted to trouble.

Electroencephalogram. Doctors from the University of Rochester Medical School are charting the brain waves of infants just before birth, and after the entrance to the birth canal has dilated, by placing tiny wires on the baby's head. The damage which causes cerebral palsy and mental retardation frequently occurs during birth. The EEG may reveal the causes of these tragedies.

X ray. These have long been made of the fetal skeleton, but can now also make visible the soft tissue of the unborn baby. An opaque dye is injected inside the amniotic sac and is carried through the baby's digestive system. X-ray pictures then act as a guide to placement of a needle inside the abdomen. When such X rays are clear, they outline the baby's sexual organs, and also any abnormality of the digestive tract.

Ultra sound. High-frequency sound waves, bouncing off the amniotic fluid, are being used to picture the tiny fetus long before its skeleton can be seen on X ray. A Scottish doctor recently detected the presence of a 35-day-old embryo when pregnancy tests were still negative. Sound waves can also measure the fetus's head to determine whether he is developing at a normal rate.

Blood. A fetus may be perfectly healthy until



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birth starts, but if the placenta cannot stand the added strain of labor, the baby may be asphyxiated while he is in the birth canal. To check on whether he is starved for oxygen, a group of German doctors now secure a blood sample by pricking the baby's scalp after labor has started. Dr. Duncan E. Reid of the Harvard Medical School says, "It may be possible to get earlier samples from the fetal blood vessels in the not-too-distant future. They should give us information about the oxygen content of the blood, and about hormone levels."

Urinalysis. The fetus drinks as much as a cupful of amniotic fluid an hour and excretes it through the urinary outlet. "Through examining this fluid," says Doctor Reid, "we may be able to assess diminished function of the placenta, and also the metabolism of the baby. It's like a urine exam." Doctors are hopeful of spotting the presence of viral diseases such as German measles, and inborn errors of metabolism. Chromatin analysis of the fluid can already predict a baby's sex.

Any clues the fluid may give to the status of the placenta are vital, for this extraordinary half-pound organ essentially controls the unborn baby's destiny. The placenta is attached to the walls of the uterus, and it filters bacteria from the fetus's food. It is the fetus's meat and milk, his vitamin pills, his oxygen tent, his hormone shots. Some infants are born stunted and underweight, probably from starvation due to a poorly functioning placenta, and one in eight of these dies. The organ is also the villain in the deaths of overweight babies born to diabetic mothers. When it is nourishing twins, it occasionally overloads one baby with blood and starves the other. It may bleed intermittently, depriving the baby of vital nourishment. Changes in the color, thickness and quantity of amniotic fluid are probably clues to an inefficient placenta. Doctors are now able to study the fluid with an amnioscope, a slender, lighted tube inserted through the mother's birth canal, to observe the fluid's color and quality.

Blood differences between mother and fetus, which eventually led to the development of fetology, were first spotted as a cause of fetal death in 1939. Six out of seven women are born with a substance called the Rh factor in their blood. A person with this substance is Rh positive, one who lacks it is Rh negative. If such an Rh-negative woman receives a transfusion of blood containing the Rh factor, her body attempts to destroy the foreign substance by creating antibodies, in the same way the body battles infection. Essentially, such a transfusion of dissimilar blood may occur when an Rh-negative woman carries a child who has inherited the Rh factor from its father; during the pregnancy, and particularly at the time of delivery, Rh-positive blood from the baby leaks into the mother's blood stream. The antibodies her body creates lie quiescent after the birth. Then, during her second pregnancy, or her third, or even later, when her body is threatened with a new invasion, the antibodies multiply, cross into the fetus's circulation and gobble up its red-blood cells. The fetus becomes dangerously anemic, its growing body robbed of the oxygen which the red blood corpuscles carry through the body. To make up for the loss, the heart pumps faster, overtaxing itself. Liver and spleen enlarge. Unless the destruction stops, the baby will die of congestive heart failure either before he is born or soon after. The disease is called erythroblastosis, or hemolytic disease of the newborn.

In 1946 doctors discovered that they could save many of these Rh-factor babies, *if* they were born alive. Immediately after birth they drained the baby's blood and replaced it with fresh Rh-negative blood which would not war with the antibodies. Yet some babies were dead at birth, and others were so ill they could not survive the transfusions. To help these, doctors started to induce labor three or four weeks in advance—adding the hazard of prematurity. For babies which were barely sick at all, it was an unnecessary hazard.

The trouble was that doctors had no accurate way to determine which babies had been affected, how sick they were, or when they would die. Diagnosis depended on tests of the mother's blood for antibodies, and they were unreliable.

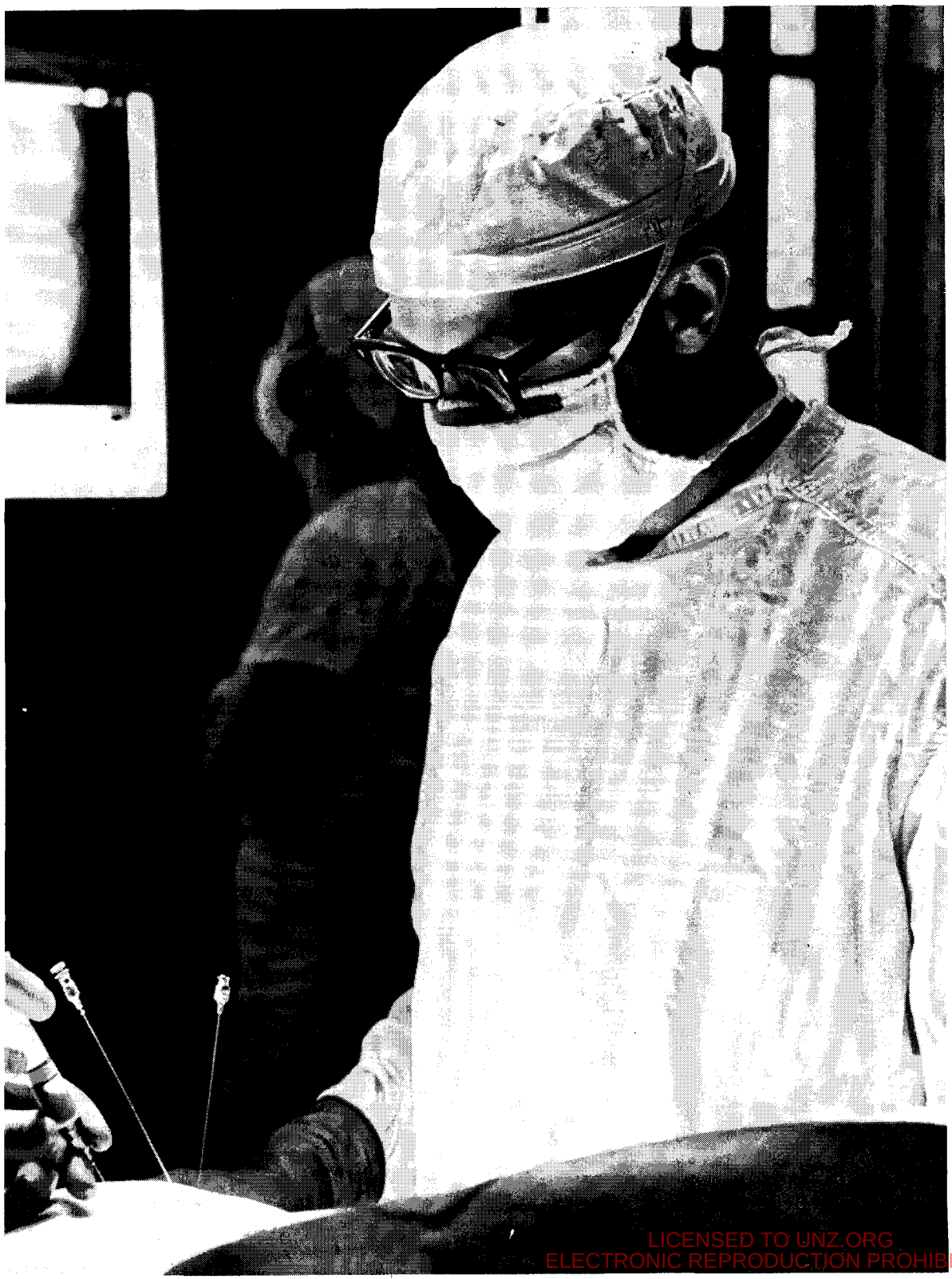
The first real diagnostic breakthrough came a little more than a decade ago when a British doctor named D.C.A. Bevis injected a needle into a pregnant uterus and withdrew from the amniotic sac a few drops of its amber fluid. Careful analysis of the fluid, it was discovered, could tell the doctor how sick an unborn baby was, and even predict to the week when it would die. The knowledge is now saving lives. At Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, about 30 percent of the affected babies used to die of erythroblastosis, despite exchange transfusions. When amniotic taps were made routine, in 1960, the death rate plummeted to nine percent.

Nonetheless, amniotic analysis provided only diagnosis, and the only treatment was induced birth. Doctors do not dare induce birth more than eight weeks early, but erythroblastosis occasionally kills halfway through fetal life. Knowing that these babies would die, and even when, the doctors could do nothing about it.

"Yet we were no strangers to putting a needle into a pregnant uterus," recalls Doctor Liley. "Sometimes we would even needle a distended fetal abdomen. If we could do this accidentally, we decided there shouldn't be too much difficulty in doing it deliberately." Liley knew that if his needle could penetrate the fetal abdomen, the baby could receive a transfusion of Rh-negative blood which would stave off imminent death. "You couldn't possibly harm the baby," he says. "It couldn't be worse off than it already was."

Three years ago, Doctor Liley tried his first prenatal transfusion. His first three attempts failed because the babies were already too damaged to survive. His fourth was successful. On September 20, 1963, Doctor Liley delivered a little boy who is now healthy and normal.

Liley's bold technique is being used in Australia,



Dr. Gerald Anderson and Dr. John Queenan of The New York Hospital give a transfusion to a fetus. New improvements in diagnosis of the unborn enable doctors to learn which babies are ill and how they should be treated.

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Mrs. John Messina, whose doctor had warned her never to have another baby, holds her five-month-old son John, alive thanks to three blood transfusions before he was born.

Penicillin is now being given to unborn babies to help ward off infection.

New Zealand, England, Canada, South America, and in some 20 hospitals in the United States. Because it requires a high degree of teamwork and skill, it is suitable only for the larger medical centers. But success, when it comes, is heady, for if the Rh-factor baby survives, he will thrive like any normal infant.

The transfusions are a rigorous ordeal for the mother, who must lie motionless for hours on an X-ray or operating table. The abdominal puncture itself is no more painful than a shot in the arm, but it is usually repeated several times during each transfusion. Sometimes four transfusions are required, and there is no certainty of success. "Waiting for the baby to be born was the worst part," says a young Connecticut woman, the wife of a policeman. "Whenever I didn't feel her kick, I was sure she was dead." The couple has a three-year-old boy who is mentally retarded, probably because of the Rh factor. Their next child, a girl born in Greenwich Hospital after a fetal transfusion, is now a lively, normal toddler.

Some women have lost baby after baby to Rh-factor disease. One of these is Vivian Bleau, a 33-year-old Long Island woman. Since the birth of her 13-year-old son, she has borne four dead children. Two were stillborn; a third died during an exchange transfusion; the fourth died in the womb 10 weeks before birth was due. Last year she became pregnant again and was referred to the Rh clinic at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. In a typical Rh case, each new baby is as sick or sicker than the one before, and Dr. Vincent J. Freda, who heads the clinic, didn't hold out much hope. But he performed two fetal transfusions, and last August, seven weeks early, a little girl was born, weighing four and a half pounds. She required several exchange transfusions, but in a month her joyous parents took her home.

Yet many problems remain. With repeated transfusions, infection may invade the amniotic sac, and premature labor follow. Occasionally the blind thrust of the needle punctures the infant's heart or spleen and kills him. "We're now saving about forty percent of the doomed babies," Doctor Liley says. "We hope to improve this a lot. The remedy is to find them earlier, to tighten up the diagnostic system." To this end, fetologists from 11 leading medical centers are meeting in March in Aspen, Colo., to pool their experience.

Already the unsolved problems are under bold attack. One problem is how to help the baby who needs a transfusion so early that X rays barely show up the still-soft skeleton. To bring these tiny fetuses into direct vision, Doctor Queenan is attempting to insert a lighted tube no thicker than a broad needle into the uterus. "Once we see the fetal abdomen through the 'scope," he says, "we can insert a needle through it and see exactly what we're doing. It holds a great deal of promise for the younger babies we're losing now."

The most daring venture yet is actual surgery on an unborn infant. This has been performed a dozen times in the past two years by three physicians at Columbia-Presbyterian—Doctor Freda, Dr. Karlis Adamsons Jr. and Dr. Albert Plentl. The first attempt was an exchange blood transfusion. Adamsons and Freda cut through the uterine wall and drew from the sac one puny fetal leg. Through a tiny incision in an artery in the baby's thigh, they removed all its blood and substituted fresh Rh-negative blood. In 11 further operations, the doctors tried to open a passageway from the baby's abdomen in order to feed the fetus small transfusions every few days. Cutting into its abdomen, they inserted one end of a tiny tube, bringing the other end through the uterus to rest just outside the mother's abdominal wall. Their youngest patient was an 18-week-old fetus, only six and a half inches long. None of the babies survived, but a number were still alive at birth. Moreover, two babies have actually survived similar operations, one performed by Doctor Adamsons in Buenos Aires and the other in Puerto Rico.

Final victory over Rh-factor disease may be as little as five years away. In 1960, working independently, Doctor Freda and Dr. John G. Gorman in New York, and Dr. Ronald Finn in Liverpool, England, developed the same hypothesis. They knew that the first Rh-positive baby born to an Rh-negative woman seldom suffered from hemolytic disease. The reason, they believed, was that when the placenta was delivered, particularly if it was damaged in the process, it released into the mother's womb a shower of Rh-positive cells which passed into her bloodstream. The question posed by the three doctors was this: if a temporary defending army of antibodies could be artificially introduced into the bloodstream, would a mother's body find it necessary to manufacture its own permanent army?

Searching for their hypothetical temporary army, Doctor Freda and Doctor Gorman went to the Ortho Research Foundation in Raritan, N. J., for a highly purified gamma globulin (the portion of the blood which contains the antibodies) which was rich in antibodies to the Rh factor. Manufacturing the pure anti-Rh gamma G globulin is a long, tedious and extremely expensive procedure, but the doctors emerged with four precious vials. They went to Sing Sing Prison in Ossining, N.Y., where they injected the gamma globulin into muscle tissue of four Rh-negative prisoner volunteers. They then injected the four—plus five other Rh-negative volunteers who served as controls—with Rh-positive blood, repeating the process once a month for five months. At the end of the test period, the blood, as expected, had triggered the manufacture of antibodies in four of the five controls. But of the four volunteers who had received gamma G globulin, not one had manufactured antibodies on his own. The hired army had done its job. It had gobbled up the invaders, and in a few months it would disappear.

The doctors had achieved what is called "passive protection"—the same sort of temporary protection gamma globulin gives patients who have been exposed to measles or hepatitis.

In April, 1964, the doctors started to inject gamma globulin into Rh-negative mothers within three days after the birth of a first child. They have now treated 40 women, and followed them for six months, and none has developed her own antibodies to the Rh factor. Fifty-six more young mothers have been treated in this country, England and Canada. All the injections were 100 percent successful. But Doctor Freda remained cautious. "Before we say anything final, we'll have to wait and see what happens when these patients have another baby." Last fall the first of such births occurred. Two young Rh-negative women, after uneventful second pregnancies, delivered perfectly healthy babies.

The new treatment will be of no benefit to mothers who have already developed antibodies to the Rh factor. Further, it is still experimental, and will not be generally available for several years. Enough gamma globulin must be prepared to inject 300,000 women annually. If the treatment proves itself, tomorrow's Rh-negative mothers will require a GG injection every time they have an Rh-positive baby.

But the new methods of diagnosis have already altered the medical approach to the unborn child. The doctor knows which babies should be induced early, and how early. Doctors sometimes add penicillin to a fetal-blood transfusion to ward off infection. They have also injected digitalis and diuretic drugs into the amniotic fluid to fight congestive heart failure in Rh babies.

"In principle there is no reason why we could not treat an intra-uterine infection or even fetal heart disease by giving the baby medicine before it is born," says Dr. Fritz Fuchs, head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at The New York Hospital. "We are just scratching the surface of the possibilities."

A baby who is sick before birth needs to be born in a medical center where skilled surgeons, drugs and blood are available, and prebirth diagnosis may help him get proper treatment. If nurses don't know, for example, that a newborn has no connection between the gullet and stomach, they will routinely give him a bottle. The liquid will collect and may seep into the lungs, and the baby may die of pneumonia before surgeons have a chance to correct the condition. "If a baby is born away out in the cactus," says Doctor Liley, "he is sometimes too sick to survive when he finally gets to surgery."

In the three years since the first baby was saved by a fetal blood transfusion, the pace of medical discovery about the unborn child has quickened enormously. "In the future," Doctor Lucey says, "we will no longer assume that there is nothing we have to offer the diseased fetus. It's like outer space. The environment of the fetus is still unknown country, but the time is coming when we will know more about it. Eventually we will probably even be able to change the environment to make it safer for the unborn child." □

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They were more than strangers, less than friends, but an evening of infinite possibility lay ahead of them.

MASQUERADE

He read the letter again, this time more slowly, pausing here and there at what should have been clues, but for the life of him he could not place its author in his memory. Yet the tone of the letter—warmly familiar, even conspiratorial, almost to the point of intimacy—presumed his instant recognition. Twenty-odd years, he thought, do make a difference; though not, apparently, to her. One of those eternal alumnae, he thought; one of those women who are forever transfixed at some point in their lives at which the maiden's roseate dream is still believable, a split second before the violence is done, smiling despite the rumors of time. He imagined her as one of those perpetual girls who sent clever biographical notes to the class secretary, listing her husband's little triumphs, the births, the graduations, an elder child's singular achievement, her own brave little efforts at being not merely a mother, not merely a wife, but her own woman. Her face kept slipping out of his memory, a silhouette in a group.

The letter had come the week before, to prepare her way. Though rare, such a letter was not unique in his experience. At long intervals his small measure of precarious renown as a character actor brought him such fruits of victory: a stranger's uncertain recognition at a party, a congratulatory letter from an old high-school teacher, his name mentioned in passing in a newspaper review, a schoolgirl's letter saying she would be so grateful that she would do *anything* if he would help her to become a professional actress.

He read the stranger's letter again. She chattered energetically about people whose names meant nothing to him. Why had he never come to a class reunion? she scolded. They had missed him. Had fame made him forget his old friends? The only anchor in the letter was a name he knew well enough, a man with whom he still exchanged annual letters, and had seen every now and then down the years, a pretense of old friendship. Their only bond, really, was that their daughters had been born in the same month, and that they had left their wives in the same year. In his Christmastime letter, the man still made joking reference to these odd ties.

She had run into this old friend, and was delighted to have news of him, though she was dreadfully sorry to learn his marriage had worked out no better than her own. She would have preferred to hear from him directly, she said, but she knew how busy he must be and how remote the past must seem.

He tried again to remember her face or something about her, but all he could recall was himself adrift at that age, and boys and girls from whom he had felt estranged in varying degrees. All that came back were indistinct smiling faces which became the same face, the smooth and transparent skin of astonishing youth, fair eyes and glistening hair and perfect teeth. More clearly than faces, he recalled clothes: cashmere sweaters and flaring wool skirts, and the instinctive grace of girls passionately devoted to dancing. She must have been one of those.

The letter writer, after all this time of merely hoping she could come to New York, would, he saw by the itinerary, be here now. Not a great thing, she knew, by his standards, but something she had long dreamed of; simply to leave her cares and responsibilities behind for a few days and go to the theater, and shop

By Saul Maloff

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

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"I know what I like... and I like Pall Mall!"

Outstanding ~ and they are mild!

BE PARTICULAR

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foolishly, and spend more money than she could afford.

How good it would be to see him again. She so hoped to see a few old friends, and reminisce, and catch up. She knew how busy he was, but still she could not help hoping. Actually, he saw by his calendar, he *was* rather busy this week; but there might, between appointments, be a little time. At worst, seeing her could be awful, but no more awful than so many other things; yet it could also be much better. If she insisted upon an illusion, he might be of some small assistance.

He telephoned her hotel. It was an expensive hotel near Central Park. Her voice sounded sleepy when she answered, but leaped instantly to life when he announced himself. "Bobby," she said, "I'm so glad you called. Oh, I'm so happy you called!"

"I hoped I didn't get you up. The trip must have been exhausting."

"Well," she said, "I confess I had dozed off for just a minute. Worn out with the excitement of it. Oh, what a city! What a miracle!"

"Then let me call you back later. I'm sorry."

"Nonsense, silly," she said. "I didn't come here to doze off. And how do I know you'll call back? Now that I have you, I'm not going to let you go. Does that sound brazen? Well, I don't care if it does. What do you think of that?"

They agreed to have dinner together.

When she appeared in the lobby of the hotel, he knew it was she only because it had to be, so nearly perfectly did she conform to his expectation. She came toward him moving quickly, with a girl's awkward grace—fair, smiling, candid. The last few paces she ran charmingly as if to embrace him, but she stopped just short and, instead, placed her hands on his shoulders and turned her cheek for kissing. So perfectly had her movements been executed, he thought they might have been studied. When he had kissed her, she stepped back to arm's length, her hands still on his shoulders, and gazed laughingly into his face. "You haven't changed. You haven't changed at all," she exclaimed happily. "Of course, you look a trifle thin," she said in smiling reproach, "but who wouldn't be?"

He could not recall ever having seen her face before.

In the taxi she said again how miraculous the city was. She pointed to a famous shop, a famous restaurant. "There!" she exclaimed. "And there. They're really there." Her voice was marvelous, a singer's voice.

"Yes," he said, "and nightmarishly expensive."

"Oh," she reproached herself, "how boring this must be for you. How provincial."

He assured her nothing could be further from the truth.

"I once lived here," she said. "Did you know that? Well, for a summer only, and if you could call it living. It was before you came here, as long ago as that. Before I was married. I was engaged, and not sure. That old story. In the old days, the young lady was sent abroad so that she would know her heart." She laughed. "I lived in a residence hotel for young ladies striving to know their hearts. Aspiring young actresses dreaming of splendor. *You* know. Lunch in a sandwich shop. Dinner in small, inexpensive French restaurants. By the time the summer was over, I was deliriously eager to go home, if you can believe it." She laughed again. "The old home town looked like paradise enow. I was married before I could unpack my bags."

The cab stopped in front of a restaurant he could not afford. When they had taken their table and ordered drinks, she said, "Do you know, I wasn't expecting your call just then. I thought it was the desk. But I knew your voice immediately, even before you said your name. Even after all these years, I knew your voice immediately."

"You must have been half expecting my call."

"No, really, I don't want you to think that. I don't mean anything telepathic and I'm not claiming womanly intuition. I just knew, I don't know how. Possibly because I wanted you so much to call."

"I recognized yours," he said. "Of course, I had the advantage of being the caller, but seriously, I'm sure I would have recognized yours."

"That's a terribly nice lie," she said, smiling. "But it is sweet of you to say, dear man."

"I quite mean it," he said. "It's astonishing how little you've changed. Not at all, save for the better." He took in her hair, her eyes, her throat, her lips, her eyes again. "Perhaps your voice is a touch deeper, a touch darker. More than that I will not concede."

"People do say that of me. Isn't it weird how little we change? All those

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . Hope you don't mind eating leftovers."

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years. Ugh!" She shuddered delightfully. "Then, suddenly, all at once—wham! It's all gone; all changed. Dear God!"

"Not always," he said. "Not always, by any means. The professional beauties, yes, and it's hideous to watch. I see it all the time. Positively ghoulish. And sad. With others, no. Quite the opposite. The fresh, natural quality, a kind of spontaneous, inevitable beauty —no, that doesn't change. Oh, of course it *changes*. All things in nature change. Or it doesn't so much change as alter. Deepen. With a kind of superb inevitability. I don't see *that* all the time, I assure you, but I see it now. There is nothing lovelier in nature."

She blushed and did interesting things with her eyes. He thought her surprisingly accomplished. The effect had been exquisite, a precise balance of embarrassment and pleasure. The merest touch more would have been excessive, ruinous; but she had sustained the balance with absolute grace. "You see a lot of both kinds, don't you?" she asked. "This is a city full of beautiful women, especially in your profession."

"An illusion," he said. "A sordid illusion, entirely manufactured. Lights, makeup, surgical intervention. A transitory magic. I speak now not of magic, but of the real, the terrifyingly authentic: a woman, not a mannequin. In a word, yourself."

"Another gracious lie. That's terribly charitable of you. It's so much nicer than the mere truth. Truth," she said and laughed, "what a bore."

He ordered another round of drinks.

"I shouldn't. Really, I shouldn't," she said. "It would be dreadfully embarrassing if you had to carry my sleeping form home. What would the desk clerk think?"

He thought her a thoroughly attractive woman in her own way. He regretted not having known her *then*.

She smiled conspiratorially. "Don't tell me. I know perfectly well what you're thinking. You're remembering that time I passed out, most indecorously, on you boys. Admit it. Admit that's what you're thinking."

He laughed. "I admit it."

"Shocking. Most unladylike. I was so embarrassed next day I could have died. I wanted to hide. I *did* hide. I wouldn't even answer the phone all that day and the next. Mostly, I confess, I felt awful because you were there to see the whole grotesque debacle. My unlovely fall from grace."

"I thought it charming. I was deeply touched. I've never seen it done so well. In or out of the theater."

"Now *there's* a tremendous, thundering lie."

"I shall not protest that," he said. "I shall merely assert it again. You lay there like a dying princess—a little pale, to be sure, but of a regal pallor and all the lovelier for that."

"Pale! Green, rather. I must have looked like death itself. I certainly did the next morning, and all that day. The next day I went on to a sort of bluey-gray. And I thought of all those people looking on at my disgrace, those millions of people—but all I could really care about was how thoroughly revolted you must have felt."

"I feel honored, even at this remove. Guilty too, that I should have added to your distress." He put his hand over hers briefly, no more than touched her in emphasis. "And now, on that mirthless note, would you like one more drink before we go on to coarser substance?"

"No, thank you so very, very kindly, dear sir, but on that mirthless note I can feel all the symptoms returning."

He ordered their meal.

"The truth," she said, "the truth is you probably didn't notice me at all. You were much too occupied with that girl to notice anything else. I think that's why I drank too much that evening."

"That's unfair," he said. "And worlds away from the truth. The truth—if you really want to know the truth—is that I'd come alone to the party in the hope that you might notice me."

"Oh, now, really," she said. "Please don't tell me you weren't with that girl. You were always with that girl."

"You really were in a bad way that night. I was seeing a lot of her those days. What was I to do? You never so much as looked at me except to look through me. I came alone that night, hoping that it might, at last, be the night. Instead, you passed out on me."

"Passed out on *you!*" She seemed truly appalled.

"In my arms," he said. "I caught you. Or held you, anyway."

"You were at the other end of the room. Of that immense room," she said.

"But I was watching you. I won't say spying on you, though, Lord knows, my rheumy eyes sought you out often enough."

"Up to what point in the evening? Ask yourself that," she said.

"You don't remember our long and rather wild talk that night?"

"No, no. I'm sure I don't." Her eyes shone with pleasure.

"None of it?" He thought her smile enigmatic.

"No. I can't recall that we talked at all."

"I'm glad," he said. "I kept expecting to hear from you the next day, and the next, and all that week. Not a word, as you know. Then when we met again—crossed paths, I should say, for we didn't really meet, did we?—I waited for a look, a sign, a word of recognition from you. I mean some unmistakable token that something had passed between us. There was none. That's why I say I'm happy you don't remember. I thought then, and I've believed ever since, that you didn't *want* to remember, that you *chose* to forget. I'm grateful I was mistaken."

"Please believe me," she said with a rush of feeling. "I don't remember a thing. Not a word. Nothing. Only feeling more and more remote. Then seeing the floor tilt, and dreading being sick in front of all those people. Dreading most of all your seeing me wretched and sick and disgusting. And all the while you were right beside me." Her manner was suffused with regret.

"Holding your hand."

"What did we talk about?"

"It wasn't so much what we said. It was the quality, the feeling, the music rather than the words. Young and wild, sort of crazy, exhilarated with a sense of discovery, a little melancholy that we'd not come to it sooner. There we were, all of twenty and acting as though it were one hour before the final stroke of the clock. You know, you cried."

"I hope it wasn't the whiskey. *Vin triste.*"

He looked at her closely. She had

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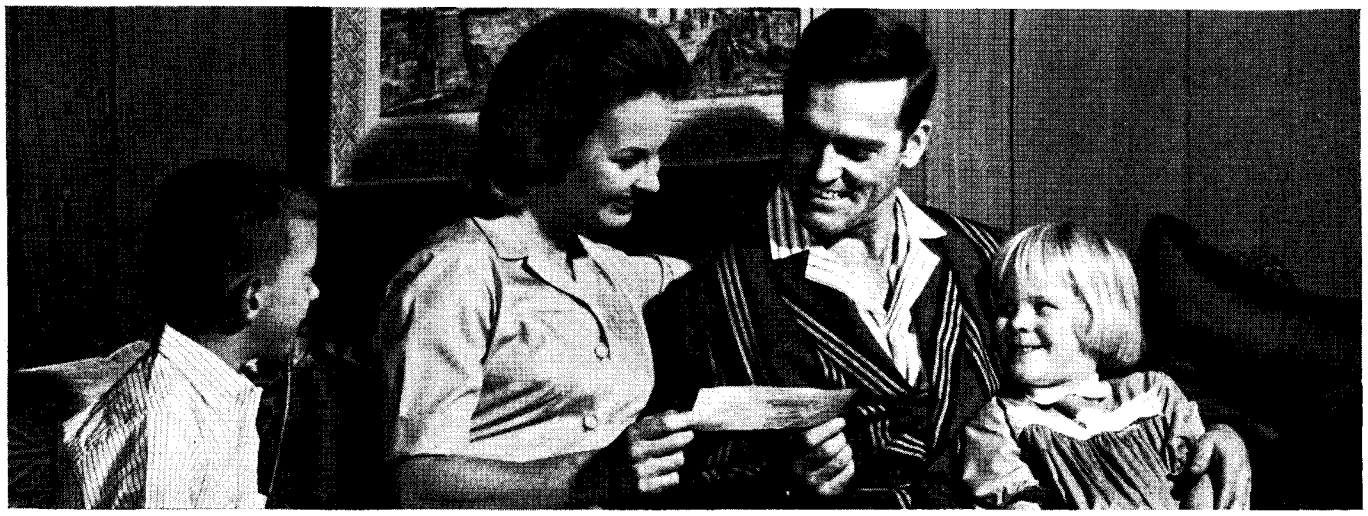

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fallen in so perfectly with the tone and rhythm of his creation that, for a moment, he had the uncanny sensation she had led him into a kind of collaboration, the making of a myth out of a void. But her face registered none of it, nothing but the sweetest melancholy.

A little warily, he replied, "That's what I feared it might be. The sadness in the wine."

"It wasn't," she said. "Or at least it wasn't only that. I'm sure of it."

"I believe that. I want terribly to believe that, but I believe it apart from my wanting to."

She asked shyly, "What were some of the words?"

"Oh, you can imagine them. Fond reproaches. Questions, mostly. Why? Why? Why? Why?"

"Yes," she said, "I can imagine. But why didn't you call? Why didn't you make the sign, say the word? Why did you let it go?"

I might have said that, in precisely that way, he thought. "Still why? why? why?" he said, smiling plaintively. "Put yourself in my place, if you can. If a gentleman believed a lady would prefer not to remember, wouldn't it have been churlish of him to compel her to?"

"Oh, Lord," she said. "Had you only—— But we can't mourn what's past. Still, later, had you only written. There was still time."

"Time," he said ruefully. "Time. Write? I started a hundred letters. I wrote after my marriage . . . dissolved . . . but I couldn't send it. Why? Because it was less a letter than a cry of distress, a call for help. That would have been hideous. The only decent thing I've ever done in my life, I sometimes think, was *not* to mail that letter."

"I was such a silly child," she said, "with all those frightfully respectable ideas about proper little misses not being forward. So little passed between us—I mean in the tangible, obvious sense. Hardly a word. I can't think of any actual exchanges of words, yet it didn't seem to matter."

Now he was certain of their collaboration. "Yes," he said. "It's as though we were always separated by immense rooms and the high walls of other people. And yet, somehow, it did not seem to matter." His voice ended on a dying fall.

"Two people can move in different orbits," she said, "and yet their stars can cross. Even across those rooms and those walls, I felt a special affinity. Despite everything—perhaps even because of everything—we were *en rapport*."

Wonderful! he thought. The cadences; the pauses. As much as the words themselves, she handled the silences beautifully.

They decided against dessert, though he tried to persuade her. They drank Turkish coffee out of tiny cups and smiled across the table at each other. "So there we were then," he said. "And here we are now."

He pointed out a much publicized heiress at a nearby table. The woman had been drinking and was talking in a loud voice to a dark-haired boy, who looked embarrassed.

He smiled again, and spoke with a flourish. "It is, you have my word for it, with fear and trembling that I allude to a most delicate matter. Can I persuade you to have a final drink? A highball? A cordial? Perhaps a brandy or cognac?"

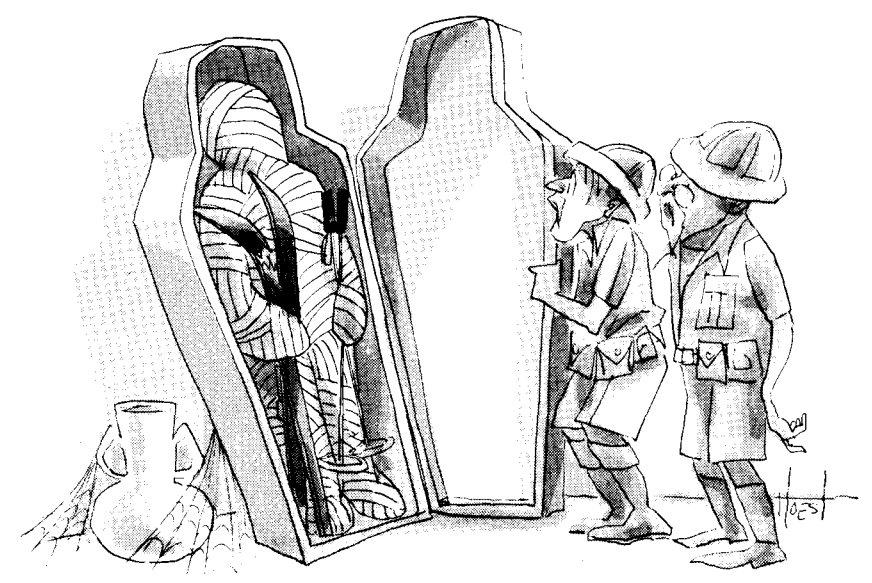
She laughed and touched his hand. "You'll think this terribly wicked of me, I know. What *won't* you think of me! I have an excellent, a very special brandy standing on a table in my room, still in its wrapping. At your service, sir." She made a little curtsy by dipping her head and shoulders. He signaled the waiter for the check.

"A glass," he said, "to what might have been."

"To what may be," she murmured.

Splendid! he thought. She was no tragic heroine, but who, these days, was? Incredibly, she was his double. Who would have expected it from the lady who had written that breathless letter? But—he could see in retrospect—even that had been cunningly calculated. Admirable. Truly admirable. Slightly sinister as well, of course, but in the nicest possible way. They smiled at each other in mutual recognition.

Words would have been superfluous. She rose and turned toward him choreographically, in a flow of movement, exactly in time to catch upon her shoulders the coat he held for her, as if they had rehearsed the gesture to the pitch of perfection. He very nearly praised her, but checked himself. They smiled in a silent assent which words could only violate, and swept from the room, with a sense of absolute inevitability, to the destiny they had together wrought. □



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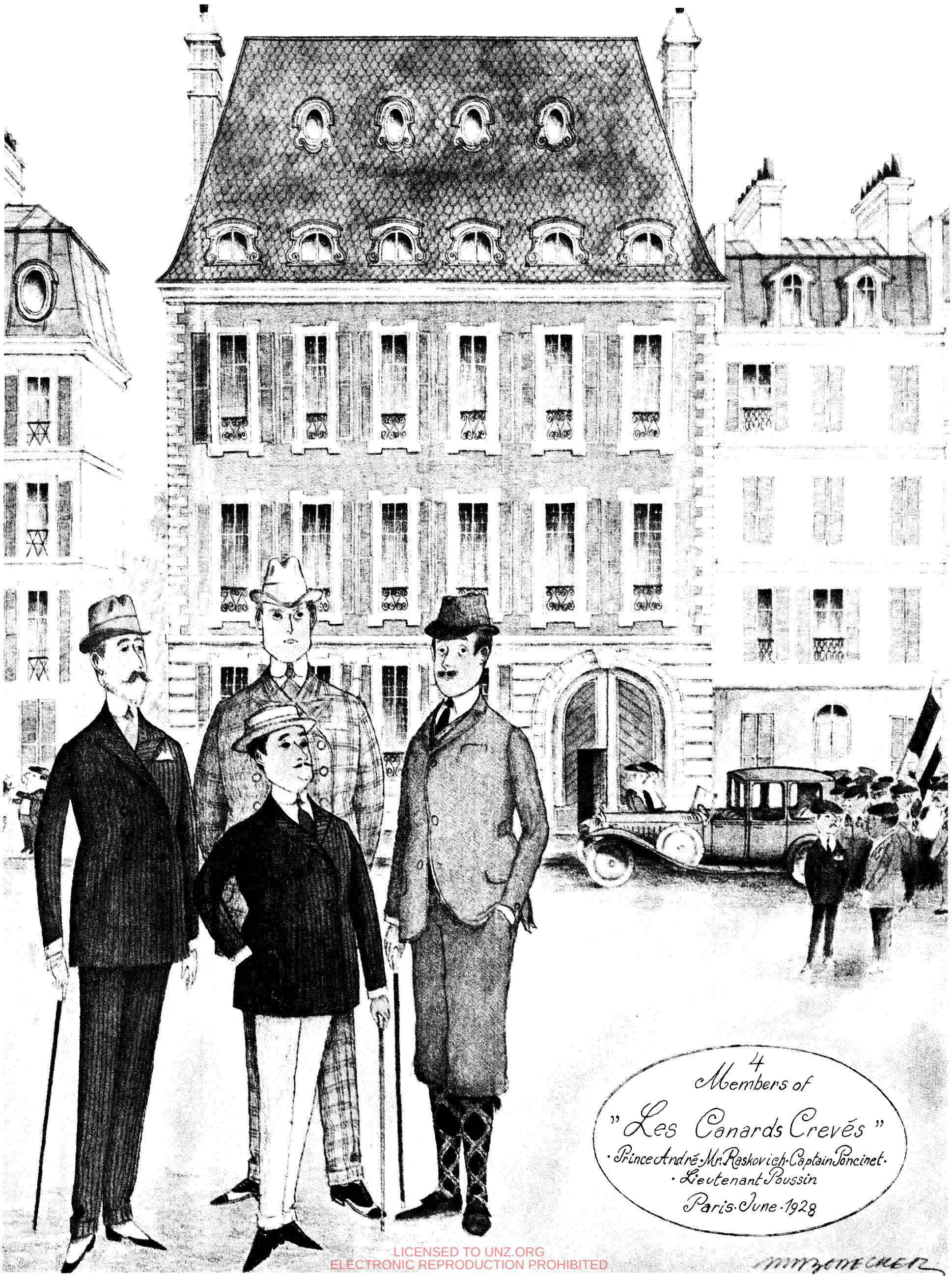

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THE HAUNTED BATTLEGROUND

The four comrades had begun the day in a spirit of revelry. Now, on this wild, unearthly night, they encountered the spirit of death.

BY MARK RASCOVICH

I used to think it strange that my father spoke so little about his adventures in the Great War, during which he served as a volunteer American aviator with the French Air Force. If he concerned himself with any war at all, it would be the American Civil War or the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and after he decided to continue living in France when peace was declared in 1918, it was the Franco-Prussian war that seemed to hold most of his interest. His favorite motor trips were to its old battlefields, and as a small boy I became well acquainted with such places as Sedan, Mars-la-Tour, Metz, and St.-Privat—and found them all quite a bore. To me, the bright spots of these excursions were the necessary traversings of the more recent battlefields, like Chemin des Dames, the Argonne, and Verdun. In the 'Twenties and early 'Thirties these areas were still full of ruins, rusting guns, bones, battered helmets, and other flotsam of carnage to delight the heart of a sanguinary boy. It was there that I desperately wanted my father to stop the car so that I could get out and go scavenging among old trenches, but no—we always had to rush madly on to some unruined, sleepy little village like Gravelotte, then tramp around its dully peaceful surroundings while Father pointed out that General Steinmetz had attacked here, General Ladmirault made his stand there. It had been a violent battle, Father claimed, involving more than a quarter of a million men, eight thousand horses, and twelve hundred belching cannon. I had to show polite interest, but when his back was turned I shrugged impatiently because, to my eyes and mind, not a trace remained of this supposedly monumental clash. It was nothing like Verdun, which was still a horribly mangled wound on the face of the Meuse hills, where virtually every square foot contained remains of weapons and of the soldiers who bore them.

At Verdun my morbid fascination was given occasional satisfaction because it was the one battlefield of the Great War for which Father had a strong affinity. This was somewhat puzzling, since he had not actually fought on it, but *over* it as an aviator, and then for only eight days out of the ten-month round of slaughter. Fully two thirds of the French army had been rotated through this monstrous sausage grinder, suffering nearly four hundred thousand casualties in the process—a figure closely matched by their German enemy. To Frenchmen, Verdun came to have a mystic significance, and the surviving veterans formed a special organization that still undertakes pilgrimages to the forbidding mausoleum on Thiaumont Ridge, where there are recovered bits and pieces of a hundred and fifty thousand unknown soldiers. Some of this mystique rubbed off on Father, but not so much that he would officially join those élite veterans of Verdun, Ceux de Verdun, who don black berets for yearly midnight torch processions up to the mausoleum. He would confine himself to an occasional pause by some part of the battlefield while we were on our way back from Gravelotte or St.-Privat; then he would walk silently around the tortured edges of such places as the Mort Homme and the Damloup High Battery. He would move away from me and gaze grimly at the churned earth and splintered remains of what had once been a forest, gently kick at the myriad rusty lumps of iron that littered the soil, and breathe deeply of the putrid dampness that always seemed to permeate the atmosphere there, even on sunny days. Those moments of solitary remembrance would usually end with his staring up at the sky, as if his eyes were following the flight of his old Caudron biplane as it lurched through the updrafts from the inferno below. Then he would suddenly order me back into the car and we would resume our interrupted trip home, his somber mood brightening as those tragic grounds vanished behind us. Soon he would be parrying my questions about his part in the war with half-kidding whimsies.

"How many Germans did you actually kill, Pop?"

"I like to think *actually* none. Everybody went mad in those days, so mad some simply committed suicide."

"That's crazy, Pop."

"That's war."

"But you must have killed some! You got a medal."

"Every soldier who survived on either side got a medal. The generals would have looked bad just giving them to dead ones."

When I took this kind of reasoning as flippant equivocation and pressed him for bloody facts, he still confused the issue, like the time when he said, "We found out more about the war after it was over. As I've already explained, we were all mad anyway, so how could we know anything but our own mixed-up hallucinations and nightmares? What really happened only came to us if we returned sane to the scene of our insanity. Like when I came back for a reunion at Verdun twelve years after the battle. Pigs, bones, and truffles."

"Pigs and what?"

"Pigs, bones, and truffles. It's not the kind of war story you expect to hear from me, but it's the only one I'll ever tell you, so you might as well listen."

And this is the story he told:

In 1928 Father's particular little group of wartime comrades, which called itself the "Canards Crevés" (roughly translatable as the Ruptured Ducks), was flourishing as an unofficial and somewhat maverick society of aviation veterans of the Great War. There were a dozen or so charter members, all of them men who had stuck stubbornly through the war in a service that saw better than sixty percent casualties, and survived. Most of them had been shot down more than once, like Father (five times), Auguste Poncinet (four times), and Prince André—who had lost a leg to the famous Oswald Boelcke but who continued flying with a wooden one. François "Petit" Poussin was so short that he had flown with three cushions under him, an arrangement that saved his life when he took a burst of machine-gun bullets from behind and below, but which resulted in a wound so grievous that always thereafter he had to sit sideways in a chair. Sergeant Charles Boutrie had been plain lucky, having got through his numerous air battles without a scratch to himself or a dent to his plane. None of these men took to aviation after the war. Father earned his living as a naval architect, Prince André as a businessman, Poncinet as a lawyer, Petit Poussin as the operator of a fleet of sightseeing buses around Paris, and Boutrie as an automobile mechanic. None of them joined the French equivalent of our American Legion, the Ancien Combattants, a group who thought the Canards Crevés too independent and suspected them of being snobs because they never participated in patriotic parades and the inevitable binges that followed them. The Canards preferred to gather in one another's homes to reminisce about the dreadful days over the Front and chat about aviation, while enjoying good food and wine.

Some people snorted that the Canards had turned themselves into a self-indulgent gastronomic club because their meetings began to emphasize more and more elaborate meals, a feature started when Boutrie claimed that his wife was a better cook than Prince André's chef. That resulted in a contest into which all members of the inner clique were drawn, either to officiate as amateur chefs or to bully the last ounce of talent out of their distraught wives. (One dismal failure of Father's occurred when he attempted to introduce a New England boiled dinner to these jaded French palates.) The gatherings were scheduled according to the seasonal availability of raw materials for exotic menus; they were not influenced at all by the traditional dates for veterans' celebrations, such as Armistice Day or February 21, the anniversary of the start of the great battle of Verdun. Armistice Day in particular was avoided because of its great traffic jams and what Prince André unkindly referred to as "the rabble without arms."

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However, since so many Frenchmen, and therefore outside friends and acquaintances of the group, had taken part in the battle of Verdun, it became increasingly difficult to avoid involvement with these particular veterans. It must have been envy of the Canards' superb cuisine that inspired some of Ceux de Verdun to seek a working relationship. Several of them managed to wheedle invitations to affairs of the Canards, and eventually one Marcel de Maurier, a survivor of the famous 59th Chasseur Regiment which had taken the brunt of the initial German attack on Verdun, succeeded in persuading Father, Poncinet, Petit Poussin, and Prince André to represent the Canards Crevés at a reunion in Verdun.

The invitation was accepted with the understanding that it was to be an informal affair in which the five of them would drive from Paris to Verdun in father's big Franklin, a convertible sedan of elephantine proportions which Boutrie called *la bagnole de gangster*. The reunion was not to take place during the anniversary of February 21, but on June 23, a date marking the flood tide of German assaults—or low ebb of French defenses, depending upon how one looked at it. However, de Maurier was obviously a deviously enterprising individual with ambitious ideas. It turned out that he also asked *all* the survivors of his regiment in the Paris area to join in the fun with "a bunch of crazy rich aviators," and so many of them showed up that it was necessary to engage one of Petit Poussin's sightseeing buses to handle the transportation problem. Many of these garrulous chasseurs in turn invited *their* friends, so that when everybody collected at the designated staging area in front of Prince André's town house, the dignity of patrician Parc Monceau was shattered by a very raucous gathering. Most had had wine for breakfast and those who had not were still volubly joyous in anticipation of several opportunities for revelry during the next thirty-six hours. When the caravan finally got under way for Verdun, 247 kilometers to the northeast, the bus was crammed with twenty-nine of them, Father's *bagnole de gangster* with eight, and Prince André's chauffeur-driven Hispano with seven

Father reacted to this turn of events with inward trepidation and outward complaisance. His old friend Poncinet rode with him, and the five chasseurs compressed into the rear and jump seats were good fellows, even if a bit noisy. But an eighth man, who had squeezed himself into the Franklin's front seat, made Father distinctly uneasy. He was a *gueule cassée*, as they called a soldier who had suffered a horrible facial wound. One had to accept the presence of such men—and there were many after the Great War—especially as the French tended to parade them openly at every veterans' affair. Yet one could not help a feeling of revulsion, of wanting to turn away. This one sat quietly, rigidly, staring straight ahead through the windshield, the cruel scar tissue and ridges of splintered bone of his face forming an expression of perpetual agonized shock. His name was Jean Lombeau, and it turned out that he had been a cavalryman. Poncinet tried to josh him in the spirit of the occasion by exclaiming, "What on earth was there for a cavalryman to do at Verdun?"

Lombeau fixed him with the gaze of his single eye and answered, "Eleven thousand, two hundred horses were killed there, monsieur"—as if this explained it completely. He evidently had a very deep feeling for horses, because after they drove out of the suburbs and into the countryside, he commented on every horse they passed on the road or in the fields. Otherwise he remained silently impervious to the ceaseless chatter about bloody, long battles and wild, short leaves.

After stops at Meaux for refreshments, Château-Thierry for lunch, and Épernay and Ste.-Ménehould for more refreshments, the expedition calmed down considerably as it swung onto the old Voie Sacrée, whose every kilometer marker is topped by the wreathed helmet of a French soldier. This road, winding out of the rolling farmlands of the Marne into the thicketed hills of Verdun, was the glory road over which nearly four million Frenchmen had marched or jostled in wheezing trucks to make good General Pétain's determination to hold the line at all cost. As they drew closer to their destination, while the twilight deepened and the battle-scarred ridges to the north writhed in a phantom bombardment of summer lightning, the drunks sobered and the boisterous turned contemplative. The bus and automobiles became filled with a tensing silence strangely complemented by the monotonous throb of engines and the grinding of gears. Each turn of the wheels stirred up dust that had been impregnated with sweat and blood to keep turning other now stilled wheels during those terrible days of 1916. Senses lulled by twelve years of tranquillity suddenly quivered with the recall of raw terrors; long-healed wounds twitched anew with dormant pains revived. Death and the legions He had reaped here tormented the consciences of these few who had escaped, turning bombast into humility and pride into guilt.

As they drove on, they were gradually slowed by other cars traveling along the Voie Sacrée toward Verdun. The cars eventually became so many that a chasseur was moved to observe, "It is like being funneled into battle all over again!" To Father, the increase in traffic only meant an increase of the misgiving he had felt since first being faced with the unexpected crowd that morning. The boisterous lunch and repeated stops along the way for liquid fortification had sorely tried the humor of a man who preferred to eat and drink in a calmer atmosphere. Then, as the mood of the party changed with the growing proximity of the battlefields and fell under the spell of the old mystique, he began to feel more and more out of place. Lombeau, who had hardly spoken ten words during the trip, became stonily brooding; the others rebuffed conversation with monosyllables. Father's feelings for Verdun could not compare with the malignant grip it retained on the souls of these men who had clawed through its mud and gore night and day for weeks on end, returning to do it over and over, again and again. Already one of them, reeking with wine and garlic, had told him, "You aviators lived in a different world which had nothing to do with *ours*. I think all the use we were to each other was entertainment. We provided you with pretty fireworks from the ground. You amused us with your pirouettes in the sky."

Poncinet had heard him and said, "Sometimes we trailed smoke and fire as we pirouetted, my friend."

"Bah! So did we . . . when we were caught by a German flamethrower. You were brave fellows, but more of ours got themselves roasted, that's for damned sure!"

Father wanted to say all that was over and done with now. But, of course, it was not. It lived on in the minds of this man and his companions. For all the superficial levity and good-fellowship, this reunion was to them a communion with the dead, largely manifested through the resurrection of old animosities, cynicisms, and passions. As one of them had said, it was like being funneled into battle all over again—with lots of wine for courage, he might have added. Damn the Germans! Damn the generals! Damn the artillery! Damn the aviators!

When they entered the town of Verdun, Father's worst fears were realized. Automobiles clogged the streets and even jammed the approaches to the old Vauban citadel, where some kind of military ceremony was taking place. Evidently the celebration of June 23 meant a great deal to Ceux de Verdun, or perhaps they preferred this summer pilgrimage to the more official one in the cold of winter. Hundreds of men, wearing black berets, red ribbons, and all their medals on their jackets, milled around on the pavement and clustered at the sidewalk cafés. Hawkers moved among them peddling trays full of battlefield souvenirs, mostly shell fragments that had been gilded and engraved with the famous Verdun challenge: "They shall not pass!" The main square brimmed with a crowd gathered to listen to an evening concert by a brass band. In front of the Hôtel Coq Hardi, automobiles and buses were parked bumper to bumper.

"Thank God de Maurier has made advance reservations," Poncinet exclaimed as they inched their way toward the expected haven.

"We hope!" Father added dryly.

De Maurier had indeed made reservations when the reunion was first planned—for five! When forty-four of us pressed into the already crowded lobby, the proprietor laughed with a touch of hysteria that labeled him as one of the permanently shell-shocked old Verdunois. Every room was taken. Every spare cot had been spoken for, the last pair having been installed in the attic. He would allow two persons in each of the five reserved beds, no more. No, he could not recommend any pensions in town—they were all filled. De Maurier pleaded and raged, insisting he had warned the proprietor in his letter that "there might be a few more of us." He even claimed that he had sent a telegram making reservations for the full company, an argument that was demolished when one of his own chasseurs reminded him he had only *talked* about doing that. Well, all right, so a mistake had been made. But could not some mattresses be laid on the floor? No—against the regulations. How about in the bathtubs? No. The proprietor turned truculent. "Does monsieur wish the beds we hold for him or not? If not, there are others waiting."

"Of course we want them . . . for our *guests!*" de Maurier shouted with a flourish toward the embarrassed Canards.

When innocently drawn into an unpleasant situation like this, Father rarely lost his temper, but instead became icily polite, a technique he now used in refusing the rooms for himself and his associates. "We would not dream of taking beds for ourselves when the true heroes of Verdun may have to sleep in the streets. It is out of the question." Poncinet, Petit Poussin, and Prince André agreed with him, but somewhat less forcefully.

The argument at the front desk attracted the attention of other pilgrims, who pressed in with sympathetic curiosity. One of them suggested a hotel in Souilly, some ten kilometers south. No, another interjected, Souilly was as jammed as Verdun. So how about Bar-le-Duc? Alas, some American Legionnaires had convened there and bought out both hotels. Wasn't there an inn in Montzeville? Yes, before the battle; it had never been rebuilt. A young lieutenant from the garrison of the citadel stepped forward with the condescension shown to veterans by soldiers on active service and said that the commandant sometimes made available unused barracks to Ceux de *Continued on page 56*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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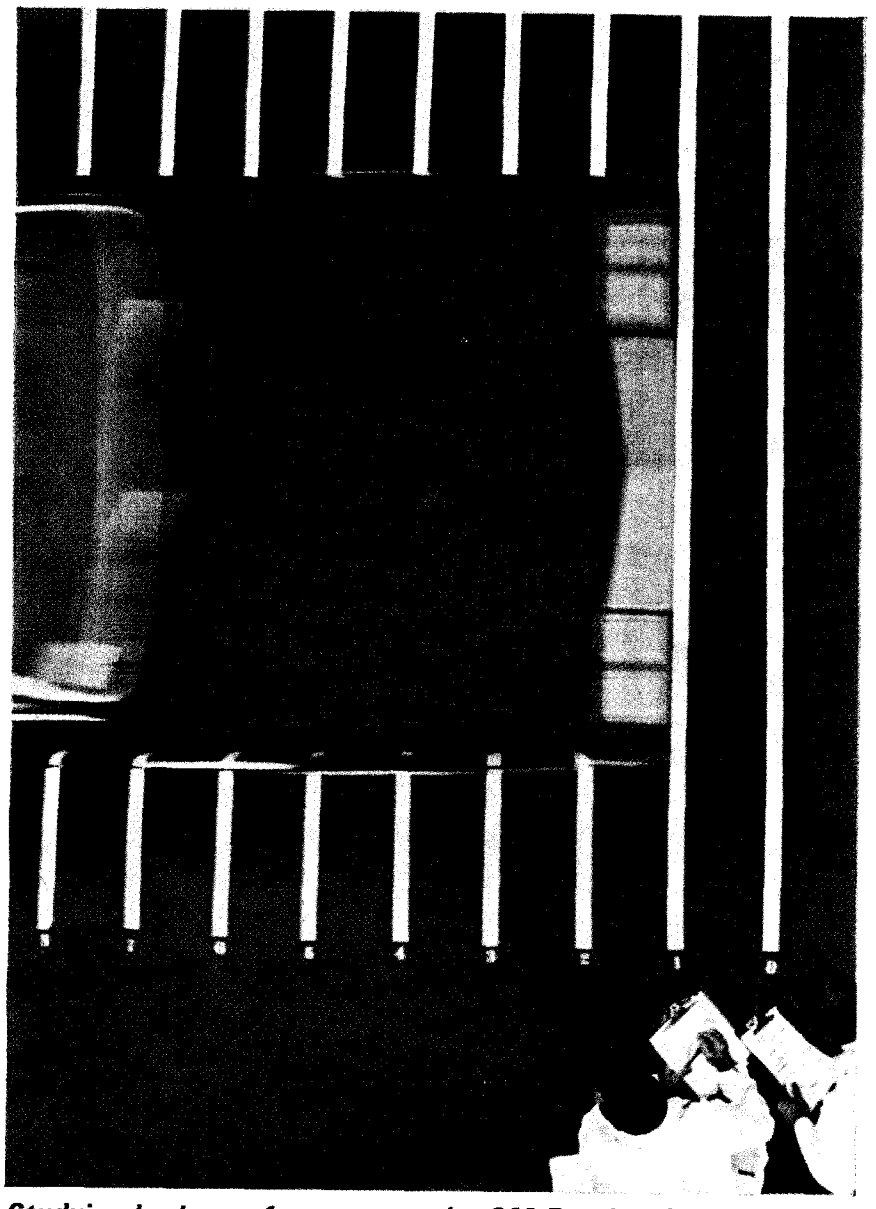

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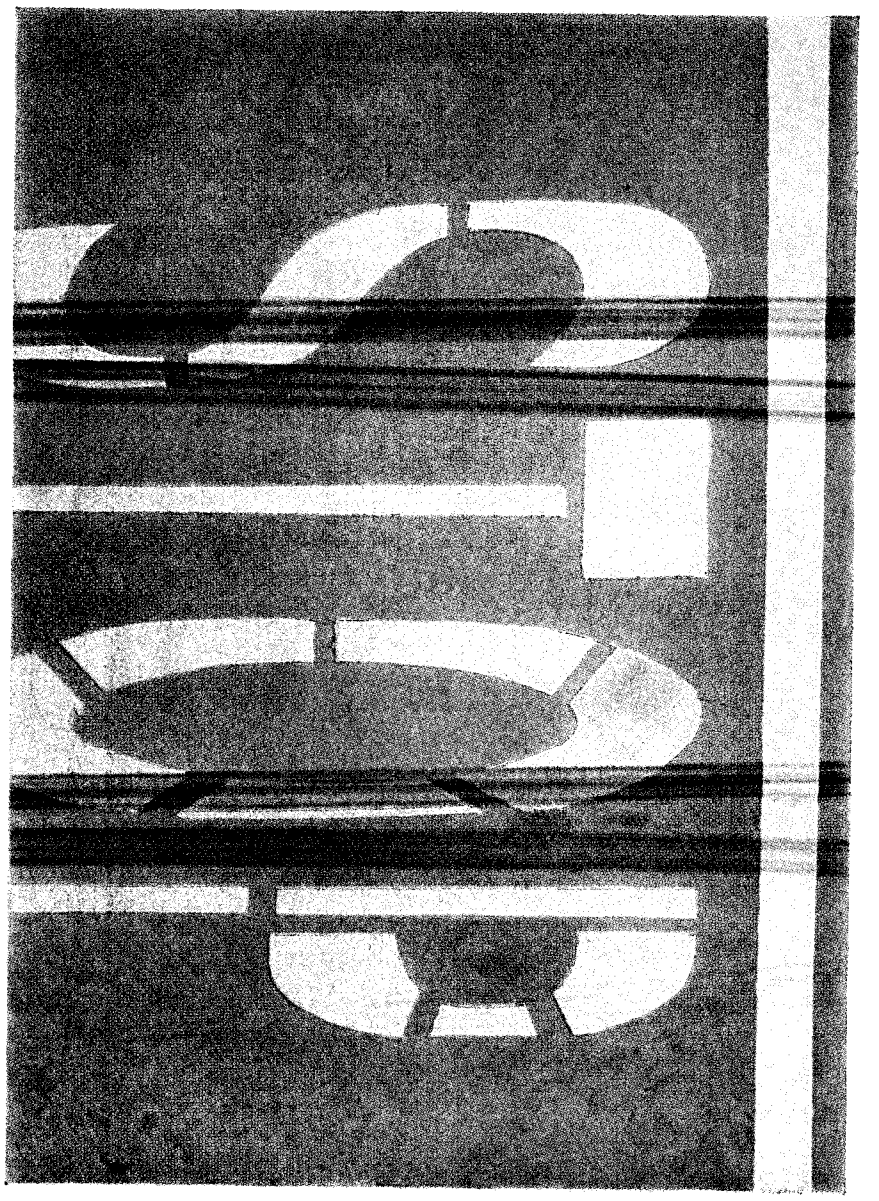

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America, America

Verdun who could not find room in town. They were simple accommodations, of course—only a bunk, straw mattress, and latrine facility, nothing more. "Even for officers?" Prince André exclaimed in horror. The young lieutenant regarded him and the other Canards with a jaundiced eye, and when one of the chasseurs told him they were aviators, he suddenly remembered that the commandant extended hospitality to ground troops only. Then, along with most of the crowd, he turned his attention to a man festooned with medals who had climbed a chair to announce plans for the traditional torchlight parade to the mausoleum on Thiaumont Ridge.

The disgraced de Maurier and some of his cronies retreated to the hotel's bar to consider the next move. A number of chasseurs followed them; the rest shrugged and dissolved as if by magic into the multitude of veterans surging in and out of the lobby. The Canards found themselves deserted, hungry, and homeless. The last attention they received came from the proprietor, who asked if they really intended to give up their rooms, as he was about to dispose of them to another party badgering him. Prince André told him in ignoble terms what he could do with his rooms, whereupon they all shoved their way into the street.

"I suppose the four of us could find a quiet alley and bunk in the automobiles," Poncinet suggested without much enthusiasm.

"My chauffeur would never stand for that," Prince André grumbled. "He's a former officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, remember."

"And besides, we are *five*, not four," Petit Poussin informed everybody, rolling his eyes.

They looked over their shoulders and noticed that Lombeau, the *gueule cassée*, was shuffling along quietly in their tracks like a wounded dog. For a man so startlingly disfigured, he evidently had a disconcerting talent for self-effacement, but when he noticed they were aware of his presence, he spoke up with a kind of diffident certainty.

"I know a place where we can stay, messieurs."

"You do, Lombeau? Where?"

"An inn. About ten kilometers from here."

The Canards looked at each other with considerable doubt. "If it isn't filled tonight, it must be a secret place," Poncinet told him.

"It is known to me as I am known to it," he answered defensively. "I'm not insisting. I'm not pressing you. The beds are clean and the food good, that's all. No electricity. No flushing toilets. But I have heard you gentlemen are gourmets. They serve game."

"Game?" the Canards chorused with awakening interest.

"Yes. Partridge. Deer. Wild boar roasted with chestnuts, mushrooms, and wine sauce, and stuff like that. They specialize in boar." He shrugged as if such dishes really did not appeal to him. "The beds are clean, the food good, that's all," he emphasized. Then he fell silent and awaited their decision.

Petit Poussin glanced over the milling crowd of veterans and wrinkled his nose. "The local restaurants will be jammed and serving dried beef for the benefit of the sentimentalists in this mob."

Father was suddenly enthusiastic for the first time that day. "I'd sleep on a table if they served me a dish of wild boar on it first!" he said.

"What have we to lose?" Prince André asked. "What difference will ten or twenty more kilometers make in this expedition? Thank you, Lombeau. We will be delighted!" He invited everybody to go in his Hispano, which always carried emergency rations of pâté and a decent vintage wine. However, when they reached it, the chauffeur was nowhere to be seen, and he had, of course, vanished with the keys. Petit Poussin was about to start a hunt through the crowd when the Prince said, "To hell with him! He's probably earning his drinks with lies about how he escaped the Bolsheviks' revolution. And if there are any women in this town between fifteen and fifty, he'll find himself a bed for the night. Damned Russian! Let's go in the Franklin!"

It was after eight o'clock, and the long summer twilight had deepened into a misty purple when Jean Lombeau directed the Canards along a road that snaked through the valley of the Meuse River. Far to the east, thunderheads flashed and rumbled over the Woëvre Plain. The beacon on top of the mausoleum winked balefully against the afterglow, probing the shadowy hills of the battlefields with its restless beam. Shimmering vapors rose out of the black river, crept over the road, and clung to the sides of the ravines like shrouds being drawn over the pockmarked earth. No sooner had they left the town behind them than they began to miss its lights and crowds. Even to evicted interlopers, it suddenly seemed more friendly to them than the gathering gloom ahead. The mystique was reasserting itself, only now it had a chilling quality.

For a while they tried to cheer each other by chatting about the day's journey, the chasseurs, de Maurier's dereliction, and the dinner they hoped to eat at Lombeau's inn. Father optimistically recollected a marvelous meal he had been served in some obscure little inn near Metz, and Prince André told of a similar experience outside of Nancy. But the conversation died under the oppressive effects of their surroundings and Lombeau's refusal to join in. The only time he spoke, except to give curt directions, was when they met one of those battlefield scavengers who harvest "souvenirs" from a land otherwise turned fallow. He was a scarecrow of a man driving a two-wheeled cart loaded with rusty scrap and pulled by a melancholy, sway-backed nag. "Look at them!" the former cavalryman exclaimed. "He was probably a farmer once who took care of his animals. I tell you, this land is blighted for man and beast!"

The road narrowed and became rougher. They passed through Bras, a small village demolished by artillery, where only a few houses had been rebuilt; a couple of feeble lights shone, but not a soul was to be seen. At Vacherauville, still entirely a heap of rubble, Lombeau told them to turn right toward Beaumont. They left the Meuse and headed over hills and through valleys that had been in the thick of the fighting. Darkness now hid the ravaged face of the countryside from their eyes. As Father cautiously steered around one sharp curve after another, the headlights swept the sides of ravines, revealing glimpses of shotdown trees lying like skeletons in the thorny underbrush. The beacon on Thiaumont fell behind them and grew fainter. All eyes but Lombeau's darted with restless frequency to the dashboard, checking the kilometers as they clicked by on the luminous dial. Then he pointed and shouted, "Left here!" Father almost missed the turn, which was onto a side road barely wide enough for the Franklin and so heavily rutted that the engines stalled as he shifted down. When it stopped they became uncomfortably aware of the absolute silence.

"Come on, Lombeau! What are you doing to us? Playing a joke?"

"It is up there," he answered. They peered along the chalky ruts only to see them vanish beyond the glow of the headlights into the black sides of a steep ridge silhouetted against the paler darkness of the sky. There was not a light to be seen, not a sound to be heard. They wanted to believe him, but their misgivings only deepened.

"But there's not a thing up there!"

"It lies just beyond the crest and cannot be seen from here."

"There's no sign of life, and the road is terrible."

"Yes, but the ruts seem fresh," Father said. "Somebody has passed this way recently."

"Scavengers, like the one we met along the river."

"No, those are tire marks. Lombeau wouldn't fool us, not when he's along himself."

"If you ask me, I think he's a bit mad," Petit Poussin whispered. Then he asked loudly, "What would an inn be doing in the middle of this God-forsaken morass of a battlefield?"

"Good hunting," Lombeau replied quietly. In a way the answer was logical enough, yet under the circumstances it only fertilized the germinating doubts in their minds regarding his sanity.

After a long, painful silence, Father exclaimed rashly, "Oh, hell! If there's an inn up there, it's obviously for idiots like us." He restarted the engine, threw it into low gear, and began carefully jogging ahead.

Petit Poussin sighed in resignation. "I used to pray to God not to put me here during the war and He didn't. He'll think me an ungrateful fool for coming here now!"

This remark somehow struck Lombeau as funny, and he laughed for the first time since they had met him. It was a wheezing cackle that left them in shocked silence.

The grade steepened, and thickets pressed in over the road, rasping against the sides of the car like taloned fingers. When the sound became an agonized metallic screech, they noticed that rusting coils of barbed wire were intertwined with the thorned vegetation. "Pray for our tires now, Petit Poussin," Father muttered, keeping the Franklin grinding upward. The lights caught the crumbled concrete slabs of a ruined gun emplacement, from which a tangle of wild red primroses poured out like flowing blood. They inched over an old trench bridged with logs from the shattered woods that littered the hillside; here and there a bleached trunk still standing would loom out of the dark, a ghostly sentry for its fallen comrades. But as the automobile climbed, the darkness became less black and the mist of the ravine thinned out. When they topped the ridge with a final noisy effort from the engine, a startling and weirdly beautiful night panorama of the

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surrounding country spread itself before their eyes.

In the distance the town of Verdun winked its lights and stained the clouds hanging above it with a yellowish glow. The flash of the beacon on the mausoleum could be seen clearly again, and the little pinpricks of light along the flanks of Thiaumont Ridge signaled that the veterans' torch parade was under way. Banks of mist lay faintly incandescent over the valleys, while the hills stood out in blue-black contrast. To the west there was still a faint magenta afterglow from the departed sun; in the east the thunderheads were laced with diffused bolts of lightning. And when the Canards looked north over the scrubby plateau, they spied some pale lights and the shape of buildings. "There is your inn, messieurs," Lombeau announced. "There is The Wild Boar!"

There should have been a general feeling of relief to discover that there was an inn located up there after all, yet somehow the doubts and uneasiness persisted as they approached it. The shape of The Wild Boar, with its cluster of outbuildings, was weirdly peculiar, and when they drove into the rough yard, the outbuildings were revealed by the headlights to be a half-ruined barn and stable patched with slabs of corrugated iron used by the German army to fortify their dugouts. Next to an old farm wagon lay the twisted remains of an artillery caisson and a stack of corroded cannon barrels. They also had a glimpse of a huge pyramid of battered steel helmets, both German and French. When they stopped near what Father guessed to be the entrance to the main building, the gloom allowed only a vague impression of masonry and crosstimbers that appeared to sag and bulge on the brink of collapse. A small truck was parked under a makeshift shed that protruded at a crazy angle from one of the several gables. The only greeting they heard when they switched off the engine was a howl from a dog somewhere behind the rubble of the barn.

Father blew the horn, and two of the three lighted windows promptly went dark.

"Charmingly rustic place," Petit Poussin exclaimed.

Lombeau climbed out of the car and started walking along the side of the building. The others reluctantly followed him, Prince André's artificial leg making a grating squeak with each cautious step. Obviously the *gueule cassée* knew his way, because he moved unerringly through the dark to find the front door and a cord, which he yanked. A bell gave forth a deep muffled clang from somewhere inside the house. A long, tense silence followed while they waited for a reaction. Their nervousness increased when they heard the dog again, not howling this time, but snarling menacingly and much closer. Lombeau pulled the bell cord once more, but the Canards put their backs to the wall and faced the black nothingness of the yard, where, they felt certain, fangs were being bared to attack them. Then they all jumped as the door suddenly flew open. Their eyes were blinded by a flashlight which stabbed its beam into each of their faces before settling on Lombeau.

"Ah, so it's you!" a harsh female voice exclaimed. "Late for dinner, but never mind!"

"I have brought some friends, Mme. Thouzelier."

The light probed their faces again. "So why not? We'll manage somehow." She impatiently waved them inside with the flashlight, and since the snarling in the darkness was moving ever closer, the Canards jostled each other to press over the narrow threshold, preferring the unknown of the strange house to the obvious perils of a beast prowling the night. As Prince André made it to safety, he let out an anguished gasp and threw his arms around Father to keep from falling.

"Are your friends drunk?" Mme. Thouzelier asked. She was a very hefty woman, all jowls and bosom.

"Madame, I have an artificial leg with a habit of coming unhitched at critical moments," Prince André explained to her with patient suffering. "It can only be fixed in the strictest privacy . . . if you would be so kind as to arrange that."

"Well, certainly, my poor man," she answered with a gruff understanding. "Come along with me and I'll show you to a room."

She turned and led the way down a narrow, low-ceilinged hall, which was lighted only by the flashlight swinging in her hand as she strode along. In order not to be left behind in total darkness, there was nothing for the Canards to do but pick up their immobilized companion and hurriedly carry him after her.

The Wild Boar indeed turned out to be a unique place; it resembled no inn

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the Canards had ever visited before. It consisted of a warren of dark corridors connecting tiny, one-window guest rooms of monastic simplicity. Candles and kerosene lanterns provided the only illumination, and these were used most sparingly. The walls were a strange mixture of stone and timbers, all rough-cut and so loosely fitted together that it hardly seemed the builder had intended them to be permanent, yet so massive as to give an almost crushing feeling of weight precariously balanced. Boards supported by beams placed at irregular intervals made up the low ceilings; the floors were made of bricks, few of them whole and all of them forming strange undulating patterns. It was a very large two-story structure, but the crude staircase to the second floor was barred by a board placed across the first steps. After a brief survey with his critical architect's eyes, Father exclaimed in awe, "Miraculous! The first house I have ever seen without a single straight line or right angle anywhere!"

As soon as Prince André's leg had been adjusted in one of the cubicles, Jean Lombeau led the mystified party to the one large room in the inn. It was, in fact, huge. It took up the full width of the house and rose through its full height in a macabre attempt at a cathedral ceiling. Much of it was in darkness because even here lamps were frugally used, and the fire in a cavelike hearth was nothing but a meager pile of feeble embers. Above the slab-sided mantel hung the mounted head of a wild boar, its curved tusks gleaming wickedly in the lamplight. Roughly hewn tables and benches indicated that this was the dining hall. It had once been separated from the kitchen by a wall, which was now knocked halfway down to form a crude partition and serving counter. On the other side of it, a fire crackled in the large old-fashioned wood-burning stove, and some kettles emitted an aroma of spiced onions that cut through the otherwise musty smell and electrified the appetites of the Canards. Mme. Thouzelier was working with a long knife, deftly boning some raw meat on a carving board. When the Canards entered, a stocky man with a drooping black moustache, who wore the traditional denim blouse and corduroy trousers of a farmer, advanced and greeted Lombeau by name with a gruffness that was nearly hostile. Then he seated them all at a table and asked, "Do you want to eat, messieurs?"

"My friends are fond of boar," the *gueule cassée* curtly informed him.

Mme. Thouzelier heard and unceremoniously yelled back from the kitchen, "Then you should have brought them in time for me to prepare it properly. All I can do on such short notice is to sauté some pieces of steak, that's all."

"Boar steak?" Father inquired.

"But certainly boar," she shouted, flourishing the piece of meat she was working on, a somewhat unappetizing sight in its raw state. "What else? But you will have to be patient. I am making a *sauce chasseur* and I must slice up a fresh batch of truffles for the stuffing. That is, if you fine gentlemen agree to what I have to offer." It was pretty much put to them on a take-it-or-leave-it basis, and when they accepted, she became more agitated than gratified. "Oh, all right, then. My husband will serve you an *apéritif* while you wait. Where the devil are the keys to the pantry? Damn this last-minute business!"

While M. Thouzelier shuffled off to fetch bottle and glasses, the Canards looked around the cavernous room and noticed that it was not decorated with battlefield souvenirs, like most places in the Verdun area, but with hunting artifacts such as horns, game bags, and old shotguns and rifles in very poor condition. Then they discovered that they were not the only guests.

Seated at a table in a dim corner was a bearded man in an army uniform, but wearing a clerical collar—a chaplain. He had finished his meal and was watching them silently as he sipped a glass of wine. Lombeau quickly averted his face after giving him a furtive look, but the others found themselves locking eyes with him. Finally Poncinet, wishing not to seem rude, said, "Good evening, Father." The chaplain nodded and continued to stare at them. "Would you care to join us, Father?" Petit Poussin asked impulsively. The chaplain nodded again, drained his glass, got up and approached the Canards. When stronger lantern light fell on him, they saw that his uniform was rumpled and stained with blotches of dried mud, as if he had just come out of the trenches. On his feet he wore a pair of ordinary infantry boots, dirty and scuffed. On his tunic was a faded ribbon of the *Médaille Militaire* and over his shoulder a unit decoration from the battle of Verdun. "Thank you, messieurs. I am Père Haubriant," he said to the Canards. Before they could introduce themselves, he surprised them by addressing the *gueule cassée*. "I am not pleased to see you here again, Lombeau!"

"I came with friends," Lombeau retorted sullenly.

"Indeed. But I hope you will not conduct yourself foolishly," the chaplain admonished him.

"All I want is to be left in peace," the *gueule cassée* snapped, his one eye flashing and his scarred face turning hideous with a spasm of anger. He half rose, as if he were considering leaving the table.

Unperturbed by Lombeau's reaction or by the stunned silence of the Canards, the chaplain seated himself among them. After M. Thouzelier had brought and poured some Cinzano, Petit Poussin observed acidly, "You two are obviously old friends."

"Lombeau and I?" Père Haubriant exclaimed. "Certainly. Ever since the battles of the Bois des Caures and Côte 304. I gave him Extreme Unction on 304—a bit prematurely, as it turned out. Are you gentlemen familiar with our battlefields?"

"Only from above. We were in aviation."

"Ah! You must have felt close to God up there. Down here we were entirely in the devil's domain—not so, Lombeau?" There came a glint in the chaplain's sunken eyes that might have been humor or contempt. In either case, he received no answer from Lombeau or the others. Then he casually suggested, "You must try their Brevet Rouge with your boar. It is not bad wine."

"Thank you. Do you come here often, *mon père?*"

"Very often."

"You do, too, don't you, Lombeau?" my father asked, trying to draw him into something like a normal conversation. But the *gueule cassée* was still sulking and merely shrugged. It was the chaplain who answered for him.

"Yes, he does. But for particular morbid reasons. While I come to consecrate the rest of fallen soldiers until they are summoned by the trumpets of Resurrection, Lombeau attempts to resurrect the dead now and inflict their dying agonies upon the living."

This time Lombeau jumped to his feet. "You are here to follow in the tracks of pigs!" he shouted at the priest. For a moment it looked as if he were going to strike him, but he only flailed the air with his arms. "I won't sit here and listen to you! All I want is to be left in peace!" With a cry of rage, he spun around and ran out of the room.

There came an irritated, noisy clatter of utensils from the kitchen, followed by an angry female bellow. "Must you

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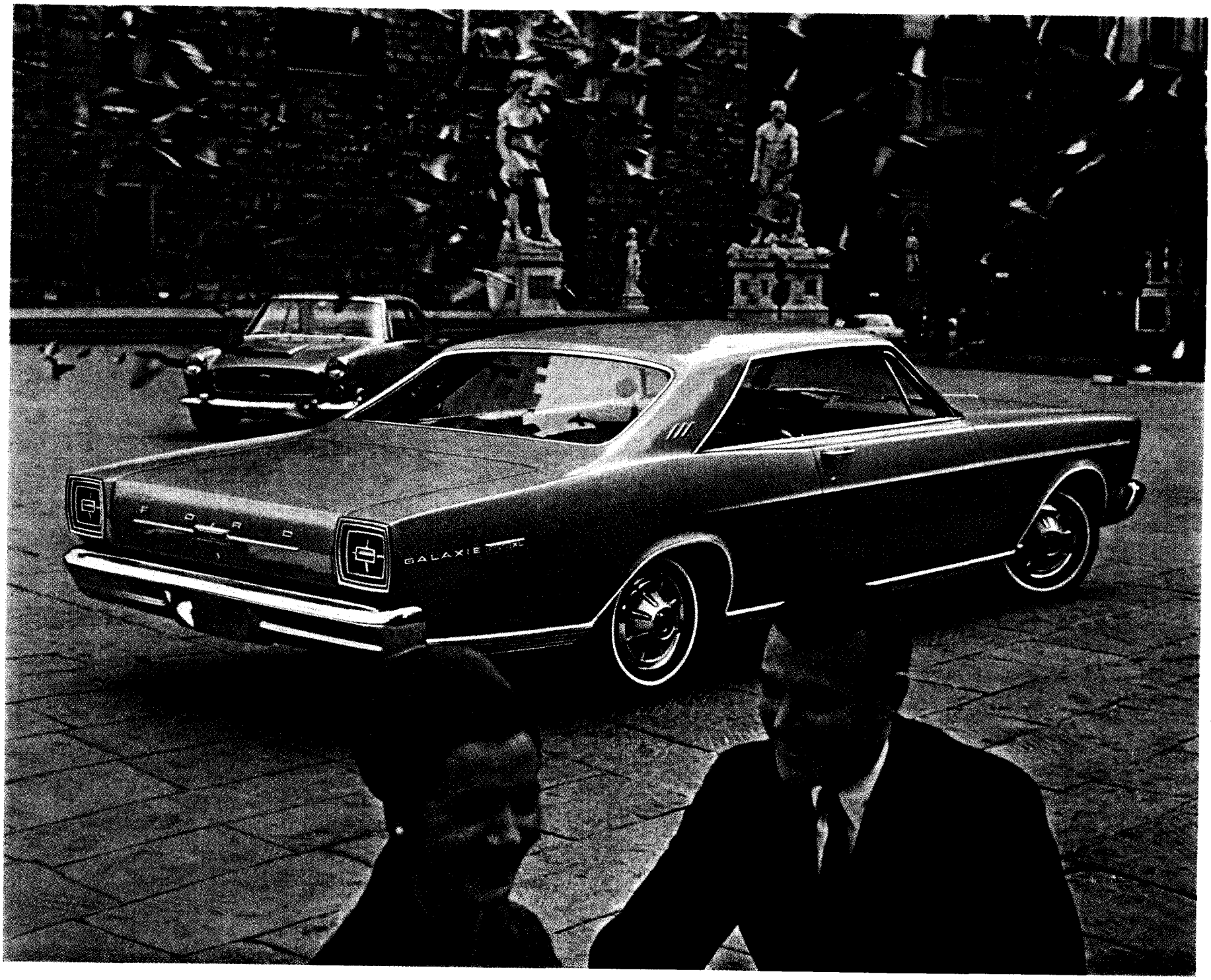

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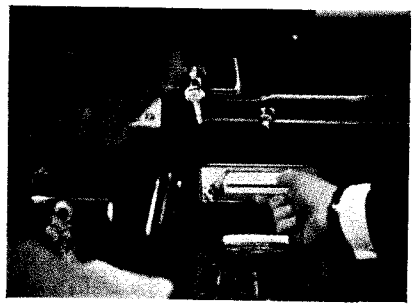

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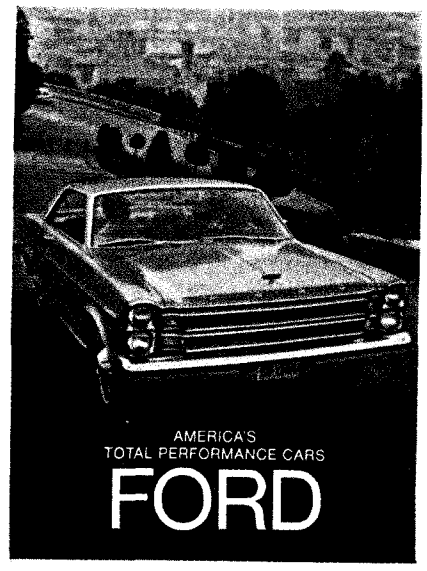

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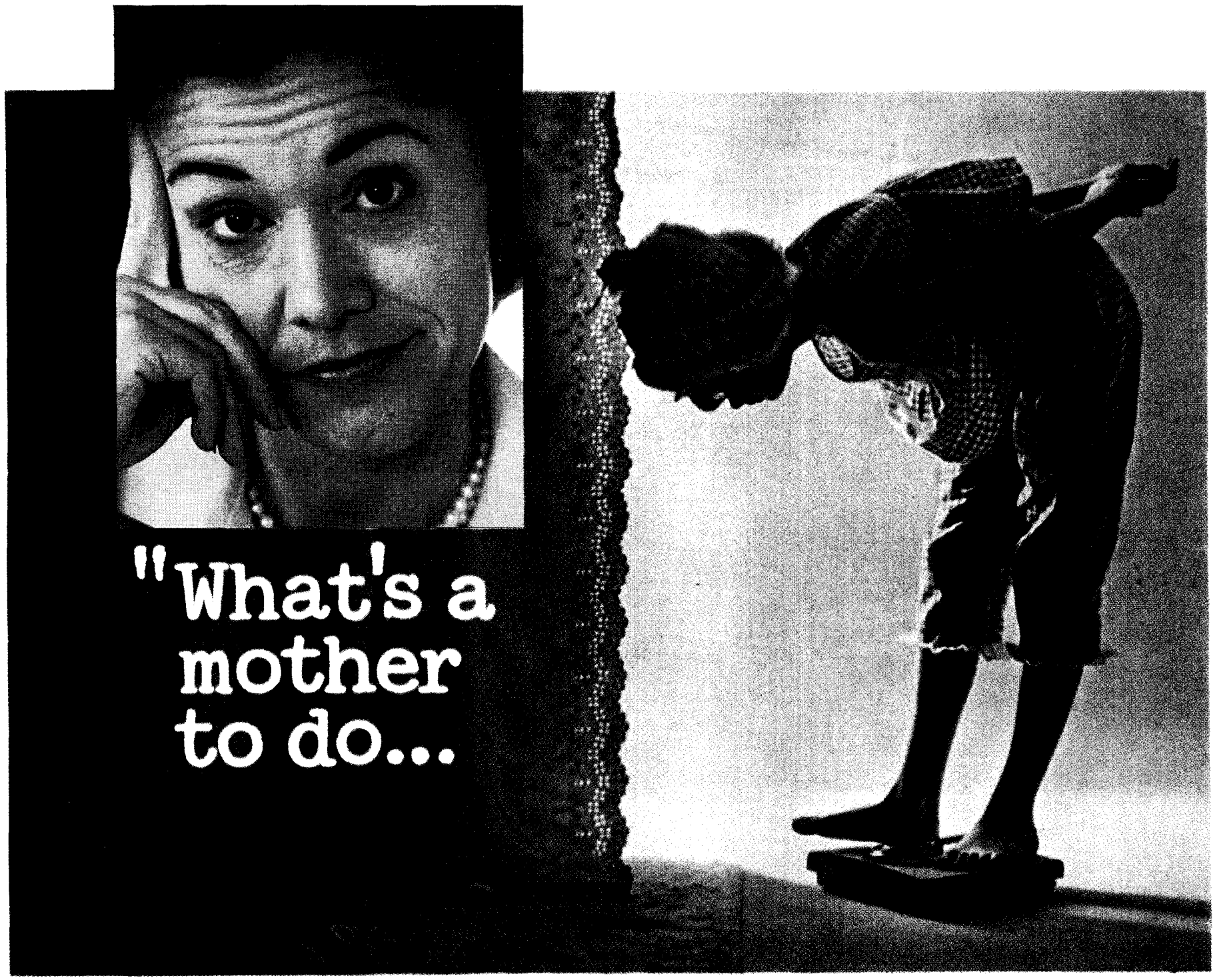

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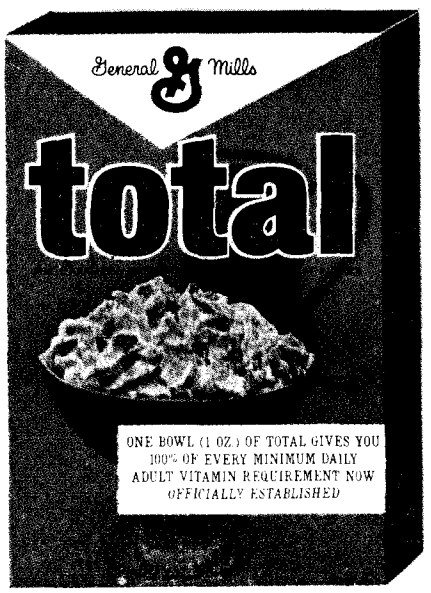
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always be ruining the appetites of my guests, Père Haubriant? For shame!"

The chaplain cringed slightly and shook his head. "Oo-la! I am sorry!" he exclaimed without seeming in the least so. "I have incurred the wrath of the management, it appears. Well, well! I had better leave before you gentlemen also become angry with me."

"And why shouldn't we, after the way you treated our friend?" Father demanded testily.

"No reason at all . . . *if* he really is your friend," Père Haubriant answered him evenly, getting up from the table. "But I doubt that he is. More likely you never saw him before he begged a ride from Paris to Verdun. Regardless of what he is to you, to me he is one of God's wayward children and I must be strict with him. You may sympathize with his broken body and twisted mind. I can only concern myself with his sick soul. *Bon appétit, messieurs*, and good night." With that he left, too, without haste or temper, but with a determined clomping of his hobnailed boots against the brick floor.

The Canards stared at each other, their faces reflecting their mortification and the sinking feeling that each one felt in his breast. They would not miss the unpleasant soldier-priest. Earlier they might have been relieved to part company with the taciturn, disfigured Lombeau. But now they felt guilty for not having defended him more vigorously, and uneasy at being deprived of the only one among them who might be able to cope with this strange place. Petit Poussin got up and said, "I'd better go find our *gueule cassée* and coax him back now that we're rid of that boorish monk."

"I'll go with you," Father announced. "I am curious to find out what he meant when he accused Père Haubriant of following the tracks of pigs. A mystifying accusation to throw at a priest, one must admit!"

"Oh, he was just talking. Lombeau is a bit screwy—no doubt about that. Still, he was insulted and he's our companion on this trip—even if not really our friend."

"How did the damned priest know that, anyway?"

Prince André made a grimace. "Couldn't you tell he's the kind who searches your soul for sin, then takes advantage of every bit he finds? A talent he shares with the devil! All right, let's all go find poor Lombeau!"

But as they were rising, Mme. Thouzelier came out of her kitchen and thrust onto their table a large platter of *quiche Lorraine*, a rich cheese pie with a golden crust pulsating with the pressure of the molten succulence beneath it. They found themselves breathing delicious vapors of Gruyère cheese, shallots, and country ham—probably *boar* ham! The effect upon the Canards was one of momentary paralysis while the creator of the masterpiece stood there, with fists on broad hips, blocking their withdrawal, allowing the *quiche* to corrupt their resolve. Then she completely demolished it by exclaiming, "I advise you to leave Lombeau alone when he's in one of his ugly moods. When he's ready, he'll return to you. But now, *eat!*" It was really a command, which she emphasized by flashing a knife in the air before she sliced the *quiche* into wedges. The Canards wavered, then sank back into their seats.

During the next few minutes there were no sounds at the table but the subtly agonized ones of famished gourmets attacking a dish still too hot for their eager palates. "It is magnificent, madame!" the Prince finally called toward the kitchen, slurring his compliments as he simultaneously savored a searing mouthful. But Father gave expression to the guilty thought troubling all of them. "I feel we have just been intimidated. Lombeau must be hungry, too."

"Well, he brought us here for the food, didn't he?" Poncinet said. "So we are enjoying it. Are we responsible for his strange behavior?"

Delicious though it was, the Canards were not so greedy as to gobble up the whole *quiche*. After cleaning off their plates, they found themselves staring at the portion on the platter that had been saved for their absent companion. "It would serve him right if none were left," Petit Poussin muttered. But nobody took the last piece. Nor did Lombeau show up to claim it. Another conference over what to do about him—this one whispered—was interrupted by M. Thouzelier, who brought a tray with steaming bowls of lentil soup.

"This is my wife's special recipe, messieurs," he grumpily told them. "Cooked with game stock and spiced with wild herbs. You must like it."

The Prince sipped a spoonful and gasped ecstatically, "My God, yes!" But Father, still trying to muster the fortitude to go after Lombeau through the maze of dark corridors, started to excuse himself on the grounds that the soup would make too large a meal for him.

"Monsieur will do us the honor of tasting it, please," M. Thouzelier requested, his bristling black eyebrows warning of an easily insulted temperament. Father promptly capitulated.

As they were drinking their soup in quiet but troubled rapture, the innkeeper brought a dusty, unlabeled bottle of wine that caused Father to ask cautiously if it was the Brevet Rouge recommended by Père Haubriant. In reply he received a gesture that damned the priest's taste, and a peremptory, "This one is better. Take it." The Prince rolled around his tongue the sample splashed into his glass and made the peculiar grunting that he reserved for his favorite vintages. Mme. Thouzelier brought the main dish to the table and watched with a critical eye while her husband served it. Boned, sautéed wild boar chops stuffed with truffles and parsley, garnished with mushroom caps, carrots, and onions, all bathed in a *sauce chasseur* and emitting a delicate bouquet. Both she and M. Thouzelier remained to watch the effects of the first tastes on their guests, and their attitudes clearly indicated that the guests were being judged, not the dish.

"My God, yes!" Prince André gasped again.

"Exquisite!" Poncinet exclaimed.

"It's good!" the prosaic Petit Poussin forcefully admitted.

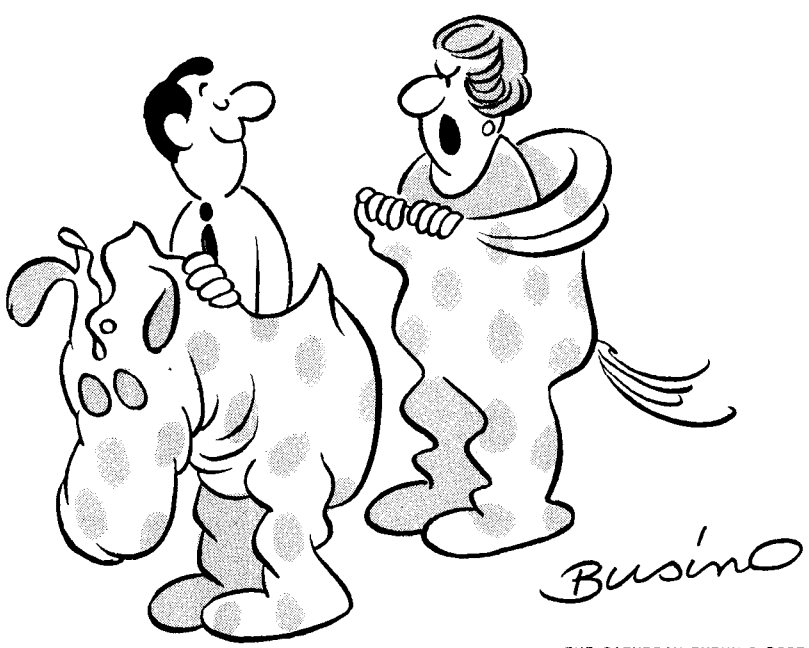
Father exclaimed, "Here, at last, is a dish that is truly magnificent!"

The Thouzeliers exchanged a glance of relief at finding themselves not dealing with culinary savages, then they retreated to the kitchen, from which there soon came munching, chewing, slurping sounds that showed an obvious appreciation of their own cuisine.

This time not a scrap was left for the still-absent Lombeau. In fact, the last drops of sauce were spooned out and distributed with exact impartiality, then sponged up with slices of fresh, home-baked bread. When the Canards had finished, the plates as well as the platter were licked clean. The Canards were sitting back, nursing the last drops of wine in a state of languid euphoria, when M. Thouzelier came to clear the table for dessert, which his wife brought in hard on his heels.

"Our fruit trees have not yet recovered from being gassed," she told them, "so you will have to be satisfied with a *mousse au chocolat*." She served it out of a chilled earthen crock, ladling it up through a foaming white topping of whipped cream, then returned to her own meal without taking any notice of the ecstatic groans with which the Canards gave their last full measure of devotion to her artistry. The mousse was gossamer light, bittersweet, and had a hint of Grand Marnier in its flavor.

They had eaten their meal in a reverent silence, totally diverted from their tensions and somber surroundings. When it was over, they sank into a kind of ruminating torpor, their lips and jaws



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I suppose this is your idea of good casting!"

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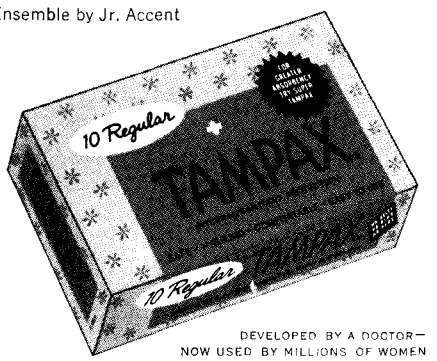

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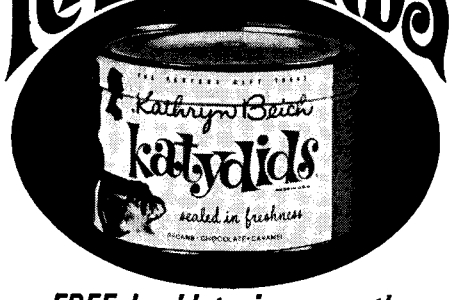

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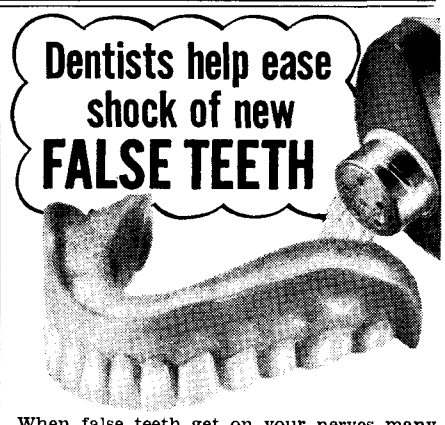

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continuing to move in recollection of the delights that had passed. It took a muffled roll of thunder and a sudden stir of wind that went through the the house like a shudder to bring them back to the uneasy reality of their situation. Petit Poussin's eyes darted upward at the sagging rafters, and he said, "Sounds as if we're going to have a storm."

"Very likely," Poncinet agreed. "Verdun is the stormiest area in all France—which is entirely appropriate, of course."

The Canards glanced around the cavernous room, looking for a window and realizing for the first time that it had none. But they saw sparkles of lightning seeping through chinks and empty nail holes in the roof. The sound of raindrops began to fill the room, first in a sporadic patter, then increasing in tempo until it became a steady drumming. From the metallic overtones they could tell that much of the inn was covered with corrugated sheet iron. Mme. Thouzelier walked out of her kitchen carrying a bucket, which she placed in a predetermined spot just in time to catch the first splash of a habitual leak. Then she strode over to their table. After satisfying herself that her mousse had been thoroughly appreciated, she said, "If you choose to remain with us, I will prepare our specialty tomorrow. Roast loin of wild boar with purée of chestnuts and glazed apples. It takes all day to fix, you understand."

Prince André, who was still half dazed by the superb meal he had consumed, rashly exclaimed, "Madame, only fools would pass up such an opportunity!"

She watched her husband place two more buckets in strategic positions around the room, then shrugged. "Good. But you really have no choice."

The Canards stiffened, and Poncinet asked, "What do you mean, no choice?"

Her eyes moved toward the roof and the firefly sparkles of lightning winking through its many perforations, and she cocked an ear to the hollow sound of rain and the deep rumblings of thunder. "I mean that within the hour our road will be impassable. I doubt if Jean Lombeau will rejoin you before tomorrow." Her glance came back down and flashed around the table. "Of course, if you don't care about him, you still have time to get away. *If* you don't care."

All the concern that had been subverted by their gluttony of the last hour suddenly reasserted itself. "Certainly we care," Father exclaimed, jumping to his feet, together with Petit Poussin. "And since you seem to know so much about Lombeau's habits, perhaps you could tell us where he is and what is wrong between him and the chaplain."

Mme. Thouzelier gave him a smile that was part sneer. "You have to ask that? Ah, then Père Haubriant was right! Well, my poor aviators, you are in for some unpleasant surprises."

"Of what kind, may we ask?" Poncinet demanded. When she merely grimaced and rolled her eyes, he said very sharply, "Look here, madame! We have no intention of becoming pawns in some kind of bizarre game you play in this peculiar establishment."

The expression on her face lost every trace of a smile, her biceps flexed beneath her rolled-up sleeves, her whole middle-aged bulk hardened like that of a man bracing himself for combat. "Bizarre game? Peculiar establishment?" she bellowed at Poncinet. "Are you fine gentlemen trying to ridicule us? Ah, yes, aviators! God's chosen ones, you think! Well, know that our bizarre game is to eke out our daily bread. Know that this peculiar establishment was put back together after the war with our bare hands, timber by timber, stone by stone. If you don't like it, you can go to hell, *messieurs les aviateurs!*"

As she shouted, M. Thouzelier lumbered up alongside his wife, growling and baring his teeth at the Canards like a dog prepared to defend its mistress.

Prince André propelled himself to a standing position, with a squeal from his artificial leg. "For the love of God, madame, don't take offense. It's only Lombeau who has us upset."

Her fiery temper quickly abated to a smoldering scowl. "If you want to know about Lombeau, ask the priest, not me," she snapped, and she scooped up the empty dishes from the table. "On second thought, I warn you about him, too. They should unfrock that one and throw him out of the army. But that's the business of God and the generals, not mine. Come, Henri."

The Thouzeliers went back to their kitchen, leaving the Canards drained of every vestige of satisfaction over their dinner. Staring unhappily at one another, they listened to the sounds of the gathering storm outside and to the many little ominous sighing, creaking, and rustling ones it seemed to awaken *inside* the inn. "What are we standing around here for?" Father finally asked. "Let's find Lombeau and get away from here while we still can."

But the *gueule cassée* was nowhere to be found. The Canards trooped up and down the dark, musty corridors, peering into cubicles whose barren emptiness was revealed by flares of lightning. They took a kerosene lamp from one room and searched through all the others. All they found was Père Haubriant, stretched out on a cot, fully clothed and booted, his hands clasped over his chest like a soldier laid out on a bier. Only the feeble tremors passing through his whiskers indicated he was merely in a deep sleep. The Canards stared up the black staircase to the deserted second floor. They called Lombeau's name and heard nothing but the moan of the wind, the rumble of thunder, and the patter of rain. Petit Poussin took the lamp and, stepping over the wooden barrier, climbed to the top of the creaking stairs. He quickly came back to report that the roof was in ruins and water was dripping everywhere. They hunted down a last corridor and reached a dead end formed by a crude door that was closed and bolted. Strong sounds of the stormy night could be heard through it. "It must lead outside." Father said, "and that's where he must have gone."

"Then he's really mad! But let's make sure."

Petit Poussin drew the bolt, and they braced themselves for a thrust of wind as he opened the door. But only a cold, dank draft struck their faces, and they cautiously pressed over the threshold, Poncinet holding the lamp high. The scene revealed by its flickering yellow light made them all recoil, and Prince André gasped, "God help us!"

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The door opened into a crude shed attached to the side of the house. Its roof was naked corrugated iron alive with the drumming of rain; its walls were rough, loose boards, rattling with the wind; its floor was packed earth pockmarked with puddles where leaks dripped on it. Some rusty picks and shovels were stacked in a corner. Several hams and the whole butchered carcass of a pig dangled from an overhead beam, but what transfixed the Canards in complete shock were a dozen large baskets brimful of human bones. That they were human bones was absolutely certain because there were shreds of moldy textile mixed among them and several broken skulls and jaws.

The men stared, gulped, and then backed out of the makeshift morgue in a retreat that gathered momentum as it progressed. Petit Poussin slammed the door so hard that the sound boomed through the corridor like a shot, then rammed home the bolt as if to thwart a ghostly pursuit. Panting, they paused for a moment, as if they had already fled as far as they wanted to go.

The first really violent crash of thunder shook the entire house and brought the Canards to the brink of actual panic. In their precipitate scramble down the corridor, poor Prince André had to clamp a firm grip on his protesting leg and pump it manually so that it would not fail him in his effort to keep up. When the men at last reached the dining hall, they made an entirely undignified entrance that no effort to collect their wits could repair.

"Dear me!" a mocking voice greeted them. "Are our brave aviators afraid of a little thunder?"

Henri Thouzelier was seated alone at a table lighted only by the dying embers in the hearth, all the lamps in the big empty room having been extinguished by his thrifty wife when she closed down the kitchen. Yet he must have expected his guests to return, because he had glasses and a bottle of cognac waiting for them. That he had helped himself to several drinks became evident from the glitter of his eyes and the slur of his growling speech. "Dear me! I was wondering if you'd managed to lose yourselves as well as your friend in our—what did you call it?—peculiar establishment." His stocky frame shook with a rattling laugh that was part belch.

"Do you consider baskets full of human skeletons to be normal furnishings for a French country inn?" Father angrily asked him.

M. Thouzelier remained unperturbed. "Oh, you discovered those, did you?" He shrugged. "So what? We sell them to the army."

"Sell them to the army!" Prince André echoed in outrage.

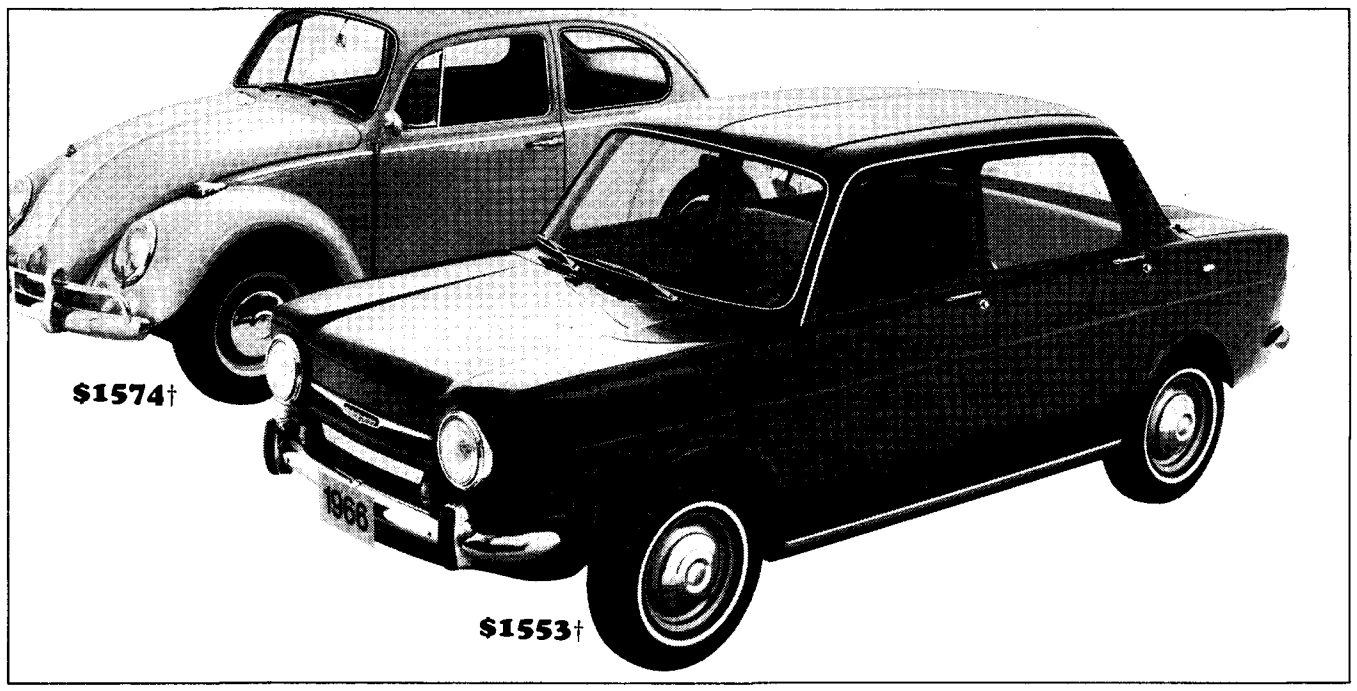
"Certainly," he retorted. "What do you think an army chaplain is doing here? Touring the battlefields for his health? Bah! We are the source, Père Haubriant the middleman, and the army our satisfied customer. It is a perfectly legitimate business arrangement, so don't turn up your noses at it."

He glowered at Petit Poussin, whose whole face was screwed into a grimace of disgust. "And what is the wholesale price for a basketful of the bones of soldiers known but to God?" Poussin asked.

Henri Thouzelier downed a glass of cognac with a contemptuous backward flip of his shaggy head, then looked Petit Poussin straight in the eye and answered, "Fifty of the bitterest francs anybody ever earned, little aviator!" He waited for a shattering salvo of thunder to pass over the house before he elaborated. "I dare say they may be worth seventy-five by the time the priest delivers them to the consecrated grounds of the mausoleum on Thiaumont. But it is our fifty which are the hardest, believe me."

He met their shocked stares unflinchingly, if a bit unsteadily. Petit Poussin opened his mouth to shout something, but checked himself and only let a groan escape. Poncinet swayed on his feet and looked close to sudden illness. Prince André's leg let out a grating squeak as he sank down on a bench. Father shook his head and blinked as if trying to awaken himself from a nightmare and said, "All right, M. Thouzelier. I suppose somebody has to be paid to collect the bones. I suppose all the bugles blowing the cease-fire couldn't purge the horrors perpetrated around here, but ——"

"Ah, how right you are, monsieur," the innkeeper exclaimed. Then he began to fill all the glasses in a sudden switch to maudlin sociability. "This was a lovely country once, you know. And this was its loveliest inn, too. Louis Napoleon visited us when my grandfather ran it. And Victor Hugo, and Marshal Bazaine, and Jules Verne, and many other famous patrons came here to enjoy the hunting, fishing, and,



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above all, the eating! Then came several million men who proceeded to shoot each other to bits, filling the air with bullets, and plowing the earth with shells, and soaking our fields and woods with poison gas. They fought over our inn even after it was buried in its own foundations. My wife and I had to dig out the pieces to put them back together again after it was all over. All over? Bah! . . . All that's really left is a leaky ruin and a handful of dog-eared recipes. Nobody comes here much any more, except Père Haubriant and that crazy Lombeau. The few others who come are, like yourselves, quite revolted by it all." He laughed bitterly and pushed the glasses toward the Canards. "Let's drink to the fruits of victory, messieurs! *A Ceux de Verdun! A la gloire!*"

The Canards could not help spilling a little cognac as they raised their glasses to their lips. "You have been left a treasure in those recipes," Prince André said, trying shakily to comfort him. "I for one will sing the praises of your wild boar."

Henri Thouzelier nodded and grinned. "Yes, at least the pigs have not deserted us. God bless them. A fantastic animal, the wild pig! Intelligent. Tough. Loyal to his own. As cussed as any human being and more. Nobody knows where they escaped to during the battles, or how or why they came back. But, like me, they did . . . and, unlike me, they are thriving. Hell, I depend on them entirely for my living. Pigs, bones, and truffles! Of the three, the pig is the most important, because he not only provides me with his meat, but, while he's sniffing out truffles, his digging turns up the bones as well—fifty francs a basket for bones, eighty the kilogram for truffles. Pigs, bones, and truffles. I love pigs. I swear I cry a little every time I shoot one of them." He tried to cover up his deep emotion by gulping down his drink. "Bones 'n' truffles," M. Thouzelier drunkenly repeated, squinting into the pale, glassy-eyed faces of his guests. When their expressions suddenly registered upon him, he jerked himself upright and turned belligerently defensive. "Ay! You see! You're revolted. You like your battlefields to be green parks with nice neat rows of crosses and clean, polished marble monuments? Well, damn it, so would I! But I live on top of this putrid heap of the bloodiest battlefield the world has ever known, messieurs! You may think me a revolting ghoul, but know that the bones of our own son may well have passed through our baskets. Yes, he was blown to pieces somewhere nearby in 1916. We have mourned him ever since, Mme. Thouzelier and I, but that can't change the fact that unearthing and reburying bits and pieces of him and a hundred thousand other soldiers has become the nature of things around here, whether accomplished by pigs, men or the rain as it falls this very moment." His words were spoken with cynical vehemence, but the tears were now streaming down his face, and he did not bother to hide them.

After a painful silence, Father spoke with a gentler voice. "We understand, M. Thouzelier. Everything except one thing. We can't find Jean Lombeau. Where has he vanished to?"

The innkeeper looked annoyed at having such a trivial matter injected into the conversation. "Him? Oh, he's out there communing with the dead, or looking for his face, or taunting the heavens to strike him down with a thunderbolt." He made a disparaging gesture toward the sounds of the storm, which was reaching a climactic fury. An unpleasant laugh rattled out of his chest. "He'll show up in one of our baskets one day, poor Lombeau. Or simply vanish among those lost comrades who haunt him so." He suddenly shot out a callused hand and clamped it on Poncinet's arm, knitting his bristling eyebrows together in an earnest frown. "Tell me, aviator! Are your battlefields up there in the sky as haunted as these down here?"

"I . . . don't really know," Poncinet answered weakly, dabbing at the dampness around his lips.

Peals of thunder shook the house, the rain played drum rolls on the iron roof, and the leaks splashed steadily into the buckets. Thouzelier shoved refilled glasses toward the Canards and growled, "Fortify yourselves, gentlemen. It is going to be a bad night."

Father drank and shuddered in agreement. "Yes, especially if we must go outside and hunt for Lombeau."

The innkeeper shook his head. "No, no! You mushn't do that!" he slurred. "The battles may be long over, but a man can still get himself killed out there. These hills are a rotten honeycomb of old trenches and dugouts, all peppered with unexploded shells and mines. Every once in a while we hear one go bang when a wild boar or stray cow sets it off."

"Then our friend is in danger!" Prince André exclaimed.

"At least Lombeau knows the battlefields like the back of his hand. You don't, aviators. No, you be our guests for the night and see what the morning brings. Our beds are clean. Good food and clean beds are all we can offer nowadays."

"So we have been told before," Father recollected unhappily.

Henri Thouzelier assigned each of the Canards to a cell-like room. The beds of The Wild Boar may have been clean, but they were also as hard as stone, and the Canards could find no rest in them. None of these men was a coward, but the setting and circumstances would have kindled primitive terror in the bravest, most sophisticated heart. Each man lay alone, listening to the storm rage around the half-ruined hostel and wishing there had been room to double up for mutual support. But there was barely space for a single body on the thin, horsehair mattresses, and no man had the courage to seek out his neighbor for reassurance. Each had to wrestle with his fears in lonely isolation, lying tense and fully clothed, relying only on the glow of a cigarette for comfort while thinking about the baskets full of bones and the tormented, disfigured Lombeau out there somewhere, enduring this furious bombardment of the heavens with the ghosts of his fallen comrades. The panes of the tiny, uncurtained windows flared with the fire of lightning and rattled with the crash of thunder; squalls of wailing wind accompanied the cacophony and made eerie cymbals of the corrugated-iron roofing. As a terrifying counterpoint, the dog that had given them their first scare upon their arrival suddenly cut loose with long, spine-chilling howls that brought each man bolt upright, his skin crawling. Then, as all storms must, this one began to pass.

The thunder faded into a receding rumble, the wind dropped to a sighing whisper, and the rain became a weak patter. The house itself continued to make sounds for a while longer as it shed water in murmuring rivulets, but soon it fell into a brooding, oppressive silence—a silence that congealed the heart and stopped time. Then, from a thicket in the drenched yard, a nightingale broke the evil spell with a cascade of pure, undaunted notes. The always comically prosaic sound of snoring drifted down the corridor from Père Haubriant's cubicle, and shortly after this relieving of the tension came the squeaking shuffle of Prince André's footfall. He came into Father's cubicle and asked for a match.

The two men smoked a couple of cigarettes together before they heard subdued whispering from the next room, betraying the fact that Poncinet and Petit Poussin had also sought each other's company. Father and Prince André joined them. For the next hour the four Canards huddled together on Poncinet's cot, smoking one cigarette after another while drowsily listening to the nightingale in the yard and the priest's steady snoring down the corridor. They were hoping also to hear an outside door open and shut, suggesting that Lombeau had returned safely, but no such sound broke the stillness. Finally a rooster overwhelmed the gentle night bird with its raucous call and a misty dawn began seeping through the little window. Father peered through the grille of his old wartime watch and announced, "It's almost five o'clock!"

"And no Lombeau," Poncinet sighed.

"No Lombeau," Petit Poussin echoed. "What shall we do about it?"

"Perhaps dare crawl out of our hole with the return of daylight," Prince André suggested in acid self-reproach.

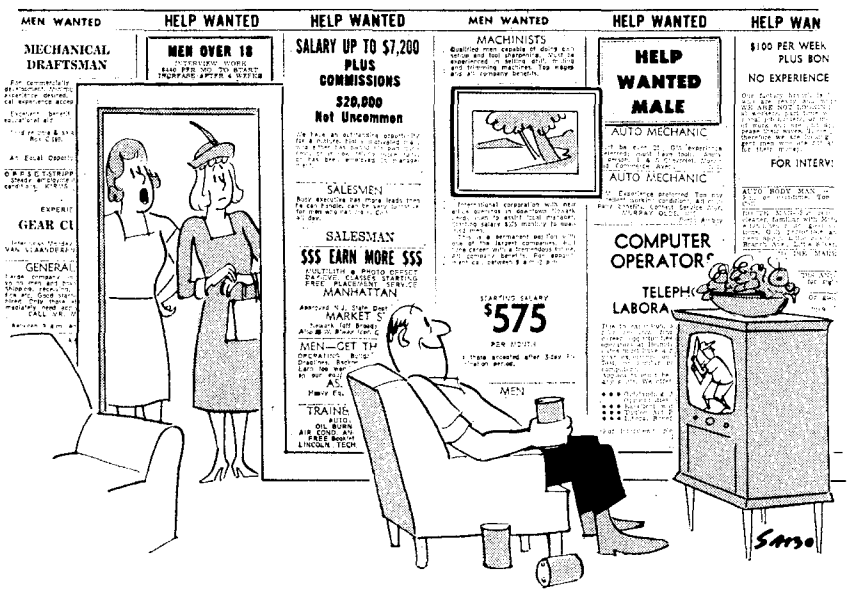
"Let's go!"

On their way out, they looked into Père Haubriant's cell and found that he too had awakened and was kneeling on the brick floor by the window, reading his breviary in the feeble light. He took no notice of them and they quietly left him to his devotions. When they were beyond his hearing, Poncinet observed, "A strange sort, but somehow at peace with himself. Only an untroubled soul could have slept through that night of demons."

When they stepped outside, they found the dawn was turning a shimmering, hazy pink and the thick brush that covered the plateau was vibrant with birdsong. The dog, which had seemed so menacing last evening and had terrorized the night with its howls, turned out to be a big shaggy mutt of the Airedale type. It wagged its stump of a tail after a couple of perfunctory barks. A rooster was perched on top of the pyramid of rusty helmets, alternately preening itself and clucking sensuously at a covey of hens pecking the dirt beneath it. A horse snorted and neighed in the barn, and a flight of noisy jackdaws alighted on its corroded-iron roof. The air had the rich, pungent odor of rain-soaked earth, still tinged with battlefield rot, yet sweetened by the fragrance of thousands of wildflowers opening their petals to the sunrise.

The Canards walked out into the middle of the yard and turned around to get their first good look at The Wild Boar. What remained of the terrors conjured up by the place during the night turned into a deep feeling of pity as their eyes took in the cracked slabs of stone and warped, blackened timbers. They visualized the Thouzeliers resurrecting their inn from the ruins of war, piece by heavy piece. One wing, which had a small section of perfectly fitted masonry and a tall window with a fluted sill, suggested the splendor of what had been; now filled in with bricks that protruded like ill-healed scars, the window was framed by the lush growth of ivy sprung from a mother vine that once must have covered the entire building. A ladder and crude scaffolding leaned against a section of the second floor, testifying to continued labor—a labor of love, no doubt, but one resulting in a gloomy and hideous caricature of what had once been beautiful. The stable and barn were even worse. They were no more than ramshackle, half-repaired shelters surrounded by a junkyard of battlefield wreckage.

After silently taking in the buildings,



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I've hinted and hinted. . . ."

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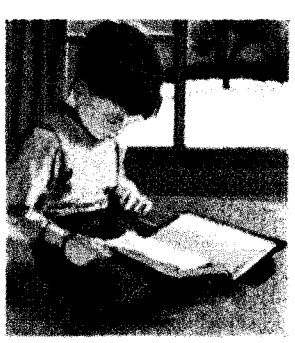

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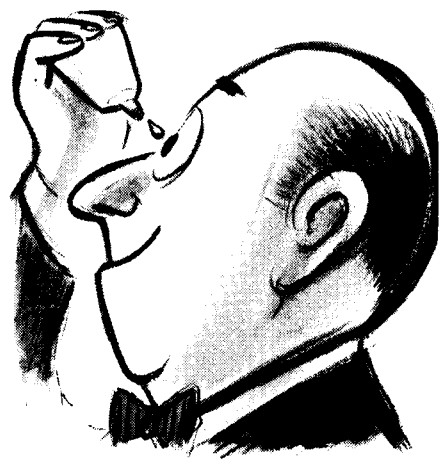

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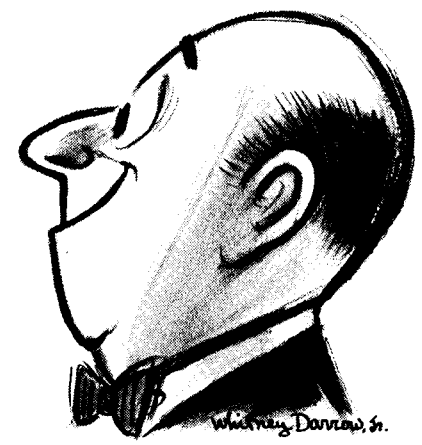

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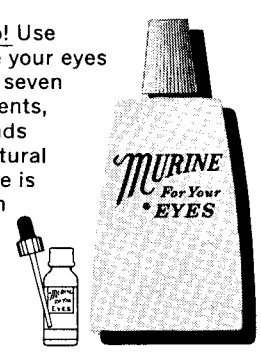

Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

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the Canards turned away and eyed the dense secondary growth that pressed in hard upon the boundaries of the inn. There were several narrow paths, but those were choked by thickets whose bristles still glistened with raindrops. Only the muddy ruts of the road snaked their way unobstructed to the edge of the plateau, but it seemed unlikely that the road would lead them to Lombeau's hiding place. They chose one of the wider paths and began walking along it. With eager yapping at the prospect of a hunt, the dog trotted along with them, and now they were glad to have its company.

The farther they went, the more cautiously they trod the wet path, their thoughts troubled by fears of those unexploded shells and mines that M. Thouzelier had warned them about. After ten minutes, which seemed much longer, the Canards came to a small clearing on the very rim of the plateau, where they had a wide view of the opposite hills and the intervening gorge. A pale red sun was just topping a distant ridge beyond the Meuse valley, and from its shape they recognized the Mort Homme, on which the German army had poured seventeen trainloads of shells before overwhelming the French defenders. The dog whined and sniffed around with increasing excitement, clearly indicating it had picked up an interesting scent—perhaps Lombeau's. But Prince André sat down on a stump and thumped the recalcitrant joint of his artificial leg. "This damned contraption may make me socially acceptable along the boulevards of Paris, but it's useless here!"

"Never mind," Father told him, staring down the steep, thicketed slopes. "None of us will get far through this stuff."

"Perhaps he would hear us if we shouted for him."

Father cupped his hands around his mouth and bellowed into the still morning air, "*Ho-la! Lombeau!*"

"Lombeau . . . Lombeau . . . Lombeau!" The echo mocked them from the ravines. A raven wheeling high in the sky cawed hoarsely in reply. Then they were all jolted out of their wits by a sudden crash on the edge of the clearing, followed by a loud, vicious snarling. A huge wild sow exploded out of a thicket. Half a dozen spotted piglets followed and scattered down the slope with strident squeals. Their mother turned and faced the intruders for a critical moment, seeming to consider whether to cover the escape of her squalling brood with a charge. But she satisfied herself by intimidating the Canards with her slavering maw full of razor tusks, then wheeled, stuck her tail straight up in the air, and galloped after her piglets, with the furiously barking dog in hot pursuit. The Canards remained frozen in position, cold sweat prickling their foreheads as they listened to the receding roar of snarls, squeals, barking, and thrashing down the gorge. Finally Petit Poussin whispered, "We had better go back!" Belatedly he picked up a heavy stick and gallantly prepared to act as rear guard for their hasty retreat.

When they reached the yard of the inn, breathless and thoroughly shaken, they were met by Mme. Thouzelier, who was carrying a basket of fresh eggs. "Have you gentlemen had yourselves a morning promenade?" she asked.

"We were almost attacked by a wild boar," Poncinet panted. "I am afraid we lost your dog—it went chasing after it."

"Good!" she exclaimed with complete satisfaction. "Pompon will stay on its tracks, and after breakfast Henri will hunt it down. We need fresh meat." As she spoke, Henri Thouzelier and Père Haubriant came out of the front door. Madame informed them, "The pigs are out. You should have a good day!"

The innkeeper nodded. "Yes, they are always active after a rain when the ground is soft."

The soldier-priest rubbed his hands together and announced, "Then I shall stay awhile to do the Lord's good work as well as enjoy madame's excellent cuisine. Will you gentlemen be joining us?"

When the Canards hesitated, M. Thouzelier gave a wry chuckle and explained. "You see, they discovered last night the gleanings of our fields which you come to collect, *mon père.* I believe our activities disgust them."

The chaplain's eyes flashed, and he belligerently stuck out his bearded chin. "Indeed! Then they should not have come here, but confined their pilgrimage to convenient little ceremonies at the Arc de Triomphe. Nor should they contemplate the Crucifixion if they cannot stomach the suffering of martyrs."

Father bristled and snapped. "The dead we commend to you and to God, *mon père.* But we are concerned right now with the living—Jean Lombeau." He turned to Henri Thouzelier and angrily told him, "You must help us find him before you engage in any other business."

That made Mme. Thouzelier suddenly burst out into harsh merriment. "Lombeau? You mean you are still looking for Lombeau? What a joke!"

"It is no longer a joke, madame," Poncinet told her coldly.

"Oh, yes it is," she disputed him. "He's fooled all of us actually and turned soft. He didn't spend last night in some old secret dugout of his, but slept comfortably in the barn with our horse and cow. Hey, Lombeau!" she yelled across the yard. "Come out! Your friends want you!"

As the Canards stared in the direction of the ruined barn, the *gueule cassée* emerged from it and ambled toward them without any particular hurry. He rubbed his one eye, blinking it against the morning sunlight, and brushed strands of hay off his trousers and jacket. When he reached them, he stopped and just stood there with a sulky, sleepy expression on his scarred face.

"I think your behavior is damned inconsiderate," Father told him furiously.

The Thouzeliers and Père Haubriant chuckled gleefully. "Ah, you are finding out about our dear Lombeau!" the chaplain exclaimed.

Lombeau glared at him and said, "I prefer the company of animals to that of some people." Turning to Father, he added without much contrition, "I meant no offense to you. I was in the cavalry, you know."

Father gave a despairing shrug. "I suppose we will have to accept that as an explanation and an apology. But forgive us if we've had a bellyful of all this. If you want to ride back to Verdun with us, Lombeau, be ready to leave immediately after we have a cup of coffee."

The *gueule cassée* shuffled his feet uncertainly and looked at the chaplain. "Perhaps Père Haubriant will take me back in his truck later this evening," he said with a sour effort at being ingratiating.

"Perhaps, *if* you show me those unmarked, unconsecrated graves you know about in these parts, Lombeau. Otherwise I'll have nothing to do with you."

Lombeau pouted and thought over the proposition for a brief moment before answering. "No! Let your friends the pigs find them for you!" Turning on his heels, he stalked over to Father's automobile, climbed into it, and sat down with his arms folded over his chest, waiting.

The Canards paid a last visit to the dining hall, which clung to the gloom of night because it had no windows to let in the sun. They gulped down some bitter coffee while Mme. Thouzelier grumbled and fussed in the kitchen, her temper flaring over losing customers, but her pride too strong to plead with them. When they asked her for the bill, she shouted a figure that was ridiculously low, even considering the very modest accommodations as balanced against the superb dinner she had served last night. Prince André offered her an extra couple of hundred francs, which she haughtily refused. "Then give it to the priest," he told her. "He could buy some new baskets with the money. Those we saw last night were unfittingly filthy and worn out."

"Give it to him yourself," she snapped. "Good-bye."

They came back outside just in time to see Père Haubriant and Henri Thouzelier vanish down one of the paths leading into the scrub forest. The innkeeper was carrying a rifle and the soldier-priest marched behind him, looking exactly like an old infantryman with his backpack made up of a basket and shovel. The Canards did not bother to run after him with the money.

They drove back to Verdun in silence and pulled into the dreary little town just as the activities of the day were starting. Up at the citadel a band was practicing for one of the interminable parades. Veterans were milling about, some red-eyed with hangovers, collecting in chatty groups around the buses that were to take them on the usual tours to the Trench of Bayonets, Pétain's old headquarters at Souilly, and to the forts Douaumont and Vaux. Prince André's chauffeur was standing by the Hispano with his cap raked in a jaunty Russian style over his right eye, talking to two girls. He was too involved with them to see Father's Franklin pull up to the hotel, and the Prince deliberately ignored him. They went into the crowded restaurant of the Coq Hardi and found a table, but without Jean Lombeau, who left them in the lobby without a single parting word.

Some good coffee and a platter of ham and eggs began to restore their spirits and when Petit Poussin said, "I certainly hope this establishment doesn't get its ham from the Thouzeliers!" they all laughed for the first time since yesterday.

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"It's been an interesting experience," Poncinet said. "But I'm ready to go back to Paris and pay the outrageous prices of the Tour d'Argent for my gluttony."

"By the way, I know a superb restaurant on the way," Prince André informed them. "In Montmirail. Fabulous squab!"

"Montmirail? That's a bit out of the way. We should start right after breakfast if we are to make it for lunch."

"Right!" the Prince agreed eagerly. "We'll all go in my Hispano. I'll make my rascal of a chauffeur drive a load of chasseurs back to Paris in the Franklin. It will serve him right. He hates American automobiles!"

Satisfied by a hearty breakfast and happily optimistic at the prospect of a fresh gastronomic adventure for lunch, the Canards walked out of the hotel. But as they moved toward the Hispano, they spied Jean Lombeau on the sidewalk, and their fresh cheer was dampened by the subconscious feeling of guilt they felt over the pathetic *gueule cassée*. He did not see them as they stopped, hesitated, took a couple of steps toward him, then stopped again. He was standing close to a couple of bemedaled veterans who had spread a map over the hood of their parked car and were evidently discussing the best way of accomplishing their tour of the battlefields. From Lombeau's manner, the Canards could tell he was trying to bring himself to speak to this pair. "The poor devil probably thinks we are still mad at him and is about to beg a lift to Paris," Father whispered.

"Yes," Poncinet sighed. "And I suppose we shouldn't leave him in the lurch."

Just as they were going to step up and ask him to rejoin them, he timidly moved in on the two men, and the Canards clearly heard him say, "I know of a place, messieurs. An inn. About ten kilometers from here. They serve game. The beds are clean. . . ."

The Canards did not tarry to eavesdrop on the outcome. They could tell what it would be from the expressions of mixed pity and interest on the faces of Jean Lombeau's new victims. When they reached the Hispano and the Prince's chauffeur wheeled away from his girl friends, saluted, and inquired whether His Highness had spent a pleasant night, they all burst out laughing.

In 1936, some twenty years after the battle of Verdun and eight years after the reunion there of the Canards Crevés, Father and I happened to pass nearby and I prevailed upon him to revisit The Wild Boar. Having heard the foregoing story told and retold innumerable times, I had a burning curiosity to see the place. No doubt Father was driven by a certain nostalgic curiosity of his own, and he readily agreed to go there.

We found the surrounding hills and ravines still a thicketed wilderness resisting both agriculture and reforestation. In Verdun itself, veterans still gathered in the main street and marched up to the mausoleum on Thiaumont, their hair a little grayer than before, their steps not so brisk, and many of them having to make it in buses instead of on foot. The hawkers still sold their gilded shell fragments inscribed with the Verdun challenge. But there were changes. The garrison had been increased, new barracks had been constructed to supplement the old citadel, and the soldiers were no longer there only for ceremonial affairs. Artillery and rifle ranges boomed and crackled around the Mort Homme and Vaux. Jackhammers chattered like machine guns as engineers worked to refit, expand, and deepen old fortifications. Battlefield scavengers like Henri Thouzelier and Père Haubriant had been driven out of business by bulldozers that exhumed more human bones than the wild boar ever had. Perhaps with a premonition of renewed carnage, those clever, delicious animals had once again mysteriously vanished. With the luck of the Thouzeliers, The Wild Boar too had vanished from the face of the earth—probably just as they manhandled its last scorched slab of stone back into place.

As we drove up a freshly paved road and topped the crest of the plateau, there came into view no peculiar, half-ruined inn standing forlorn in a clearing cluttered with martial debris. Instead there was the smooth face of a new fort being wedged into the hill with pile drivers and power shovels. A barrier made of the new kind of galvanized barbed wire blocked the approach. A young sentry challenged us and ordered us to leave the area forthwith. "This is a military zone prohibited to civilians," the downy-cheeked soldier barked, with the bellicose manner of his unblooded breed.

Father defied him long enough to allow the scene to sink in and jolt old memories. "You are ruining the damned battlefields!" he finally shouted at the startled sentry. Then he put the engine back in gear and drove down the hill.

What was ruining the old battlefields was France's latest bit of military vainglory—the Maginot Line. □

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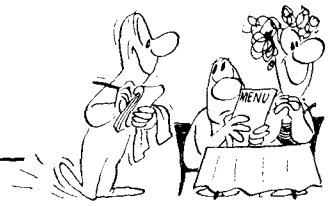
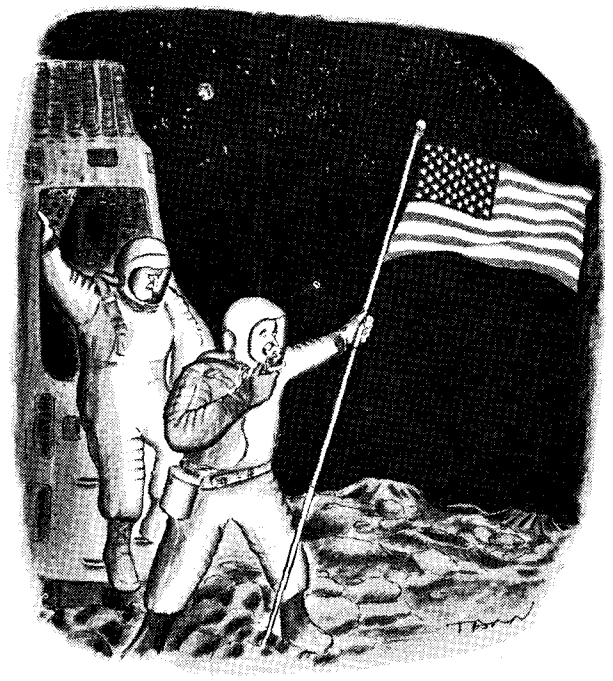


Post scripts

"Hey, Pop, look at me—hey, Pop, look at me—hey, Pop. . . ."



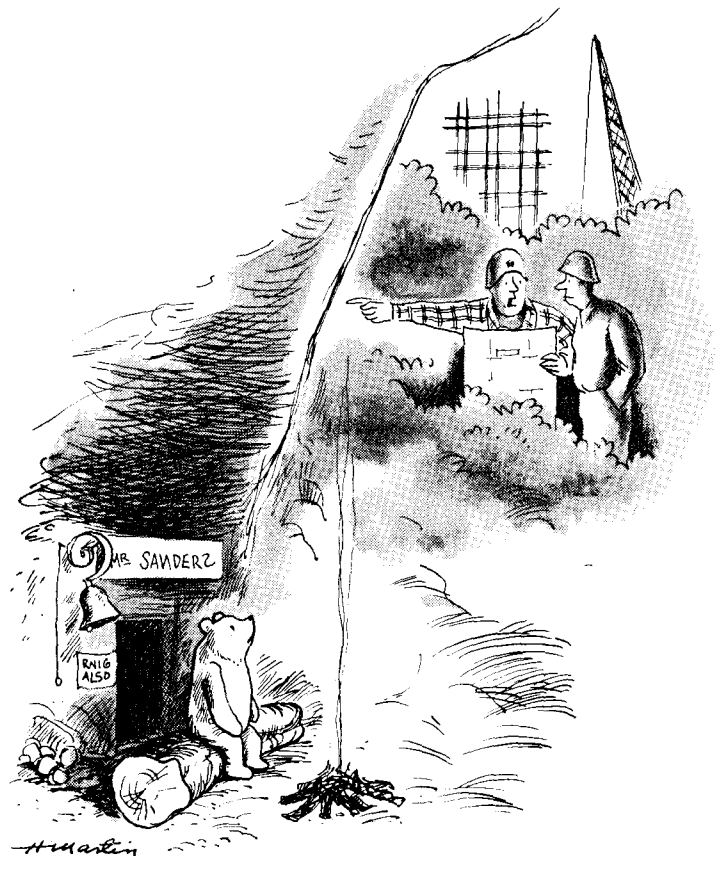
"This is Major Wayne Cravney Hoffstedder, the Third, speaking to you from the surface of the moon. Well, what's-his-name and I made it!"

PARSON SIMS

There was an old parson named Sims
Who astonished the church with his whims,
When he read the epistle
He gave a loud whistle
And stood on his head for the hymns.

OGDEN NASH

"We'd better be awfully darn certain before we make a move."



"First of all, this tree comes down."

"I am *sticking my tongue out!"*

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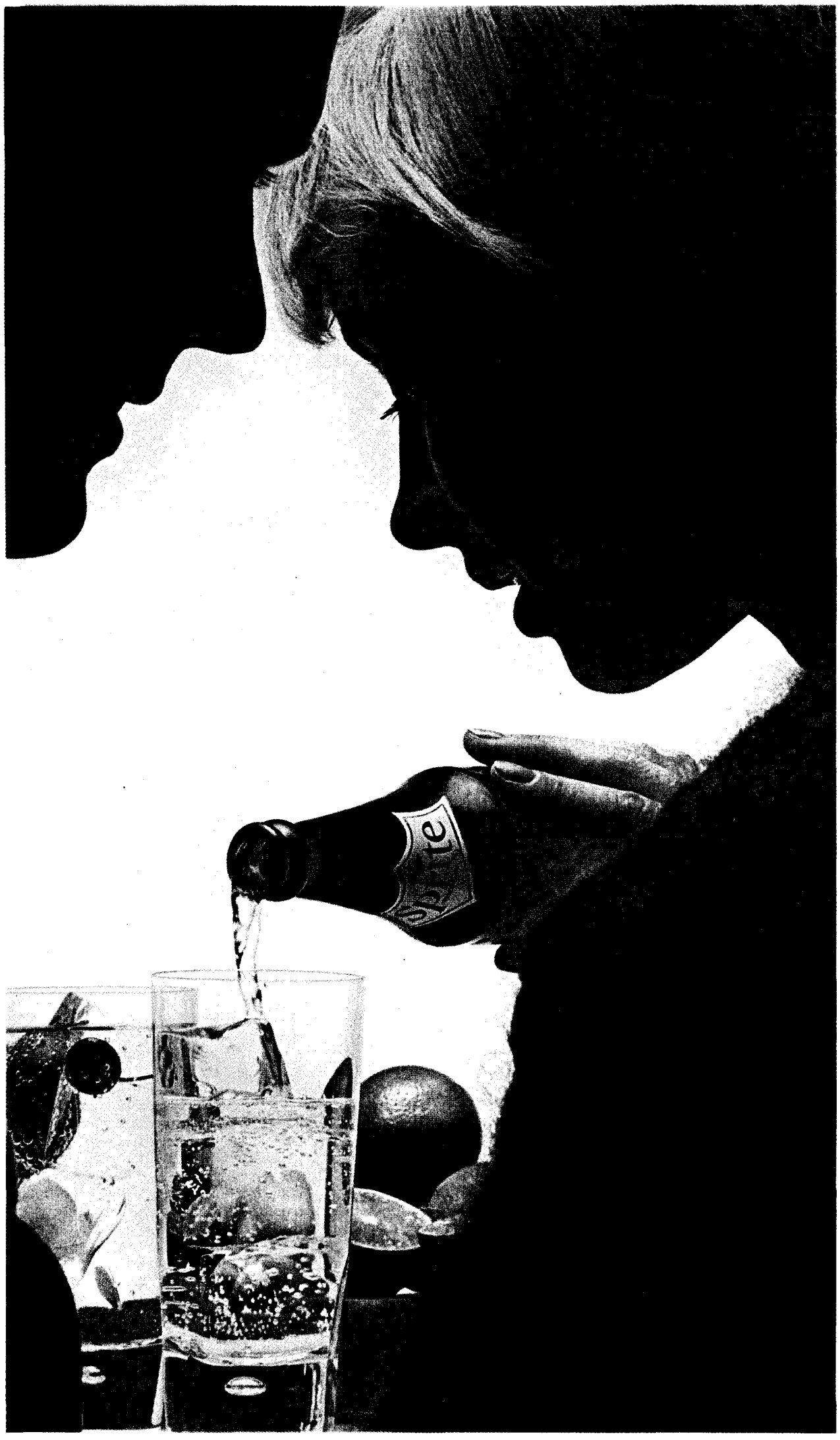
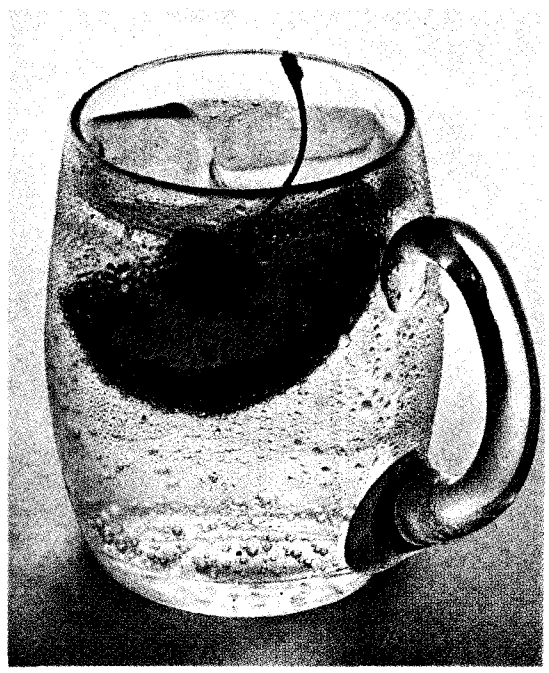
For a drink that's fresh, clean, tart and tingling, try adding Sprite to gin. Or leave out the gin.

TRADEMARK ®





Sprite is that kind of a drink. Alive. Yet subtle. Naturally tart for adult tastes. Independent. Yet it's always happy to join in with a few well chosen drinking partners. Gin. Vodka. Rum. Whiskey. Choose your partner. Or go it alone.

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OCTOPUS IN THE STATE HOUSE

Continued from page 29

has been won on behalf of the suburbs. And the size of that suburban victory is already becoming apparent. Under a strict one-man, one-vote reapportionment plan in New York, for example, New York City will gain roughly a six-percent increase in representation. Suburban Nassau and Suffolk counties, however, will get a 100-percent increase. In Colorado the suburbs of Denver have already gained far more than the city itself. And in Michigan, Detroit actually lost six seats to its booming suburbs.

As one of the first states to complete a session with a reapportioned legislature, Michigan provides a hint of what urban voters can expect. Like their rural predecessors, Michigan's bright-eyed newcomers evidenced concern over "moral" issues: They turned down bills which would have given Detroit permission to sell liquor on Sunday and allow dog racing in the Motor City. But they also increased appropriations for education and mental health, hoisted workmen's and unemployment compensation by substantial amounts and provided homestead exemptions for senior citizens.

Reapportionment in Michigan not only produced a legislature more willing to grapple with urban problems, it also focused attention on some of the more obsolescent aspects of the state's government. As a result, Gov. George Romney succeeded in his effort to reduce the number of executive boards, bureaus and commissions from an unmanageable 140 to a streamlined 19.

What happened in Michigan is likely to happen elsewhere—thereby justifying a thesis held by many political scientists that reapportionment's "fringe benefits" will be just as significant in the long run as the overt advantages gained from an equitable distribution of seats.

III WHY STATES STARVE FOR DOLLARS

Obviously, reapportionment is no miracle drug. Massachusetts, for example, has been fairly apportioned for years, yet incompetence and corruption have barnacled its government. And more ails Florida than the underrepresentation of Dade County.

Among the most serious of the problems confronting the states—a problem that reapportionment alone cannot solve—is the lack of adequate financial resources. The gravity of the problem is deceptive for—on the surface at least—the states appear to have plenty of money. Since 1948 state and local government expenditures have skyrocketed from $18 billion to more than $65 billion. In 1966 these governments will spend more for goods and services than the Federal Government. And state and local expenditures are rising eight percent a year—double the national growth rate.

Some optimists like to say that these rising revenues mirror economic health. Actually, they only parallel the population increase—an increase that has already placed incredible burdens on state and local government resources.

To cushion these burdens the Federal Government has enormously increased its aid to state and local governments. Federal law, however, has dictated where most of the money could be spent, and the states have had to raise more than 80 percent of their budget increases by themselves. The states today collect five times as much money as they did 20 years ago, yet the sum is still not enough to meet the demands of citizens for an ever-increasing variety of services. As a result, more and more states have been facing fiscal crisis.

In Ohio three years ago, the situation was so critical that Gov. James A. Rhodes had to fire 3,000 recently hired state employees, order all state agencies to cut back spending by 10 percent and ask state jobholders to work on Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays. Massachusetts today is practically insolvent. The state desperately needs $200 million to balance its budget, improve education and help its hard-pressed cities and towns. Gov. John A. Volpe has submitted six separate sales-tax bills to the legislature, but all have been defeated. In Pennsylvania the outlook is equally gloomy. Today the state has a surplus. But because of future expenses already mandated by the legislature, that surplus will evaporate soon. Pennsylvania's five-percent sales tax is the nation's highest. Now lawmakers face a cruel decision: They must extend the sales tax to include additional items, find an entirely new source of revenue or throw up their hands and declare bankruptcy. "We're right on the edge of disaster," says Rep. K. LeRoy Irvis. "This could be the final precipice."

How have the states embroiled themselves in such dilemmas? There is no single, simple answer. Fratricidal competition for industry, of course, has been a factor. All too often, state officials use tax exemptions to lure new businesses, thereby depriving states of possible revenue. Louisiana, for example, exempted $485 million worth of new plants and equipment last year.

A second factor is the natural resistance of both legislators and voters to further tax increases, a resistance that stiffened when the Federal Government began to cut *its* taxes. Yet probably the most important cause of the crisis is that the states are burdened by unbelievably archaic tax structures. "They're really not structures at all," says W. Brooke Graves, a courtly, white-haired specialist on state government at the Library of Congress. "They're just a crazy patchwork—an unearthly jumble of conflicting and overlapping provisions." Louisiana, for example, levies 47 different state taxes, and 12 separate agencies are needed to collect all the money.

Most state taxes produce a yield proportionate only to general economic growth, yet state expenditures are fast outpacing this economic growth. Obviously, the states need a tax that keeps pace with expenditures. The logical candidate is the income tax. But in the U.S. last year the personal-income tax accounted for only 14 percent of total state tax collections. Seventeen states have no income tax. Of those that do use an income tax, some apply it half-heartedly, others unfairly. Unless expenditures stop rising faster than economic growth—an unlikely prospect—or unless the states enact more effective income taxes, the gap between what the

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'A politician's got to sell out to somebody,' said one state legislator. 'It's just a matter of pickin' the right people to sell out to.'

states pay out and what they take in will grow. Fiscal crisis will evolve into fiscal disaster.

Most Americans find all this talk about fiscal crisis somewhat unreal. Businesses that go bankrupt often cease to exist, but for a state to stop functioning or pass out of existence—this would be impossible. So people don't worry until they discover that all those services they demand from their state governments—schools, roads, hospitals—are either inadequate or unavailable.

And this is exactly what has been happening in New Jersey. As the nation's most urban state, New Jersey ranks first in traffic density. Yet only Hawaii spends less per capita on roads and highways. New Jersey ranks 47th in state welfare aid and 48th in per capita education expenditures. The state's health programs are in dismal shape. And so prevalent is urban blight that the nickname "Garden State" seems a macabre joke.

This rapid decline in state services was not inevitable. (New Jersey ranks seventh in per capita wealth.) It came about only because the state's leaders were unwilling to act responsibly. In 1937 the legislature did muster the courage to pass a sales tax. But later the tax was repealed, and New Jersey lurched along, confident that it could meet its needs by slapping taxes on motor fuels, car registrations, cigarettes, liquor and pari-mutuel betting. The few legislators who called for a broad-based levy on income or retail sales were hooted off the floor.

So the state didn't bother to pay for schools or hospitals or roads. It merely thrust these costs on already over-burdened local governments and told them to raise the money with a property tax. The local governments complied, and the result has been a shambles. In some communities the rate is five percent of value—or an annual tax of $500 on a $10,000 home. To retired persons or those with fixed incomes, such a rate is murderous.

Today New Jersey's per capita property taxes are among the nation's highest. And although it has long been apparent that they have reached a ceiling beyond which they cannot reasonably go, legislators have chosen to ignore the problem. In 1963 the senate majority leader couldn't find a single name to add to his own as cosponsor of new tax bills needed to balance the budget. Yet until new revenue sources are tapped, the state will never have the money it requires for education, welfare, highways and public institutions. "We've had some men in key positions who just don't believe the needs of the people ought to be met," says Rutgers professor John Bebout. "There's been a conspiracy of silence as regards state needs."

IV CONSTITUTIONS THAT CRIPPLE

States like New Jersey are in fiscal difficulty today primarily because of inadequate effort. In other states, legislators' attempts to streamline archaic tax structures are often stymied by constitutional restrictions. "We end up in incredible binds," complains Rep. Abner Mikva of Illinois. "We can't do anything that common sense tells us to do because the Revenue Article of 1848 tells us we can't."

Some of these fiscal restrictions are quaint. California's constitution, for example, contains a clause relating to the taxing of nut-bearing trees under four years of age. Other restrictions, however, are tragic obstacles. The constitutions of Illinois, Florida, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Washington flatly prohibit lawmakers from ever enacting a graduated income tax. In Alabama, 87 percent of all state revenues are earmarked by the constitution for specific purposes such as hospitals or schools. In Louisiana, the figure is 85 percent; in Tennessee, 77 percent. These provisions not only usurp the legislative function; they also make it difficult for the state to allocate money for pressing needs.

Equally serious are the debt limitations imposed by many state constitutions. Wisconsin is not allowed to borrow more than $100,000; Washington not more than $400,000; Pennsylvania not more than one million dollars. Most states, to be sure, have found a gimmick to circumvent such restrictions. They merely create private "authorities" that issue revenue bonds outside a state's jurisdiction. Yet this kind of financing has several drawbacks. One is that authority borrowing often encourages waste. "It's so much easier to get questionable projects okayed under an authority setup," explains Pennsylvania Budget Director Martin Brackbill. "There's no real pressure on anyone to stay within the budget." A second drawback is that authority bonds cost more than revenue bonds floated directly by the state.

In theory, at least, state constitutions should contain only fundamental provisions for the organization of government and the rights of citizens. In actuality they harbor an incredible maze of pettiness. Louisiana's constitution, for example, is 227,000 words long and has had to be amended 462 times. (The U.S. Constitution contains only 6,700 words and 24 amendments.) It devotes five pages to the financing and management of the Upper Pentalba apartment building in New Orleans; it also sets up a "Board of Control" for the New Basin Canal and Shell Road; the New Basin Canal and Shell Road no longer exists.

In Maryland the constitution contains 282 separate provisions. One clause bans hereditary titles; another details the organization of the Baltimore Parking Authority. Kentucky's celebrated document prohibits officeholders from dueling. And Idaho's constitution, according to Gov. Robert Smylie, is still "filled with the cobwebs of bigotry, suspicion and restraint."

The vast majority of state constitutions were drafted in the 18th and 19th centuries, when government was implicitly regarded as a necessary evil and not a positive instrument of society. Implicit, too, was an assumption that elected officeholders could never be trusted. Obviously their powers had to be held in check. In providing such checks these constitutional framers merely followed the principles of Andrew Jackson: demand frequent elections with lengthy ballots, stipulate short terms of office, prevent officeholders from succeeding themselves no matter how competent they prove to be. Above all, neuter the governor's ability to govern by surrounding him with a swarm of elected assistants.

Today most Americans no longer think of government as a necessary evil. They demand, instead, that government act to solve their problems. Yet they stymie action by keeping intact the state constitutional restrictions of a century ago. In 14 states the governor still serves a two-year term. In another 14 states he cannot succeed himself. North Carolina's constitution deprives the governor of his veto power. In other states the same result is achieved by different means.

"More often than not," says University of Utah law professor John J. Flynn, "executive power is vested in a troika of elected officials or in a similar unwieldy vehicle of administration which renders the state leaderless except in such important areas of exclusive gubernatorial power as issuing proclamations declaring a state pickle week."

In Maine, for example, Gov. John H. Reed is hamstrung by an elected seven-man executive council which must consent to his appointments and give its approval before funds can be withdrawn from the treasury. Until quite recently a similar situation prevailed in Massachusetts. "When I came into office," recalls former Gov. Endicott Peabody, "I could appoint only one department head—my commissioner of administration. Everyone else had already been appointed."

According to Pennsylvania's constitution, Gov. William Scranton's appointments must be approved by a two-thirds majority of the state senate. In theory, this sounds sensible. Yet because the Republicans in Harrisburg cannot claim that majority (and also because Democrats there would make the time of day a partisan issue), many of Scranton's appointments have not yet been confirmed. State boards, bureaus and commissions must limp along at reduced strength.

If archaic constitutions fragment the governor's ability to govern, they pulverize the legislature's power to legislate. Members of Congress and most city councilmen are allowed to meet as long and often as necessary to solve their problems. Yet the constitutions of 15 states prohibit legislators from meeting in regular session any longer than 90 days every two years.

These mandatory-adjournment deadlines often generate confusion. During the first two months of Connecticut's 1963 session only five bills were passed. And then, as writer James N. Miller recalled in the *National Civic Review*, "they began to come through in increasing numbers—4,000 in all—droning through so fast and furiously during the final few days that many members had no idea what they were voting on and the legislature actually adjourned while forgetting to pass an essential $6.4-million education bill."

During a normal session, the average legislature will consider roughly 3,500 bills. The figure is rising rapidly. Some lawmakers don't worry about the increase (Maryland Rep. John McInerney smiles as he cites a colleague's rule of thumb: "If a bill is over two pages, it can't be any good"). Yet those who are conscientious find the sheer physical challenge insurmountable. "You can't begin to read, let alone study all the bills," says Illinois Rep. Adlai E. Stevenson III. "You don't have any idea what you're voting on, so you end up voting your faith in or distrust of the sponsor. You make all sorts of mistakes, and you have to spend most of your time correcting the mistakes of previous sessions."

Perhaps more significant than the increase in the volume of legislation is the increase in its complexity. Last March 17—a typical day—Tennessee's lawmakers were asked to vote on 26 bills and one resolution relating to: tax assessment of railroads, the soundness of government retirement programs, the payment of health- and accident-insurance proceeds to podiatrists, the

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interstate nuclear compact, the time of payment of reciprocity taxes, the registration of leased automobiles, community-antenna-television services, abolition of the death penalty for rape or robbery, and detection of lung disease among fire fighters. Even with staff assistance Tennessee's lawmakers would be hard-pressed to consider the merits of all these bills in one day. But individual legislators in Nashville have no staff assistants at all. And their predicament is commonplace. Although most states maintain legislative-reference bureaus or research councils, these groups are usually sadly understaffed. In New Hampshire the legislative council is supposed to recommend legislation and prepare research reports. Yet its annual budget—$2,500—is so small that it can't pay even for a single staff member.

To get around such restrictions as the mandatory-adjournment deadline, more and more legislatures have been holding special sessions. Yet even then, in 24 states, they run into constitutionally prescribed time limits. And, often they are allowed to discuss only those items placed on the governor's "call sheet."

Also included in most state constitutions are clauses detailing the exact amount of lawmakers' compensation. Over the years the salaries of members of Congress have increased gradually and now stand at a respectable $30,000 annually. Yet the salaries paid most state lawmakers still are based on a pinchpenny's estimate of 19th-century-boardinghouse costs.

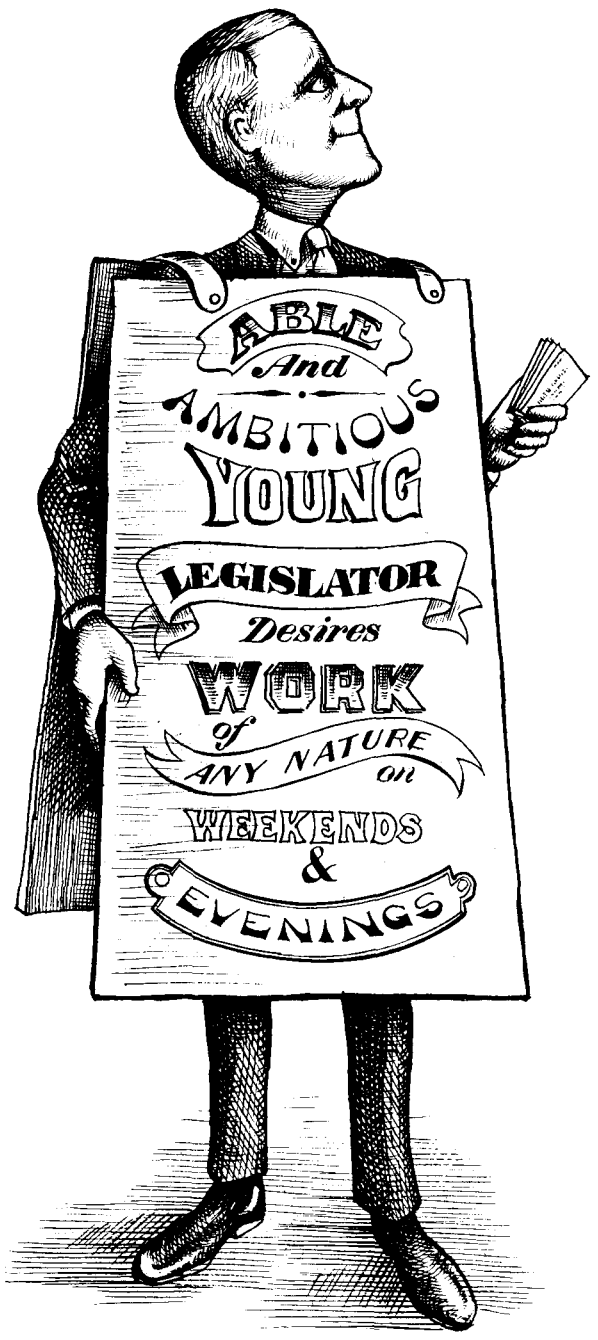
In New Hampshire, for example, legislators receive $100 a year, often hire out as racetrack ushers to supplement their income. Rhode Island pays its capitol doorkeepers $600 a year—twice as much as it doles out to its lawmakers. (This may explain why a former senator is now a doorkeeper.) And in Oklahoma legislators earn even less than janitors in state mental institutions.

Partly because of the salary scale, the career of the average state legislator is short. Of Michigan's 110 House members, 56 were new last year. In Colorado 36 of 65 representatives were serving first terms. And in Indiana, because of the swarm of inexperienced newcomers, the press corps referred to the lower chamber as the "Greenhouse."

In state after state a visiting reporter hears stories of outstanding legislators who had to resign simply because they couldn't afford to serve any longer. "If a man wants to do a good job for his constituents," says Pennsylvania Rep. K. LeRoy Irvis, "he must deny his family. I think that's unfair."

Even the most nobly intentioned and earnest legislators often must feel like giving up. Everything conspires to make their task incredibly difficult. Of every $10 spent by the average state government, less than two cents goes to pay for legislative expenses. Only a handful of states provide offices or secretaries, so most legislators have to operate out of rented motel rooms. "Our lack of facilities is a crime," says Colorado's able Rep. Mark Hogan. "Our floor desk is our one and only base. We have no place for study or quiet or personal conferences."

Why, then, do Hogan and scores of other competent men bother to serve? A crew-cut Kentucky senator named Vernon McGinty put his finger on perhaps the best explanation. "After serving one term there in the capital and seeing what can happen," he said, "you feel you *have* to go back just to protect the people of the Commonwealth."



V BEDLAM IN THE STATE HOUSE

Unable or unwilling to do their job, lawmakers often seek bizarre releases for their energies. Journalist Willie Morris recalls a remarkable moment during the 1961 session of the Texas legislature: "One legislator pulled the cord out of the amplifier system; another hit him from the blind side with a tackle; there was mass pushing, hitting, clawing and exchanges about one another's wives, mistresses, and forebears. Sweethearts and wives... cowered near the desks. In the middle of the brawl a barbershop quartet of legislators quickly formed at the front of the chamber and . . . sang, *I Had a Dream, Dear.*"

In Maryland in 1965 House Speaker Marvin Mandel adjourned a drunken session by confessing, "We can't go on like this." In Alabama a few years ago, Senator Harlan Allen appeared at a Temperance Committee hearing and made a speech against demon rum. Curiously, after a long lunch, he reversed his field and spoke in praise of demon rum. Then a bottle dropped from his pocket and fell to the floor where it soon became the object of a soccer game.

Drinking on the floor of the Florida legislature has been prohibited ever since one night in 1957 when half the members became inebriated and passed a tax on soft drinks sold at dog tracks. That ruling, however, has not entirely dimmed lawmakers' enjoyment of a ripping good time. During a special reapportionment session last June, a number of legislators engaged in a free-for-all and pool-dumping spree at a posh Tallahassee motel. Senator Welborn Daniel sprayed his colleagues with a portable fire extinguisher. Former State Beverage Director L. Grant Peeples lost his shirt in the melee. The wife of one legislator, in company with a number of female motel guests, tossed a senator into the swimming pool. As if in anticipation of such high jinks, a sign had appeared in the window of the motel a few mornings earlier addressed to the Speaker of the House Pro Tem. BALDY STRICKLAND, it said, PLEASE GO HOME.

For lawmakers who want to work off their frustrations without being quite so physical, there is a second potential release. They can—and do—spend huge amounts of time deliberating matters of absolute insignificance. A kind of Parkinson's Law seems to apply in such cases. The more complex an issue is, the less time is needed to dispose of it. And vice versa.

In Tennessee, for example, lawmakers passed the executive budget in 30 minutes, then spent hours debating the licensing of hairdressers. And in Louisiana, where legislators approved a one-billion-dollar budget bill almost without a whimper, the sex life of catfish in Jefferson Parish (County) seemed to be a matter of utmost concern. During the 1964 session a measure had passed allowing cans to be used in the capture of catfish. These cans, lawmakers reasoned, would slip away from fishermen and drop to the bottom, thereby providing fine spawning places for catfish. But then someone checked and reported that catfish weren't breeding any more than usual. So last year legislators repealed the law.

Some of these inconsequential measures can be traced to legislatures' refusal to grant home rule to counties, cities and villages under their jurisdiction. In Maryland, for example, it was perfectly natural for the legislature to pass a bill last session decreasing the license fees for ice-cream vendors in Worcester County. For under the present arrangement, Worcester County—and 18 of the state's 22 other counties—must run to the legislature whenever it wants to alter minute details of its governmental structure.

Yet most of the time such trivia comes as a welcome diversion. It offers exhilarating alternatives to legislators who really don't want to worry about urban renewal, civil rights or mass transportation. It makes them feel that they have accomplished *something,* and it often provides a few chuckles, as when, in North Carolina last spring, one legislator introduced a resolution to honor *Cimex lectularius*—the bedbug—as the official state insect. (The measure was exterminated in committee.)

VI CONFLICT OF INTEREST

Breaches of decorum and a preoccupation with trivia are relatively harmless outgrowths of legislative impotence. But the absence of adequate salaries, facilities and staffs for men who are by necessity only part-time public servants breeds other, more dangerous outgrowths: rampant conflicts of interest and the domination of the legislative process by the special-interest groups.

"The business of government," said former New York Gov. Thomas E. Dewey in 1954, "cannot and should not be separated from the day-to-day lives of the human beings who conduct it. The problem is to separate the unavoidable conflicts from the venal and the doubtful; to chart the shadowlands of conduct where men of goodwill may have difficulty in deciding whether a course is proper or improper." Men of goodwill are still having trouble deciding where to draw the line. "We're

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In Rhode Island, lawmakers get half as much pay as the capital doorkeepers. In Oklahoma, they get less than janitors.

all basically against conflict of interest," says Anthony C. Beilenson, an outstanding California assemblyman, "but it's hard for an attorney. You can't have a client who doesn't have *some* dealing with a state agency. I don't believe I should lose clients just because I'm a legislator. Yet I do believe it's morally wrong for me to represent these people before state agencies."

Not all lawmakers share Beilenson's sensibilities. In New York last spring, it was revealed that Senator Owen Begley—a member of the Ethics Committee—had been "retained and employed as counsel" until 1964 by a Manhattan firm called Blauvelt Engineering. Under New York law, no public official can have an interest in a firm that does more than $25 worth of state business without public bidding. Begley owned a 40 percent interest in each of two Blauvelt affiliates. Over an eight-year period the State Department of Public Works awarded Blauvelt more than eight million dollars in highway contracts. There had been no public bidding.

In Colorado last year a bill was introduced to raise the interest rates on loans from industrial banks. Two of its most fervent advocates were House Republican leaders John Vanderhoof and John Mackie. Both men are officers of industrial banks. The House passed the measure—but only after tacking on an amendment that would have required bankers to reveal the *actual* rates of interest that they were charging borrowers, a truth-in-lending provision. The bill then went to the Senate Business Affairs Committee. And who should appear there as a witness in a successful effort to persuade senators to strike the amendment? None other than Rep. John Vanderhoof. Colorado law says legislators should refrain from voting on matters involving possible conflict of interest, but leaves the decision up to the individual's conscience. Sighs one of Vanderhoof's colleagues, "It seems there are few tender consciences around."

In Florida, where blatant conflicts of interest spring into view as frequently as palm trees, a kind of easy morality seems to pervade all levels of the state government. Under Florida law, for example, the governor is prohibited from owning stock in a company that sells liquor. The maximum penalty prescribed for violating this statute is removal from office and six months in prison. Yet during his recent term in Tallahassee, Gov. Farris Bryant was a stockholder in a Titusville café that sold liquor by the drink—without a state license. Nobody seemed to care.

Nor did many Floridians howl when it was revealed that the state banking commissioner had helped to transfer state funds to a bank of which he had just become president; that under a special "pool" arrangement, $1.2 million a year in casualty and property-damage insurance premiums was being steered to the governor's personal and political friends; that the state superintendent of schools was purchasing office supplies and equipment from a firm headed by his son-in-law.

Both houses of the Florida legislature have rules prohibiting members from voting on measures that might affect their private business interests. In the last decade, however, only two members have cited these rules as an excuse for not voting.

When he is not serving in the legislature, William H. Reedy is a public-relations man for the Florida Telephone Corporation. Yet during the 1965 session—as Representative Reedy—he fought diligently against a bill which would have allowed the Florida Public Service Commission to consider the telephone company's quality of service in future rate hearings.

On the other side of the aisle, Senator John M. Spottswood—a sometime sleeper during debates—doubles as the president of a Key West firm called Cable-Vision, Inc. But there he was last session, introducing Senate Bill 1294, "An act granting to Cable-Vision, Inc., . . . the right, privilege, license and franchise for a period of 30 years for the operation of a cable-television system throughout Monroe County. . . ." The measure passed and became law. From time to time in Florida attempts have been made to pass a meaningful code-of-ethics bill. Every effort has failed.

VII THE LOBBIES RUN WILD

Until 1949 few Americans had ever heard of a genial, roly-poly Californian named Arthur H. Samish. And that was just the way he wanted it. Samish was a lobbyist—a great persuader for racetracks, building-and-loan companies, distilleries—and in order for him to gain his ends, he had to operate in shadows. Samish was powerful; no doubt about that. "I'm the governor of the legislature," he would say to friends. "To hell with the governor of the state." And Samish was shrewd. "I can tell if a man wants a baked potato, a girl or money," he liked to boast. He was usually right. But then in 1949 a national magazine carried an exposé of his activities. The California legislature launched a probe of its own. Soon Artie Samish—like Humpty Dumpty—took a tumble, and capital observers breathed a sigh of relief. The era of lobbyist domination, they thought, had come to an end.

Their optimism was premature. Over the past 17 years, lobbying has changed only in style. "Lobbyists are more subtle today," explains California's Assemblyman Beilenson. "They don't just give you money and expect a vote."

Leaning back in his soft leather chair, his feet propped up on his desk, his face half hidden from an interviewer by a vase full of pink gladioli, Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown decries the power of the "third house" in Sacramento. "The lobbyists will go along with you on social legislation," he says, "education, mental health, things like that. But if you want to get a truth-in-lending bill or improve insurance laws or get rid of price fixing, well, they are much stronger than the governor. I don't think the situation has really changed since Samish. Some interests today are stronger than they were in that era, and they have a great deal more money to spend than he ever had."

It should be emphasized, of course, that lobbyists perform a legitimate, even necessary function in bringing their clients' interests to lawmakers' attention. (This is even more true in state capitals than it is in Washington, D.C., for members of Congress have access to the staffs and research facilities the average state legislator does without.) It should be emphasized, too, that in many cases these client interests are happily synonymous with the public interest. Lobbyists for the Iowa State Education Association, for example, exerted considerable and commendable effort last session in helping legislators reach a desperately needed solution to school-reorganization problems. Other legislative halls are crowded with advocates of safer highways, water-pollution control and conservation. They, too, are lobbyists. The difficulty stems from the inability—or the unwillingness—of many lawmakers to distinguish between self-serving private interests and the public interest.

In Winter Haven, Fla., a few years ago, the Continental Beverages Corp. began to produce premixed alcoholic drinks using citrus as a base. Rum Swizzles, Salty Dogs, Screw Drivers, Orange Blossoms—the beverages rolled off the assembly line in six- and eight-ounce cans. In 1963 the corporation applied for and received from the legislature an 80 percent tax break on the grounds that its product constituted a "new industry" for the state. This tax break, it was stipulated, would last for two years only. Last spring, an amiable, sandy-haired man named Phil Lucey showed up in Tallahassee to lobby for Continental. He was only one in a *Panzer* division of 637 registered lobbyists, yet he promptly established himself as a generous dispenser of liquid largesse. He maintained a three-room suite at the local hostelry and gave away an estimated $1,700 worth of booze each week. In time a bill was introduced to extend Continental's tax break for another two years, a benefit no other beverage firm had ever won from the state. But then no one had ever labored so hard as Lucey. The bill, of course, was passed—saving Continental roughly $400,000 per year in taxes.

In Florida over the past decade business has controlled the legislature through a coalition of rural lawmakers called the Pork Chop Gang. In Texas, where oil and gas reign supreme, there is no such colorful designation for the minions of industry. Yet they dance to the same tune. Willie Morris, who covered the proceedings in Austin for the *Texas Observer*, recalled in a magazine article not long ago that "Sometimes, it [was] too much for one to bear, the more or less constant spectacle of legislators backed by the sanction of powerful business lobbies frustrating the few good and intelligent men who are willing to labor in the maw of small-time politics. . . . Fifty-thousand-a-year corporation lawyers flocked to committee hearings, especially on taxes and appropriations, to argue their favorite theme: 'You can't tax a corporation; a corporation is *all* of us.'"

Then Morris told the story of a legislator who had confided in him late one evening. "You know," the legislator said, "a politician's *got* to sell out to somebody; it's just a matter of pickin' the right people to sell out to. I've sold out to the truckers and to liquor. . . . The truckers aren't a bad group, and the good thing about the liquor boys is that when you vote for the truckers when you really don't want to, you can go off and get drunk about it free of charge."

At the close of Tennessee's 1963 session, reporter Bill Kovach asked a senator if he could cite a single piece of legislation enacted *solely* for the benefit of the public. The senator thought for a moment and then admitted he couldn't. In 1965, Kovach didn't even bother to ask.

For the lawmakers in Nashville last session were nothing if not Pavlovian in their responsiveness to business. In rapid succession they approved measures that: eased penalties on corporations delinquent in paying their income tax; reduced fines for truckers caught hauling more weight than allowed under the law; curbed imports of foreign-grown

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meats to pacify the cattle industry; eased state controls of insurance-company operations and reduced the gross-receipts taxes on soft-drink bottles.

The legislature *did* pass a measure regulating billboards, yet the controls were suggested—some insist drafted—by the industry itself. An effort *was* made to regulate strip-mining of coal, yet it was crippled by amendments. And when Gov. Frank G. Clement asked for a $1.15-an-hour minimum wage, legislators mutilated the measure. "Everybody has a lobby up here but the public," sighs Rep. Charles Galbreath.

Forty-three states have laws on their books that regulate lobbying. In theory these statutes are admirable. In practice they're often meaningless. Georgia, for example, has a law requiring all lobbyists to register with the secretary of state. In the past 25 years only one man has obeyed that law. The opposition a legislature encounters when it tries to strengthen its lobbying law is illustrated by an incident in Colorado last year.

During the early weeks of the session, the legislature was tied up in heated debate over a measure to ban billboards on interstate highways. One of the measure's strongest advocates was Roland Mapelli, a Denver senator who is also a partner in a wholesale-meat concern. On March 5 Senator Mapelli announced to his colleagues that his meat firm had lost a $60,000-a-year contract. The reason given was his support of the billboard ban. And further boycotts were being threatened. As a result of his disclosure a bill was introduced in the House to authorize a probe of lobbyists' activities. It passed with ease.

But when the measure reached the Senate, it ran into flak. Lobbyists, explained Sen. Frank Gill, "are just trying to make the wheels of government go around." Added Senate President A. Woody Hewett: "It's none of our business what lobbyists are paid or what they spend. We should just try to get along with our good lobbyists and ignore the others." His reasoning prevailed; the bill to sanction a probe was defeated.

VIII ONE NOTORIOUS EXAMPLE

In no state do so many of the body sores afflicting state government fester quite so appallingly as they do in Illinois. In fairness it should be noted that in Otto Kerner, Illinois has an honest and reasonably effective governor. It should be noted, too, that many state legislators are men of exceptional integrity and ability. And finally, it should be stated that in 1965 the legislature succeeded in passing many constructive measures. It increased the state-aid-guarantee formula to public schools from $252 to $330 per pupil; it passed 14 anti-crime bills; it adopted a constitutional amendment to modernize the state's tax laws and it agreed to eliminate billboards on interstate highways. In retrospect, these achievements seem remarkable, for few state governments suffer so from archaic structure and lackadaisical attitude as Illinois.

Like their colleagues elsewhere, Illinois' lawmakers lack adequate facilities and staffs. The House Education Committee, for example, relies on one part-time clerk. Nor do they receive adequate salaries. Their independence is further compromised by the fact that more than two dozen of them also hold jobs in the city administration of

'After serving one term in the capital and seeing what can happen there, I felt I had to go back just to protect the people of the commonwealth.'

Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley. And Daley's minions supply these members with an 'idiot list,' advising them how to vote on complex issues. "It's hard for a guy to be an independent thinker," admits Rep. Cecil Partee, "when his second job depends on the man who dispenses patronage."

Additionally, some legislative committees are stacked with members of questionable objectivity. As Rep. Abner Mikva points out, "The insurance industry runs the Insurance Committee, the railroads run the Railroad and Public Utilities Committee, the bankers run the Banking Committee. Even if it isn't outright corruption, isn't it a corruption of the process? What happens to the public interest?"

During the 1963 session a bill was introduced to decrease consumer-credit interest rates from 13 percent to nine percent. The Senate Banking Committee, which is populated largely by bankers, approved the measure—but only after attaching an amendment which *increased* the interest rate, in effect, to 20 percent.

Equally revealing was a bill appropriating $96,500 to study the diseases of racehorses. When the measure was introduced, Senator Paul Simon asked the sponsor how much the legislature was spending on cancer research. The sponsor didn't know. Then another senator rose to announce, "I've been betting on horses for some years now, and I'm sure they have some type of disease. I'm for the bill." It passed and became law.

Concerned citizens in the state hoped reapportionment might improve the legislature, and toward the end of the 1963 session lawmakers did pass a reapportionment plan. But it benefited rural Southern Illinois while cheating Chicago's expanding suburbs. Governor Kerner vetoed the measure, and in November, 1964, an unprecedented at-large election was held for all the House seats. Both parties nominated 118 candidates and both studded their tickets with "blue-ribbon" names—Adlai E. Stevenson III for the Democrats; Earl Eisenhower for the Republicans. The Johnson landslide carried all 118 Democrats into office. The Illinois Senate, to be sure, remained the fief of rural Republicans, yet few of the blue-ribbon newcomers anticipated trouble in enacting a program of far-reaching reform.

"Reform," it seemed, was a word on everyone's lips during those early days in January, 1965, as the legislature convened in Springfield. Already Democrat Theodore Isaacs, a former State Revenue Director, had been indicted on 33 counts of conflict of interest, collusion and conspiracy. (Nearly a year later the indictment was dismissed, but at the time it caused great public outrage.) And then, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, Senator Simon had quoted a colleague's estimate that one third of all Illinois lawmakers regularly accepted payoffs. Simon had gone even further—detailing the quaint and venerable practice by which certain lawmakers profited from "fetchers."

In Springfield, where residents usually refer to their capitol as the "steal mill," a "fetcher" is a bill that seeks to place unrealistic controls on some industry or occupation. A typical fetcher might outlaw coin vending machines. When the affected companies agreed to pay a suitable ransom, the sponsoring legislator would introduce amendments—first exempting all cigarette vending machines, then all candy and gum vending machines, then all the rest. In other state capitals such measures are known as "jingle bills," "satchel grabbers" and "Mae Wests" ("Come on up 'n see me sometime"). Yet nowhere is the state of the art more advanced than in Illinois. And this is what Simon had the courage to point out.

The outcry was predictable. Legislators screamed "Foul." In their indignation they authorized the Illinois Crime Commission to launch an investigation, not only of Simon's charges, but also of other possible breaches of ethics in the state government. And when Governor Kerner mentioned the need for a conflict-of-interest law in his "State of the State" address to the legislature, he was applauded—an amazing occurrence in Illinois.

Did this mean the legislature really *wanted* reform? Some lawmakers were hopeful. Rep. Abner Mikva, for one, introduced a bill aimed at eliminating conflicts of interest. Rep. Adlai E. Stevenson III sponsored a measure tightening controls on lobbyists. And from capable House Speaker John P. Touhy came a stern warning: no more fetchers.

February passed; then March and April and May. The Senate passed hundreds of "little bills" made necessary by the lack of home rule. It decided that well diggers and tree trimmers and funeral directors had to be U.S. citizens. And it showed concern over birds. At issue, specifically, was a bill to change the official state bird from the cardinal to the purple martin. The purple martin, it seemed, had many backers. Some Springfield bars began serving purple Martinis. In the middle of the debate Chicago Sen. Anthony DeTolve—a relative by marriage of crime czar Sam (Mooney) Giancana—jumped up with an alternate suggestion. The official state bird, he cried, should be the stool pigeon.

Despite such moments of hilarity, a mood of uneasiness began to pervade the musty old capitol. The Senate had not yet tackled any of the really important legislative questions before it. Would it ever? And what about the Crime Commission probe? What had its members found?

A partial answer was forthcoming in June. Ray Coffey, an able, hard-digging reporter for the Chicago *Daily News*, revealed that the Crime Commission had interrogated Secretary of State Paul Powell about the sources of his outside income. Of particular interest to the commission was an $8,000 "finder's fee" listed on Powell's income-tax return. The donor of that fee was an ex-convict named Irwin S. (Big Sam) Wiedrick who, since 1946, has been closely associated with harness racing in the state. Many observers recalled that as Speaker of the House in 1961, Powell had led the fight to quash a bill increasing harness-racing taxes. Was there a connection between the $8,000 and Powell's stand?

At 64, Powell is handsome, friendly, decisive, appealingly folksy. His conversation drips with colloquialisms from his southern Illinois birthplace of Vienna (pronounced Vy-enna), a land he describes as being "so poor, you can't raise an umbrella on it.

"I started out as a kid, shining shoes and

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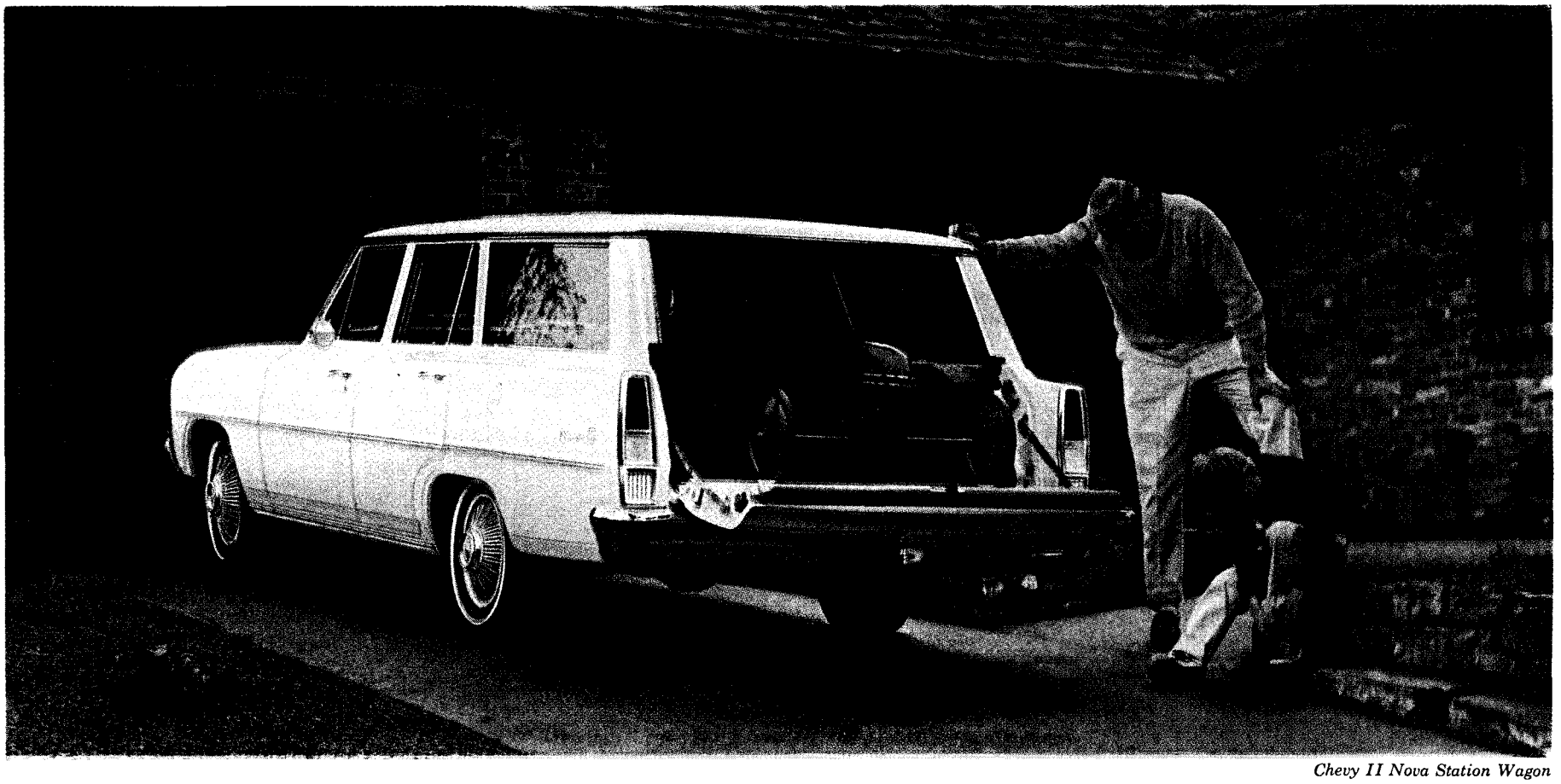

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hustling newspapers," he says. "I was mayor of Vienna for a spell and then, after my first wife died, I came up here to Springfield." As a legislator, Powell was extremely effective. The Springfield press corps twice voted him the outstanding member. His colleagues in the House elected him speaker for three sessions. And when, after 30 years, he left that House and ran for secretary of state, he won by nearly half a million votes.

Sitting in his spacious outer office—watching a gaggle of Girl Scouts in dark-green skirts and fresh white blouses line up to receive copies of the Great Seal of the State of Illinois—a visitor feels apprehensive about probing Powell on conflicts of interest. It seems inconceivable that such a man could be involved in questionable deals.

"Is it true," the visitor asks, "that in 1949 you were one of several legislators who were given a chance to buy stock for ten cents a share in [a harness-racing concern called] Chicago Downs? And that you didn't have to pay for the stock until Chicago Downs had paid you a dividend? And didn't you also push a bill through the legislature to give the track a longer season?"

"My only mistake," Powell replies, "was that I didn't get more."

"How do you feel about conflict-of-interest laws?"

"If all the bills introduced this session regarding conflict of interest are passed, there won't be a person in Illinois who can serve in the legislature." Powell shakes his head. "No, I don't think a member should be prevented from making a living on the outside."

"According to the Chicago *Daily News*, you've received an $8,000 payment from Wiedrick every year for the last nine years. What's the money for?"

"Real estate," Powell replies, "My dealings with Wiedrick are completely legal, legitimate, honest and honorable, unless making money has now been declared to be a crime. This income has kept me free from bribes or acting in any way in conflict of office."

To reporter Ray Coffey, such answers were unsatisfactory. Shortly after Powell took office, Coffey disclosed, he signed a $3,445-a-month lease for state-office space in a Springfield shopping center which had given him free office space during his campaign. Furthermore—ignoring a constitutional requirement that he maintain a residence at his own expense in Springfield—Powell was charging the state the monthly rents for hotel suites in Springfield *and* Chicago.

Despite such revelations Powell never lost his composure. He did, however, seem wary of reporters. And when a newsman probed too deep, he would point to a photograph on his office wall. The photograph showed a gravestone in an Illinois cemetery. On its marker was a simple inscription: HE WAS A LIFELONG DEMOCRAT. "If that ain't enough to get you to heaven," Powell would sigh, "then nothing is."

On June 7 the Illinois Crime Commission released its report. "PROBE OF LEGISLATURE FINDS SOME 'CORRUPTION' BUT NOTHING ILLEGAL," announced the Peoria *Journal Star* in a classic headline. During its long investigation the commission had interviewed more than 100 witnesses. It had discovered, as two of its members said later, "that certain allegations of conflict of interest were established by substantial evidence. The participants . . . admitted the facts giving rise to the conflicts."

Yet now the commission refused to make public any of the names or details of the cases it investigated. It insisted that the charges of corruption were "unjust and unfounded," and it hinted darkly that the real enemies of the people were the men who had asked for the probe in the first place.

Most Illinois newspapers blasted the commission's report as a whitewash, a complete waste of taxpayers' money. But the Chicago *Tribune*, which usually plays down corruption where Republicans are involved, was visibly relieved. "The report," it said in an editorial, "shows the unfairness of the shotgun attacks made by [Senator] Simon and [Rep. Anthony] Scariano. An apology now seems to be called for . . . and the legislature may wish to enact legislation punishing malicious complaints against members."

The legislature might have done just that, had there been enough time. But on June 24, just 17 days after release of the Crime Commission's clean bill of health, Springfield was rocked by another scandal.

The scandal revolved around a seemingly innocuous bill which had been introduced a few weeks earlier. Titled SB 1034, the measure would simply have eased state restrictions on mobile check-cashing firms—companies that roll their money trucks onto factory premises and cash checks for workers. Specifically, the bill would have aided a firm called Thillens, Inc.

Such mobile check-cashing companies as Thillens, Inc., compete in Illinois with a group of currency exchanges. When the bill was introduced, the powerful currency-exchange forces persuaded the House Banking Committee to accord it a speedy funeral.

Apparently, however, these legislators weren't persuaded by logic alone. According to voices on 15 rolls of tape, legislators were offered between $200 and $1,000 for their votes. The tape recordings—made by an unknown person in a Springfield hotel and later turned over to Jack Mabley, a columnist for Chicago's *American*—contained the names of 61 legislators, Secretary of State Paul Powell ("He seemed to like the idea to be paid in advance . . .") and six lobbyists. The principal voices were reported to be those of three officials of the Chicago Currency Exchange Association. Their comments provided an illuminating glimpse of the legislative process:

Irving Gottlieb: "Say, Dave [Maslowsky], you won't yell at me if I tell you who I was with last night?" [He proceeded to name six able, "blue-ribbon" Republican legislators.]

David Maslowsky: "All the rubbish."

Gottlieb: "I said, let's get the hell out of here. Now, how did I get mixed up with all these ——— Republicans? Especially the worst kind."

Maslowsky (later): "What you might as well get used to is that every time you have a legislative session, you come prepared with about $30,000, and if you haven't got it . . ."

Sam Kaplan: "Then forget it."

Maslowsky: "And if you do have it, nobody's going to bother you either—but when they know that you're poor and decrepit, they'll jump you. . . . They cheat each other so —— much and nobody assumes responsibility. . . . I wouldn't care if they would take [the money] and divide it up the way they should, but they try to cheat each other, and we are the victims."

The legislature was stunned. Soon shock evolved into panic. Rep. Abner Mikva's conflict-of-interest bill was rescued from committee where it had been facing a slow but certain death. So was Rep. Adlai E. Stevenson III's lobby-control measure. With yelps of righteous indignation, the House passed both measures and sent them on to the Senate.

"This is the moment of truth," cried Republican Senate Whip Robert J. Coulson. "You can begin with me the long hard road back to restore the honor and dignity of legislatures everywhere." Coulson's colleagues were unimpressed. After listening to Sen. John A. Graham attack Stevenson as a "liberal do-gooder [who was] trying to convict by innuendo fellows in the Senate who are doing a helluva lot better job than he is in the House or his dad is in the United Nations," they emasculated both measures.

"If there is decay in government," reasoned Sen. Hudson Sours, "it is because there is also decay in the electorate." Like most of his colleagues, Sours seemed to blame all the legislature's difficulties on the man who had first pointed a finger at corruption, Sen. Paul Simon. During the official Senate dinner late in the session he nominated Simon for the "Benedict Arnold Award." Lawmakers applauded, then named Sours to the Illinois Crime Commission.

And there was still further irony. Despite the embarrassment they had caused their legislative friends, lobbyists Maslowsky, Gottlieb and Kaplan achieved their goal. The bill to ease state restrictions on mobile check-cashing firms was defeated.

But the legislature was really only warming up to its task. In rapid succession and with obvious relish the Senate proceeded to kill six open-occupancy bills that would have guaranteed Negro housing rights, another bill that would have provided $27 million for the education of slum children, a measure requiring the registration of handguns and another bill which would have prohibited B-girls from soliciting drinks from customers of bars.

When it came time to dispose of Representative Scariano's bill to authorize a probe of inadequate insurance statutes, senators encountered more difficulty. After all, the measure had passed the House unanimously, and one had to respect the tenacity of young Phil Benefiel, its sponsor in the Senate. Working frantically, Benefiel lined up just enough votes to get his measure passed. Then pressure was applied. When the senate voted, four Democrats found themselves unable to participate. The bill was defeated.

Throughout the long session Republican Leader W. Russell Arrington had refused to consider Mayor Richard J. Daley's $50-million tax-package plan for Chicago (including salary increases for firemen and policemen). No action could be taken on this, Arrington an-

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nounced, until both parties had agreed to a new reapportionment plan for the Senate. Two days before adjournment, the legislators reached an agreement. Everyone beamed.

Suddenly that compromise disintegrated. There would be no reapportionment. Democrats angrily blamed Republicans. Republicans angrily blamed Democrats. But the G.O.P., Arrington explained, would not be vengeful. It would consider Mayor Daley's tax program "on its merits." With that, the Republicans proceeded to wash the program down the drain.

On the final night of the session, senators listened to a speech praising the dog as man's best friend. "Arf, arf," they barked when the speaker paused. Over in the House, lawmakers passed a resolution hailing the city of Dixon's annual petunia festival.

Finally the legislators buckled down to business. They didn't do anything about reapportionment—or about a fiscal crisis that left the governor $107 million short of requirements to finance the state for the next two years. They *did* amend an appropriations bill by mistake—thereby stripping Chicago Teachers' College of a desperately needed five million dollars. They *did* make a second mistake, which caused 50,000 state employees to receive their paychecks late. And then there was Rep. Abner Mikva's bill to increase the state police rolls from 1,100 to 1,500 men. It passed the House, but disappeared in the Senate. And nobody knew where to find it. Said Senator Arrington, wearily, "We hope that was the only bill we lost."

A few days after the session ended, Arrington graciously consented to review the record in a private interview. Like Paul Powell, he is a self-made man, a millionaire who rose from humble origins to become his party's leader in the Senate as well as general counsel and vice president of the W. Clement Stone insurance combine. Short, brisk, florid-faced, Arrington has had two heart attacks already. But now—sitting behind a desk in his Chicago office—he seemed relaxed.

"It was the most successful session we've ever had," he insisted, "the most productive in history. All of the governor's substantial [tax] increases were denied. It ended up in a quarrel, but that's what legislatures are for."

"How about ethics?" he was asked. Did he expect the legislature to pass any meaningful ethics bills in its next session? For a few seconds, the senator paused. "Well," he began, "this was the session to do it. We had the Isaacs case; we had Simon's article; we had the tapes. . . ." He didn't fully answer the question, but then he didn't have to. The implication was clear.

IX CAN THE STATES REFORM?

Until a few decades ago the average American state was an economically sound, politically progressive entity. "It is one of the happy incidents of the Federal system," wrote Supreme Court Justice Louis Brandeis in 1932, "that a single courageous state may . . . serve as a laboratory and try novel social and economic experiments without risk to the rest of the country."

Many states *did* innovate. Under Gov. Huey Long, Louisiana pioneered splendid welfare programs. For years New York spent more money on public housing than the Federal Government. From New Hampshire and Wisconsin came the nation's first unemployment-compensation plans. Countless other "experiments"—child-labor laws, female suffrage, public-utility regulations—were initiated by the states, often before the Federal Government even *recognized* the problem.

A few states still innovate. North Carolina set up an excellent anti-poverty program using private funds. Connecticut recently required fluoridation of water in all communities of more than 20,000 persons. Wisconsin devised a program to acquire outdoor recreational areas; nearly 145,000 acres have been set aside already.

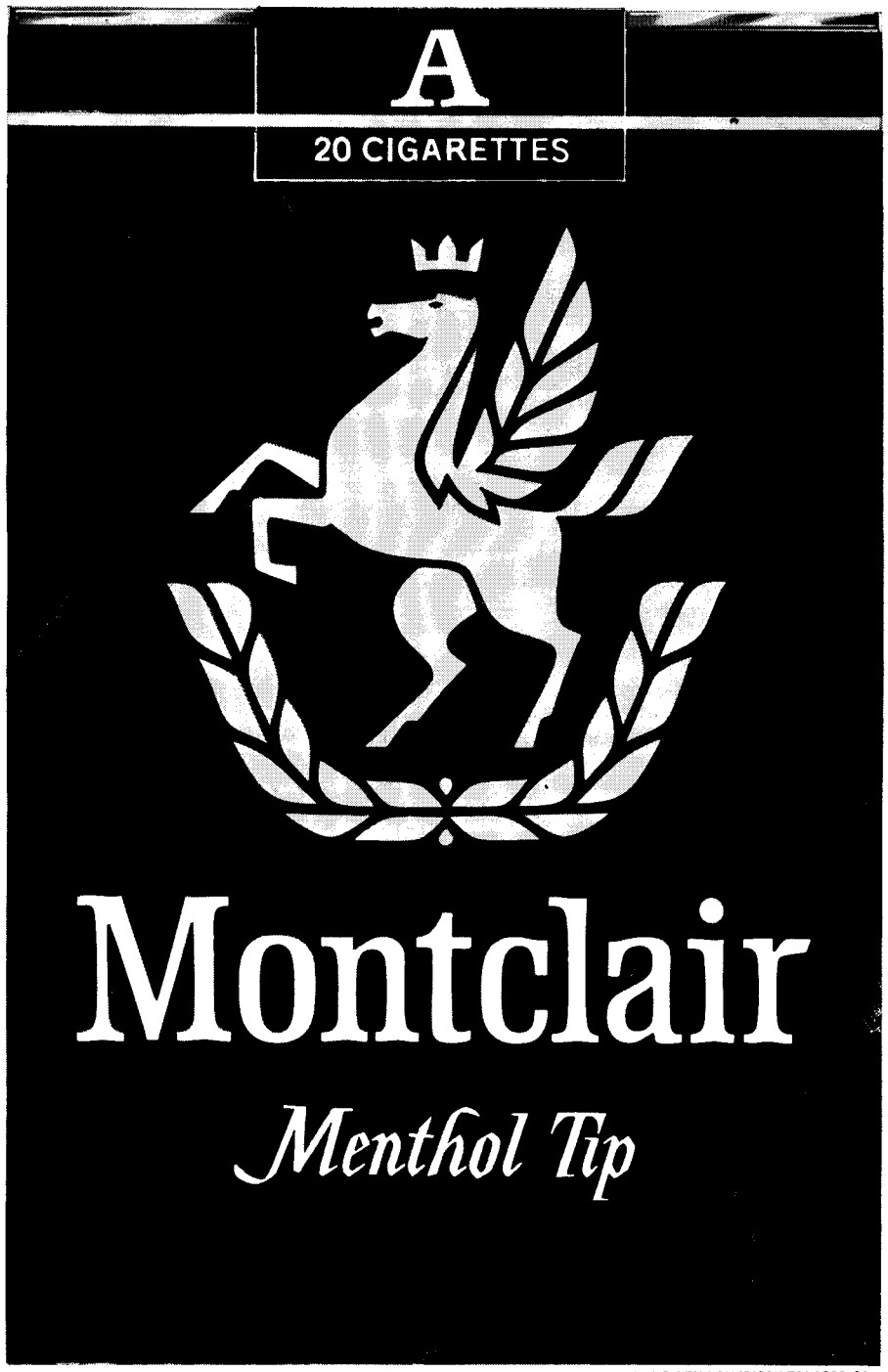
Yet the list of pioneering efforts is short. To many critics this suggests that the states are not only unwilling but also unable to solve important problems by themselves. But in several instances—where the states mustered the will—they've found a way. California provides an example.

In 1944, the California General Assembly tried to change its name. Too many citizens, lawmakers argued, were confusing it with a factory assembly line. The attempt was unsuccessful; yet it was easy to understand the legislature's desire to improve its image. At the time, that image was terrible.

"On St. Patrick's Day of 1948," recalls author Joan Didion, "I was taken to see the legislature in action, a dismal experience. A handful of florid assemblymen wearing green hats were reading Pat and Mike jokes into the record. I still think of the legislature that way—wearing green hats and sitting on the veranda of the Senator Hotel and entertaining [lobbyist] Artie Samish's emissaries."

Miss Didion's portrait is outdated. In recent years, that legislature has shown both ability and willingness to innovate. California's freeway system, for example, was the stepchild of Sen. Randolph (The Silver Fox) Collier. The state's master plan for education was drafted by Sen. George Miller Jr.; so excellent was this plan that it is now being copied in a dozen states. And from the Assembly came a scheme to harness the intellectual horsepower of California's "think factories." Last spring the state hired four aerospace firms to find solutions to problems of crime and transportation that California will face in the year 2,000.

A visitor to Sacramento is struck by legislators like Jerry Waldie, the trim, dark-haired, 40-year-old Democratic majority leader in the Assembly. An intense man who cares deeply about the problems of mental retardation, he directed a year-long probe of the state's mental institutions, then pushed through sweeping reforms. Or consider Sen. Tom Rees, a lanky, informal man who is perhaps the only lawmaker in the nation with the intestinal courage needed to pour a jigger of gin into a glass of Scotch whiskey and then swallow the mixture without grimacing. Rees, recently elevated to the U.S. Congress in a special election, is concerned about urban sprawl. "One third of all our downtown areas are made up of ugly parking lots," he says, and he grins as he tells a visitor about an informal group he has organized "to give awards to the people who do the most to screw up our natural environment." The name of this group is Los Angeles



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Gruesome (LAG); he hopes it will spread to the Bay Area around San Francisco (BAG) and eventually to Sacramento itself (SAG).

Men like Waldie and Rees can wrestle with complex problems primarily because they have provided themselves with adequate tools. A legislator's basic salary is just $6,000, but the state provides fringe benefits (among them: an automobile, oil- and telephone-company credit cards) which, in effect, double that amount. Furthermore, each legislator has a private office and at least one assistant—not only in Sacramento but also in his home district.

Even more significant is the amount of professional help lawmakers receive. Each of the Assembly's 23 committees, for example, has a staff director and a secretary; some committees have a dozen employees. In addition, there is a "floating" central staff of men and women who can be loaned out as the need arises. To answer general questions, assemblymen call on a six-man reference bureau. To draft bills and get legal opinions, they rely on a legislative council of 20 attorneys. And when they want to examine such matters as the governor's budget requests, they turn to a separate staff of 16 fiscal analysts.

"We have had to develop these tools," says Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, "so we wouldn't be conned all the time either by the executive branch or by the special-interest groups." Unruh himself has played a major role in that development. Once, asked why California had such a progressive legislature, he replied, "Me." It was hardly an overstatement.

Basically Unruh is a pragmatist. Over and over again, in a somber, bullfrog voice, he reiterates his favorite theme: A legislature cannot be the *expressive* arm of government until it is independent. And it cannot be independent until it is adequately paid, housed and staffed. He suggests further that "state government could profit greatly by emulating the 'result' orientation of private enterprise." And he envisions a coming era of "a new politics that is not restricted by conventional wisdom or ideological rigidity. If we cannot generate thinking in state government," he adds, "then we cannot survive."

California is not the sole repository of political virtue in the United States, nor is its virtue uniform. Like other state governments, California's is ever threatened by human fallibility and often thwarted as it gropes toward a future of awesome complexity. Yet in its demonstrated willingness to grapple with gut issues, the state can serve as a qualified example to its 49 sisters.

There are signs that the states—frightened by the specter of further federal encroachment and mounting fiscal crisis and shaken by the rigors of reapportionment—are gaining vitality. Some states, for example, are experimenting with regional solutions to the urban problems that often spill across arbitrary boundary lines. Indiana and Illinois signed a compact on air pollution last year, and New York has joined with Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Michigan to reverse the tide of pollution in Lake Erie. The 1965 Governors' Conference adopted an interstate compact on education and set up a commission to make recommendations to the states. "We are coming to realize," says former North Carolina governor Terry Sanford, "that education is too large and too important a subject to be left to the haphazard chance of unconnected state and local efforts. It is also too complex to be left to a single guiding national hand."

One lobbyist boasted: 'I can tell if a legislator wants a baked potato, a girl or money.' He was usually right.

To solve their pressing fiscal problems, the states have lately been exerting tremendous efforts. Indiana, for example, faced a money crisis two years ago. The state desperately needed $200 million. Its level of services was abysmal. Its citizens were screaming about inadequate schools, high property taxes and the inability of the legislature to rise above petty partisanship. Then the legislature bravely enacted a compromise tax plan. Republicans accepted a two-percent income tax; Democrats a two-percent sales tax. It was stipulated that poor families who paid sales taxes on such essentials as food could apply for refunds on the state's income tax.

All of this was highly unorthodox. For a while license plates blossomed with the unofficial legend, "Land of Taxes," and several legislators who voted for the plan were defeated in the 1964 elections. But the plan has worked. Over the past 24 months the state of Indiana has not only veered away from bankruptcy; it has also improved its services substantially.

In 31 states last year legislators mustered sufficient courage to increase existing taxes. Additional increases are expected this spring. There is, however, a practical and political ceiling on the amount of money the states can collect by themselves. Realizing this, most governors and legislators have been pinning their hopes on federal acceptance of a modified "Heller plan."

Before Dr. Walter Heller resigned as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, he proposed a plan whereby the Federal Government would return a fixed portion of income-tax funds to the states. The states could use this money in almost any way they saw fit. As Heller envisioned it, the plan would not only reduce a worrisome federal surplus; it would also prompt the states to become more active partners in the federal system.

Organized labor howled. So did the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. If the states are handed gift packages from Washington, their argument ran, the states would simply lower taxes and forget about improving services. In addition, they claimed, the Heller plan would deflate the current pressure on the states to modernize their own archaic tax structures. President Johnson seemed impressed with such reasoning. And he seemed piqued, too, by what he considered to be a premature disclosure of the plan in *The New York Times*. So nothing was done about it.

Last October, New York's Sen. Jacob Javits introduced a modified version of the plan in Congress. Javits's proposal would establish a trust fund of about $2.5 billion. Eighty percent of this money would be distributed on the basis of population; the remaining 20 percent would be divided among the states with the lowest per capita incomes. The money could be used only for health, education and welfare projects.

Javits, however, is a Republican; his party is in the minority. It is unlikely that the plan will win congressional approval this year. "But sooner or later the Federal Government is bound to adopt it," insists one Washington economist. "Similar schemes have already been tried successfully in Australia and Canada." The economist pauses, then grins. "If you like this idea," he says, "you better start calling it the Johnson plan."

In an effort to disentangle themselves from a web of outmoded restrictions, at least 25 states have established constitutional-revision commissions. Almost all these commissions are recommending that many previously elective positions be made appointive; that governors be given longer terms and greater powers; that archaic borrowing and taxing provisions be thrown on the junk pile. "Not since the Southern states reentered the Union after the Civil War," says Alfred Willoughby, executive director of the National Municipal League, "has there been such a widespread examination of state constitutions. And this is only the beginning."

As a further outgrowth of these revisions, the legislative structure is also being strengthened. The number of states holding annual sessions, for example, has risen sharply in the last decade. In Pennsylvania, Maryland, Montana and other states, lawmakers' salaries are being increased. ("You won't get better legislators *merely* by paying more money," says one lifelong student of state government, "but you won't get better legislators *unless* you do.")

Gradually most legislatures are beginning to realize the importance of sound research. Some are taking advantage of a legislative-intern program cosponsored by the Ford Foundation; others are strengthening existing staffs. And many legislatures are even paying attention to those old bugaboos—conflict of interest and control of lobbying. New York, for example, strengthened its code of ethics last session. And in Nebraska, where lobbying activities were likened recently to "a semaphore operation on the railroad," lawmakers approved a measure providing that lobbyists can be fined and thrown into jail for six months if convicted of contempt of the legislature.

Such improvements, of course, are commendable. Yet many observers wonder whether they're not too few in number and too late in coming. The trend of the times seems to be running against the states. As the nation becomes increasingly mobile, state boundaries will become even less significant. As federal programs proliferate, state programs will shrivel. As they expect less and less from state government, Americans will show even less interest in it. Citizen loyalties will focus instead on Washington, D.C. And if the states are deprived of these loyalties, they will cease to function as meaningful units of government.

"The states today," says Pennsylvania Rep. K. LeRoy Irvis, "are under the same sort of evolutionary pressure that animals are under. If they don't shape up, they'll get eaten up."

Can the states, somehow, shape up? Can they recapture the loyalty of their constituents, retain their role as active partners in the federal system and stem the tide of sweeping centralization?

The only way in which the states can erect a barrier against the extension of national power, a distinguished American once wrote, is for the states to strengthen their governments. . . . "As this cannot be done by any change in the Federal Constitution . . . it must be done by the states themselves . . ."

The author was Thomas Jefferson. □

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Once people took the bug's good points for granted, it became the best-selling car model in history.

And that's when the VW fad ended.

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IS LOVE, SWEET LOVE, A CRIME?

In what may prove a crucial case, the Supreme Court faces the issue of obscenity and the fate of Ralph Ginzburg.

By JOHN SKOW

It was a beautiful spring day in November, and Ralph Ginzburg was as happy as a man could be. Barry Goldwater was suing him for two million dollars. Ginzburg put on a dark suit and a fine bowler and went down to his lawyer's office in the Manhattan financial district. He was a little nervous. Would Barry show up? Would the press show up? Ginzburg publishes a bad-mannered exposé magazine called *Fact* ("An antidote to the timidity and corruption of the American press"), and lawsuits are very important. If Barry didn't show for the pretrial examination, the whole thing was off. And if the press stayed away, what was the point of being sued? As Ginzburg had said to me, with the negligent hand wave of a man who has just offered to endow a children's hospital, "Look, I'm not getting anything out of this except a little publicity."

The press turned up, however; two photographers, a reporter from the *World-Telegram*, a gentleman from *The Times*, and myself. Ginzburg gave everyone a radiant smile, shook hands all around and then went in to tell his lawyers we were there. Of course we got thrown out. A pale young advocate appeared, flapping his hands as if he were trying to dry them. "This is a law office," he said in horror. Ginzburg's lawyers do not value the press as highly as he does. Ralph Ginzburg is always running into people, some of them federal judges, who do not share his values.

We slunk into the hall. There was muttering. Was Goldwater really going to appear? No one knew how to figure it. How had Ginzburg managed to come up with the one insult, of all the insults flung about during a bitter campaign, galling enough to persuade Goldwater to file a libel suit?

What Ginzburg had done was get hold of a mailing list. Ginzburg can draw music from a mailing list that George Szell cannot equal with the entire Cleveland Orchestra (an acquaintance who is well established in promotion calls Ginzburg "the best there is, particularly in direct mail"). The list contained the names and addresses of the nation's 12,356 psychiatrists. Ginzburg had sent a letter to each of them asking politely whether Barry Goldwater was mentally qualified for the presidency. The result of the poll was printed in the September-October '64 issue of *Fact*.

Ginzburg reported that 2,417 psychiatrists replied. Of these, 571 said they did not know enough about Goldwater to offer opinions. The majority of those who did offer an opinion felt that Goldwater was mentally unfit for the job of chief executive. The tone and wording of some of the replies printed in *Fact* were extremely harsh, and the Goldwater suit followed.

And suddenly, here he was. "Look," said the *Telegram* reporter.

"Yes, it is he," said the *Times* man.

Goldwater and three lawyers were walking toward us, clomp-clomp. Goldwater spotted the photographers and put his hand up to his snappy tweed grouse-shooting hat, as if to adjust it. But he didn't adjust the hat; he just kept his hand in front of his face. "Hey, um," one of the photographers said alertly. But Goldwater must not have heard him, because he clomped on into Ginzburg's lawyer's office. That was that; Richard Harding Davis would have crawled through an air duct and come back with the story, but we all went home.

That night Ginzburg, the only journalist present, called to say the pretrial examination had been just great. Then Goldwater was dropping the suit?

No, said Ginzburg, sounding a little hurt. The suit was still on, absolutely. His voice had a showman's tone: I promised elephants on ice skates, so ice-skating elephants you'll get. But the tone changed abruptly, as it often does with Ginzburg. He can, as one associate observed, sound like Sammy Glick and Joan of Arc in the same sentence. Now the embattled idealist, he said quietly, "You know, it was interesting today. I learned a lot. But I hate fighting these rear-guard actions. I've got so many wonderful things I want to do, so many unexplored ideas and directions I can forge ahead in . . ."

Did Ginzburg still think he would win? Click back to Glick: "Yeah, man, no question at all."

What if Goldwater won a big settlement? "Sure, well, I'd say one hundred thousand, make that two hundred thousand, and I'd lose the magazine."

It is not as if Ginzburg does not know where his next magazine is coming from. In a year or so he hopes to have two more on the market. One is to be "a kind of news weekly," and the other a return appearance of a lavish, preposterous, $10-a-copy quarterly called *Eros*. Ginzburg got out four issues of *Eros* in 1962. The magazine had hard covers and soft insides and was sometimes referred to as "*The American Heritage* of the bedroom." Its naughtiness was oddly Edwardian, sharply distinct from the push-the-button-and-the-bed-revolves-as-the-plastic-lady-slowly-inflates absurdity of *Playboy*. On the inside front cover of the fourth issue were the words, "'Unto the pure all things are pure . . .'" and on the inside back cover "'. . . but unto them that are defiled . . . is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled.'—*Titus* 1:15, *The Holy Bible*."

Nevertheless, not everyone found all things pure in *Eros*. In 1963, after the Post Office had received 35,000 complaints, Ginzburg was indicted on 28 counts of mailing obscene literature. *Eros*'s fourth issue was the principal target of the indictment, but two other Ginzburg publications were involved—*The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity* and a leaflet titled *Liaison, the Biweekly Newsletter of Love*. Ginzburg was tried in Federal Court in Philadelphia and found guilty on all counts. His sentence was a fine of $42,000 and five years in the penitentiary. His appeal was rejected by a U.S. Circuit Court, and a few weeks ago, an appeal from that decision was heard by the U.S. Supreme Court.

This puts the Goldwater drollery in perspective. Getting sued by Goldwater is just something Ralph Ginzburg does on the side. To a man who faces five years as a guest of the Department of Justice, a two-million-dollar libel suit looks a little like a parking ticket.

Ginzburg, whom headline writers turned into a "smut king" and a "millionaire publisher" after his conviction, says happily that he expects a "landmark vindication" in the Supreme Court. "Ralph always expects to win," said Warren Boroson, Ginzburg's bearded, 30-year-old right-hand man, and the editor of *Fact*. "Courage? I don't know. He's a Pollyanna. He can't help always thinking things are going to be rosy."

The Supreme Court hearing itself fell short of good courtroom drama, despite the fact that the Government's attorney, Paul Bender, had rigged himself out in a severe black tailcoat that made him look like a cartoonist's version of a vice suppressor. The defense made no plea for a restatement of the obscenity laws, and the prosecution merely asked for a refinement: A work being judged for obscenity must be considered as a whole, but can a magazine publisher put an obscene article beyond the reach of law by printing it in an issue that is otherwise inoffensive?

The justices were restive. There were about 25 books involved in Ginzburg's case, and two other obscenity cases that followed it. Chief Justice Earl Warren asked, was the court really supposed to read them? And the thousands of books in future obscenity prosecutions? If so, he said with no sign of amusement, "We're in trouble."

Almost no one is happy with the laws and precedents by which the U.S. now unsuccessfully tries to control obscenity. An increasing body of opinion holds that there should be *no* such laws. This is clearly a minority view, and even to many citizens who despise censorship it seems extreme. But it is obvious that sexual attitudes have changed radically since the time of Anthony Comstock, the strange, sex-tormented man who in 1873 lobbied through the

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Congress the law that still governs the mailing of obscenity. Comstock and his fellow Victorians never doubted that obscenity and pornography led to antisocial behavior. Harsh penalties seemed reasonable, and the Comstock law still provides a fine of up to $10,000 and up to 10 years in jail for *each count* of mailing obscene matter. Since Ginzburg was charged on 28 counts, he could have been sentenced to a $280,000 fine and 280 years in jail.

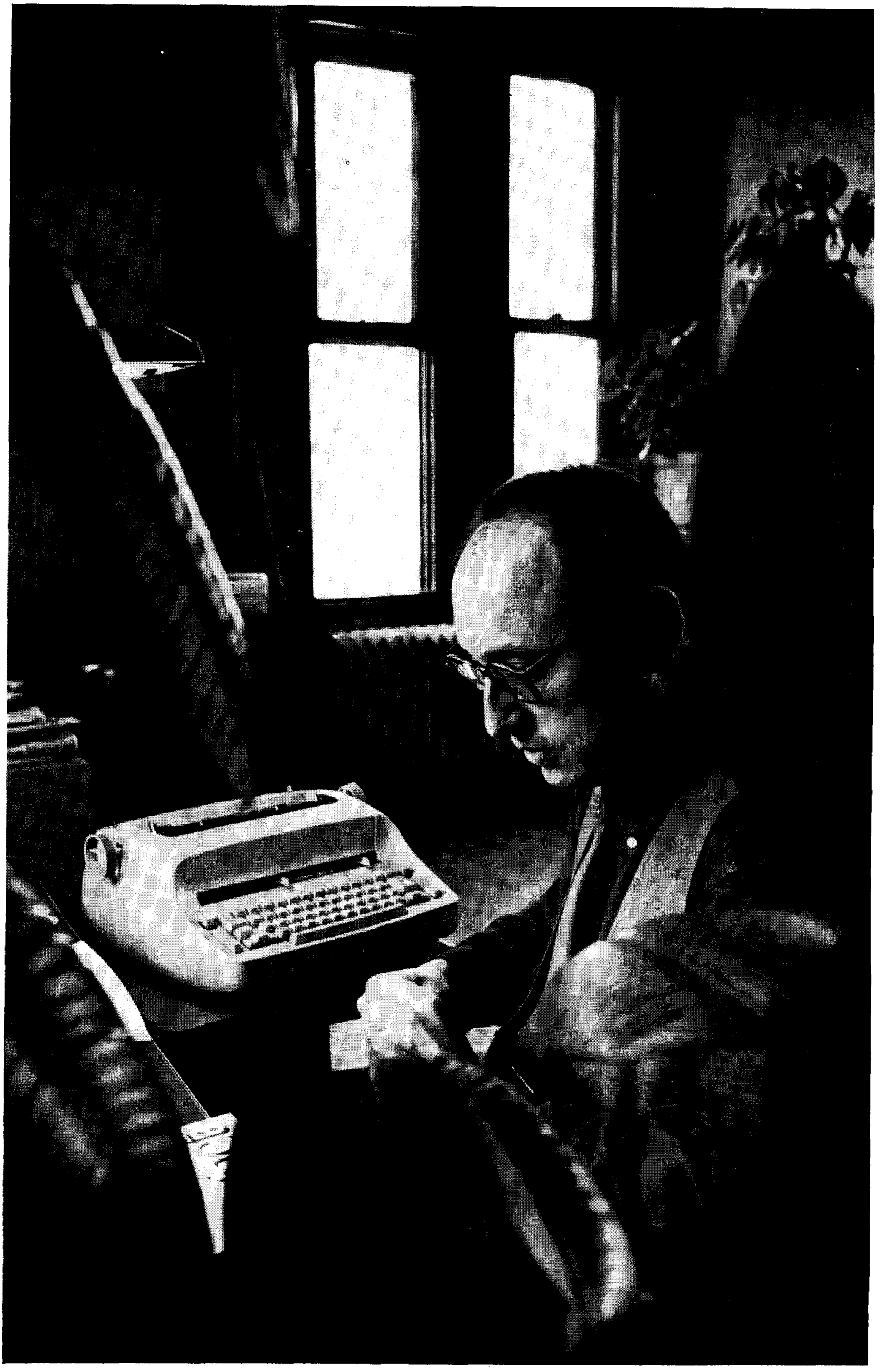
Even more perplexing than the control of obscenity is the question of what it is. The Supreme Court last tried to deal with the question in 1957, when it upheld by a 5-4 vote the jail sentence of another so-called "smut king," Samuel Roth. The court's majority finding was that material is obscene if: (1) it is "utterly without redeeming social importance"; (2) it "goes substantially beyond customary limits" in sexual matters; and (3) "to the average person, applying contemporary community standards, the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest."

Obscene material, the court decided, lay outside the protection of the First (free speech) Amendment. But there were eloquent dissents. "I have the same confidence in the ability of our people to reject noxious literature as I have in their capacity to sort out the true from the false in theology, economics, politics or any other field," wrote Justice William O. Douglas. Since the Roth case, appointments to the court have strengthened its civil-libertarian wing, so Ginzburg's hope of buying his own meals for the next five years may be justified.

"Yeah, but listen," a friend of Ginzburg said. "If there weren't any obscenity laws, Ralph would have found some other way to bug the Supreme Court. He needs it, the way other guys need to argue with their wives."

I presented this theory to Ginzburg. He was sitting in his New York office, an improbable roost on West 40th Street, reached by taking an elevator for 26 floors to the loft *Fact* uses for its offices, then climbing four floors up a spiral iron staircase to what in an ordinary building would be the water tower. The three-sided view of Manhattan is spectacular, and a little imagination would make the place look like Batman's apartment. But the only decorative elements are a hand-lettered quotation from Oliver Wendell Holmes ("A man should share the action and passion of his times at peril of being judged not to have lived"), and a disgusted-looking rubber plant. Nor was Ginzburg himself decorative. In construction worker's shoes, wash-and-wear pants and a denim shirt, he might have been a crew-cut 36-year-old sociology instructor stealing an afternoon to work on his Ph.D. thesis.

Ginzburg rephrased my question: "Do I have a psychological need to be a social outcast?" Very positively he said "No." Then he thought for a moment and went on: "Wait a minute, that's naïve. I guess I must have." Another pause. "I do have a need to be a social



"Yeah," states Ginzburg, "I am championing free speech and a liberation of the human spirit with regard to sexual expression."

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When the judge said 'Eros' was dirty, Ginzburg quoted William Blake.

reformer. This results in the fact that many people hate me." A hesitation, then, "I think I represent positive philosophies. . . ."

It does not take long to realize that this is true; Ginzburg is always philosophizing positively. At the moment, for instance, he is thinking about starting a lonely-hearts column in *Fact.* "We wouldn't have any fetishism, or nudism, or wife swapping," he explains, "not that I don't think these people have a right. . . ." The reason for the column is that, "We have a very superior readership, and if you are a superior person, it is hard to find a mate. A lot of terrible blind dates could be avoided." It is hard to know how to take a statement like this.

Money is always a good first guess when the motives of a publisher are in question, but there is no big money in a column of personal notices (*Fact* now carries no ads). *Fact* editor Boroson, who thinks the lonely-hearts idea is terrible, says, "No, it isn't really money. Ralph honestly thinks the column would help people."

Yet people often have difficulty in recognizing Ginzburg as an idealist. Federal Judge Ralph C. Body, a dour exponent of conventional morality who presided at the *Eros* trial, called Ginzburg's publications "dirt for dirt's sake and dirt for money's sake."

Ginzburg responded by quoting William Blake:

Children of the future age
Reading this indignant page
Know that in a former time
Love, sweet love, was thought a crime.

Federal Judge Gerald McLaughlin, in his decision refusing Ginzburg's appeal, called Ginzburg an expert "in the shoddy business of pandering to and exploiting for money one of the great weaknesses of human being (sic)." Ginzburg replied that "Future generations of Americans will look back with shame and remorse at today's decision." Later he dealt with the fast-buck charge: "I have invested virtually my last cent in making my publications as glorious as I could possibly afford them to be." (His next-to-last cent, he admits; he says he lives "at a $20,000-a-year rate," and has about that much invested in stocks.)

There is a certain comedy to these exchanges, and to Ginzburg's habit of going down gallantly with some ship or other at least once a month. (One of Ginzburg's lesser sinkings came in 1964, when he tried to keep Barry Goldwater's name off the ballot in California and New York on the grounds that—since Goldwater was born in Arizona before it became a state—he was not a citizen of the U.S. After his suit was thrown out of its first court, Ginzburg announced, "I feel that we will win. The court will have to pervert the Constitution in order for us not to win.")

Ginzburg would give a public-relations man the shudders. He is the shrewdest of opportunists when there is something to be sold to the public, but his own public behavior sometimes is so clownish that it is not always possible to take him or his causes seriously. He is boyishly earnest and cheerfully sleazy, and there is a likable quality in his makeup—it could be honesty—that will not let him hide the sleaziness.

Ginzburg lives with his three children and his pretty, dark-haired second wife Shoshana in a big, new, expensive penthouse overlooking the Hudson River in Manhattan. Eventually a visitor gets a drink, although Ginzburg, a near teetotaler, worries that the gin may have spoiled. There are several pieces of good Scandinavian furniture, a big hi-fi-TV console, a fine Tiffany glass chandelier, and not much else. Everything seems unfinished; waiting, perhaps, on the court cases. Ginzburg says he comes home from *Fact* at about five-thirty or six, eats supper and goes to bed by seven-thirty. He gets up at two or three in the morning, works at *Fact* until eight, returns home for breakfast, and goes back to *Fact.* He keeps this schedule seven days a week, except for Saturday afternoons, when he and Shoshana may see a movie or take the children to the park. "And that's my life, man," he says, sounding a little puzzled by it.

A telescope stands by the window. It is for looking at the river and birds. Ginzburg is a birdwatcher and wishes he had more time for it. He also wishes he could vote. He can't, because he is a convicted felon.

Ginzburg was a late-blooming enigma. He was raised in Brooklyn in a middle-class Jewish household. His father, who is dead, was a house painter. His mother, who lives in California, was "mortified" at *Eros,* and Ginzburg says, "She doesn't understand things like that." He attended Brooklyn's New Utrecht High, played clarinet in a dance band, and went on to major in accounting at City College of New York. "He was always a tremendous pusher and very glib. We called him Windy," recalled Sandy Socolow, a television producer who knew Ginzburg at City College. "He wasn't particularly a rebel. He took a journalism course there, and got interested."

Ginzburg says that the journalism course at C.C.N.Y. "changed my life." Although he does not talk of it, his life must also have been changed cruelly by an early marriage and, within the space of a year or so, the birth of a daughter and the death of his first wife in a subway accident.

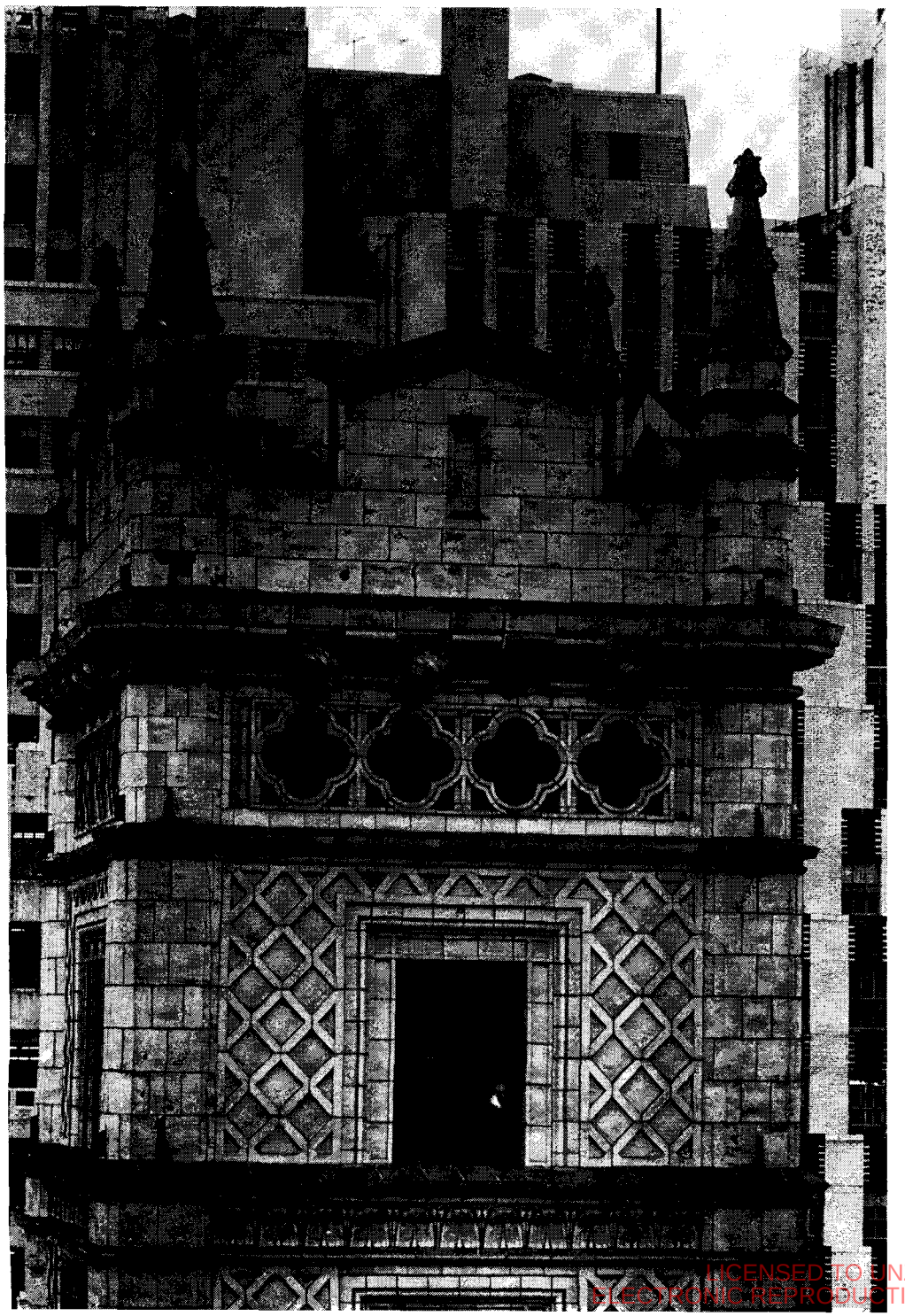
He began doing free-lance magazine articles—one of his first was a story for *Outdoor Life* on fishing off Manhattan's docks—and by the time he was 23 he had talked his way into a job as director of circulation promotion at *Look.* A girl who dated him then said that he "dressed very Madison Avenue, but he talked Brooklyn. He was proud of it. When someone talked with a Harvard accent, he would emphasize the Brooklyn." When Ginzburg's magazines, *Eros* and *Fact,* appeared, she said, "I was really shocked. It didn't seem to be like him at all. He seemed to get himself in deeper and deeper, as if he wasn't going to let himself be intimidated."

While Ginzburg was at *Look,* an *Esquire* editor asked him to do an article on erotic literature. Later, *Esquire* publisher Arnold Gingrich hired Ginzburg as articles editor. "He *was* a good idea producer," recalled Gingrich. "He was the loyal opposition; our idea meetings were Ralph against everybody else."

Esquire never published the erotica piece, but Ginzburg was fascinated by the subject, and by the increasing freedom that publishers were being allowed in sexual matters. He larded his *Esquire* article, AN UNHURRIED VIEW OF EROTICA, with cautious excerpts from such underground classics as *Fanny Hill,* persuaded psychiatrist Theodore Reik and drama critic George Jean Nathan to write introductions and decided to publish it as a book.

Ginzburg procured a mailing list, sent out invitations to buy *Unhurried View* at $7.50 a copy, and when enough orders came in, hired a printer. "It was a nothing book," Ginzburg says now. But *Unhurried View* sold more than a quarter of a million copies and made, Ginzburg estimates, "about one hundred thousand dollars" for Helmsman Press, whose owner and sole staff was Ralph Ginzburg.

That was 1958, when he was 29. For the next four years Ginzburg did very little disturbing of the peace. He wrote magazine articles, visited Europe with Shoshana, and tried to figure out how



Ralph Ginzburg sips coffee in business aerie. Visitors must take elevator 26 floors, then climb four flights up spooky spiral stairs.

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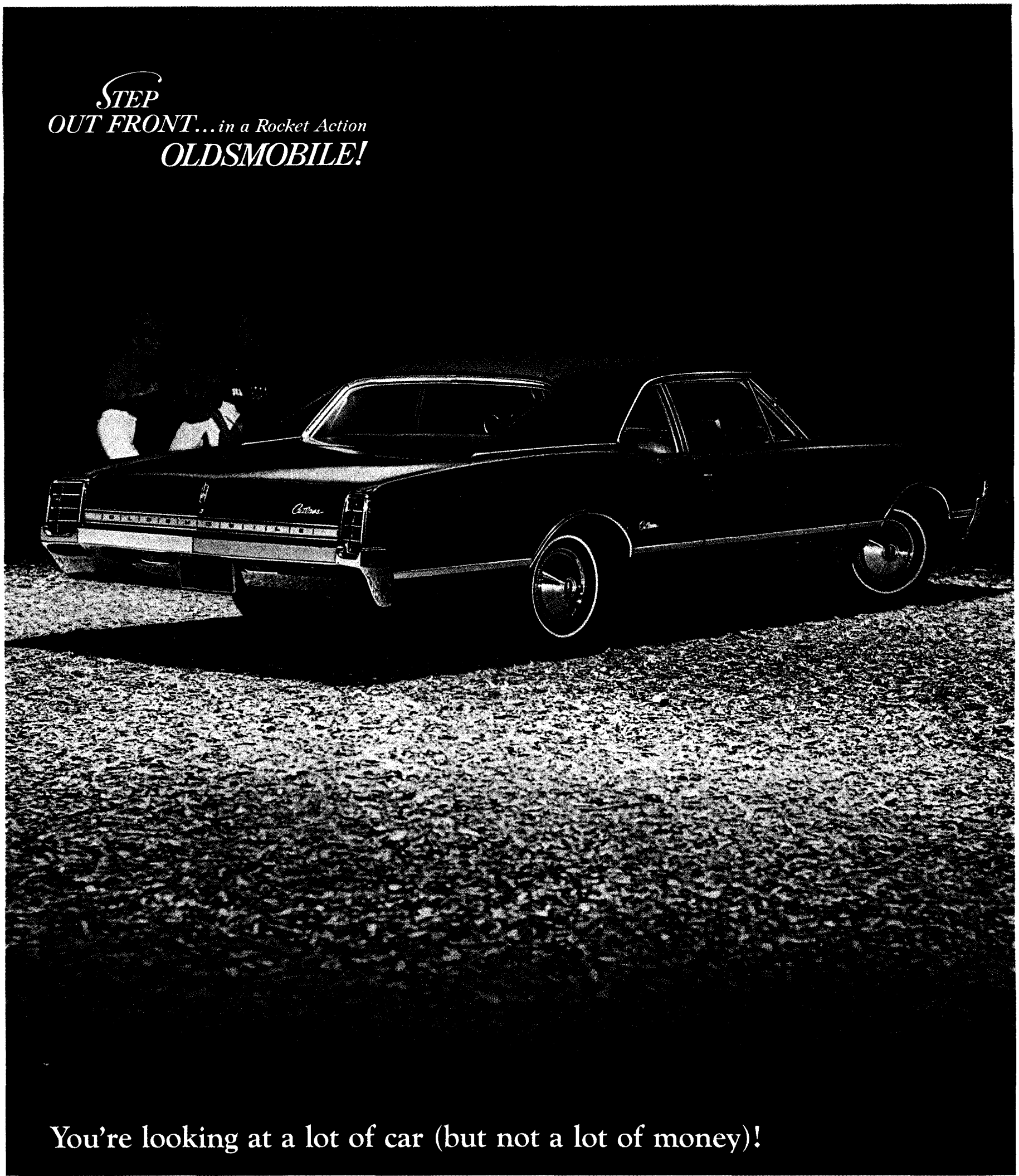
STEP
OUT FRONT... in a Rocket Action
OLDSMOBILE!



You're looking at a lot of car (but not a lot of money)!

Toronado-inspired Cutlass Sports Coupe—now available with vinyl roof.

And the closer you look, the more you'll find. Longer-looking new lines, new rear-window motif! Thoughtfully appointed new interiors! Resilient four-coil-spring ride! Up to 320 hp Rocket V-8. Bucket seats. And front and rear seat belts are standard equipment. Fasten yours. Make sure back seat riders do, too! Drive a dashing Olds Cutlass. More car you won't find for anywhere near the money. LOOK TO OLDS FOR THE NEW!

Oldsmobile Division, General Motors Corp.

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One reason Touch-Tone® dialing will be at your fingertips is that Western Electric is part of the Bell System.

The push-buttons on this new Touch-Tone phone cut dialing time in half. It's also easier, and you're less apt to make a mistake.

Western Electric is constantly at work making new products which will improve your Bell telephone service. Touch-Tone service is one example. And we not only produce these precise push-button telephones, but we also make reliable switching equipment used in telephone offices to handle this new dialing convenience. Every week, more offices are converting to Touch-Tone service.

Improving your telephone service is as important to Western Electric as it is to your Bell telephone company. We're on the same Bell System team, have been since 1882. Working together with the same purpose: to bring you the world's finest telephone service at low cost.

Western Electric
MANUFACTURING & SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

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to repeat the *Unhurried* caper. By late 1961 he had it.

Again he sent out invitations. One batch of 6,067,573, it was brought out in court, cost $136,438.48 to mail. (The location of the mailing company, Middlesex, N.J., was pure happenstance, but no one believed this when it turned out that Ginzburg also had tried to send out mailings from a hamlet in Pennsylvania called Intercourse.) Ginzburg advised his correspondents that because of "recent court decisions which have realistically interpreted America's stultifying obscenity statutes," it was possible to offer a fine new quarterly called *Eros* which would deal "joyfully with the subjects of love and sex." *Eros*, Ginzburg went on, "would not be inhibited by formulae or fig-leafed by censors." Some of the invitations went to places like the St. Charles Convent, Philadelphia, and the Academy of Sisters of Mercy, Gwynedd Valley, Pa., but as Ginzburg explained later, when you use large mailing lists, you are bound to get a few nuns and schoolchildren.

Ginzburg also got enough subscribers at $10 a copy or $25, cut-rate, a year, to justify a press run of 75,000. The first number of *Eros* was beautifully laid out and remarkably tame. There was a color spread of some not very risqué antique playing cards, a translation of a Maupassant story, a photo-essay called LOVE IN THE SUBWAY, which showed couples necking decorously, and a few other noncombustible features.

Fortunately some of the reviews were raves. "*Eros* is nothing but a pornographic magazine peddling smut," said Norman Vincent Peale in the *Reader's Digest*. And on the floor of the House of Representatives, Rep. Kathryn Granahan, chairman of the Post Office operations subcommittee, said that "The presses of this pornographic pestilence must be stopped and its scabrous publisher smitten." That was more like it. *Eros* was a success.

The next two issues of *Eros* were less timid. A series of semi-nude photos of Marilyn Monroe, printed after her death, caused a stir. But two attempts to shut down the magazine failed. Postmaster General J. Edward Day reported to Representative Granahan that "it has been determined that the prosecution would not be successful." In New York a grand jury failed to indict Ginzburg on an obscenity charge. Encouraged, Ginzburg advertised for "intelligent,attractive,college-educated ladies to sell *Eros* door to door."

Cockiness of this sort stirred up citizens who felt that conventional morality was being ridiculed. *Playboy* was nuder, and Henry Miller's books were more detailed in their portrayal of sex, but *Eros* drew more complaints than any other publication. When the celebrated fourth issue of *Eros* appeared, Ralph Ginzburg was hit with a 28-count indictment.

The fourth issue contained a treatment of LOVE IN THE BIBLE, Biblical quotations illustrated by Dürer and Rembrandt etchings; a collection of naughty limericks; some bawdy excerpts from Frank Harris's autobiography (which is now mailable, but was not in 1962); and an effort of mine, an adaptation of Aristophanes's wonderful sex comedy, *Lysistrata*. (Ginzburg, whom I had not met, persuaded me by phone to write it. I signed it, uncourageously, with a pseudonym, although it was no bluer than the versions of *Lysistrata* used in colleges.) But the main offender was a spread of color photographs showing a nude Negro man and a nude white girl. The photography was done with taste. The boy and girl were portraying love, but they were not making love. Nevertheless the combination of coeducational nudity and interracial love was enormously upsetting to some of the complaining citizens—as of course Ginzburg had intended that it be. (He says now, with cynicism that seems justifiable, that there would have been no fuss if the man had been white and the girl had been Negro.)

Although Ginzburg published *Eros* in New York, the Government chose to try him in Philadelphia, a city where the censorship forces were strong (later in 1963 a mass of impounded literature—none of it Ginzburg's—was publicly burned on the steps of Philadelphia's Messiah Lutheran Church, while choirboys sang). The trial followed the standard pattern in censorship cases: The prosecution passionate in the belief that free expression in sexual matters is dangerous and must be curtailed; defense witnesses of high reputation arguing that sexual expression cannot be obscene, and that the danger to society is from censorship; and both sides embarrassed by the man in the middle, the defendant.

"Where does he think he's going, to his wedding?" asked Judge Body, when Ginzburg showed up in court in a straw boater and striped jacket. Judge Body also showed stern disapproval of Ginzburg's attempt to mail *Eros* from Intercourse, Pa. A postmark does not, of course, make a magazine more nor less obscene, but it was clear that the judge was offended by Ginzburg's light-mindedness in so serious a matter. ("I still think it was a good gag; what's the difference?" said Ginzburg recently. A friend of his reacted to that response with: "That's it. Ralph really can't see the difference. He doesn't know why people get upset.")

Critic Dwight Macdonald, Ginzburg's star literary witness, found no difficulty defending *Eros* as a seriously intended magazine, with some excellent features and some poor ones, but nothing "obscene." He was somewhat less enthusiastic in discussing the other publications for which Ginzburg had been indicted, the newsletter *Liaison* and the *Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*. Neither, he said, went beyond the "customary limits of candor"—one of the Supreme Court's tests for obscenity. The *Handbook*—a matter-of-fact journal of a woman's sexual history—had "no literary value," Macdonald said, although it might have value "as a case history which certain doctors and gynecologists and so on would find of interest." Macdonald called an issue of *Liaison*—a tame, cheaply produced moneymaker that must have disappointed its subscribers—"tasteless, vulgar and repulsive," but added that this, "in my mind doesn't make it obscene or pornographic."

Recently Ginzburg told me that "I didn't think I was doing anything great when I put out *Handbook* and *Liaison*. I just needed revenue." Most publishing, of course, is done for profit, and Ginzburg's commercialism should not have prejudiced his case. But it did, and in the free-speech revolution he made a somewhat tarnished hero. It was as if Nathan Hale had said, "I only regret that I have not sold publishing rights to Random House before dying for my country."

When Ginzburg's case went before the appeals court, more than 100 editors, publishers, teachers and medical men signed a brief supporting the appeal. One of them was Kenneth McCormick, vice president and editor-in-chief of Doubleday. "No, I don't know Ginzburg, and I don't approve of everything he does," said McCormick. "But it's terribly wrong when a publisher can go to jail because his taste differs from a postal inspector's."

Another signer was publisher Barney Rosset, whose Grove Press waged a successful legal fight to publish Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. "I don't feel particularly close to Ginzburg," Rosset said, "but I'm completely opposed to censorship. Nobody has a right to tell me what to read or publish." Enforcement of censorship law is always capricious, he said. "Look at Ginzburg. Why is he under sentence and not somebody else? Within the last two years Massachusetts declared *Fanny Hill* obscene by a vote of four to three, and *Tropic of Cancer* not obscene, also by a four-to-three vote. In New York State, in the same period, *Tropic* was called obscene and *Fanny Hill* not obscene, both by four-to-three votes. It doesn't make any sense."

In the meantime the man who embarrasses his defenders sits in his 40th Street rookery, unabashed, unresentful and amazingly unworried. He says things like, "Yeah, right, I am championing free speech and a liberation of the human spirit with regard to sexual expression." Or he may say, "Probably five thousand more Americans will be alive next year, due to"—here he thinks and backs down a bit—"indirectly due to *Fact* magazine." (*Fact* published an article, of which Ginzburg is very proud, stating that AMERICAN CARS ARE DEATHTRAPS. Ginzburg apparently sees a connection between the article and the fact that Congress later began an inquiry on auto safety.)

"We're an imperfect magazine," Ginzburg says. "You can see it. We've done things that make me wince." What things? "Oh, like we had on the cover NEW EVIDENCE PROVES DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD COMMITTED SUICIDE, and we should have said NEW EVIDENCE SUGGESTS . . ."

Imperfect or not, *Fact* has been amazingly successful. The print order for a recent issue was 275,000. Full-page promotion ads (at $7,000 a page) appear in *The New York Times*, and a huge direct-mail campaign ("the American press is no longer the voice of the people . . .") pulls in subscriptions. Great, untidy piles of checks fall to the floor when the girl at the subscription desk reaches for a cup of coffee.

No large national newsstand distributor will handle *Fact*. Many established writers are hesitant to work for the magazine. Yet Ginzburg, the great phone man, can get Arnold Toynbee, the renowned historian, to write two articles. "Listen," says Ginzburg, "in six months we're going to have a magazine that we're completely proud of. We're getting there. Our latest issue is the first one that doesn't have any moles on it."

The observer looks, and there on page 10 of that issue is a pencil-drawn picture of hipster William Burroughs making what newspapers usually call "an obscene gesture." Is that a mole? "Nah," says Ginzburg. "I think it's a cute gag."

"He has no idea of limits," says Larry Grossman, a TV-network vice president who has known and liked Ginzburg for 10 years. "Just none at all. He doesn't know where they are." The remark seems to fit Ginzburg, the well-to-do gadfly. It may also fit the society that keeps slapping at him. □

". . . and a bag of ginger snaps."

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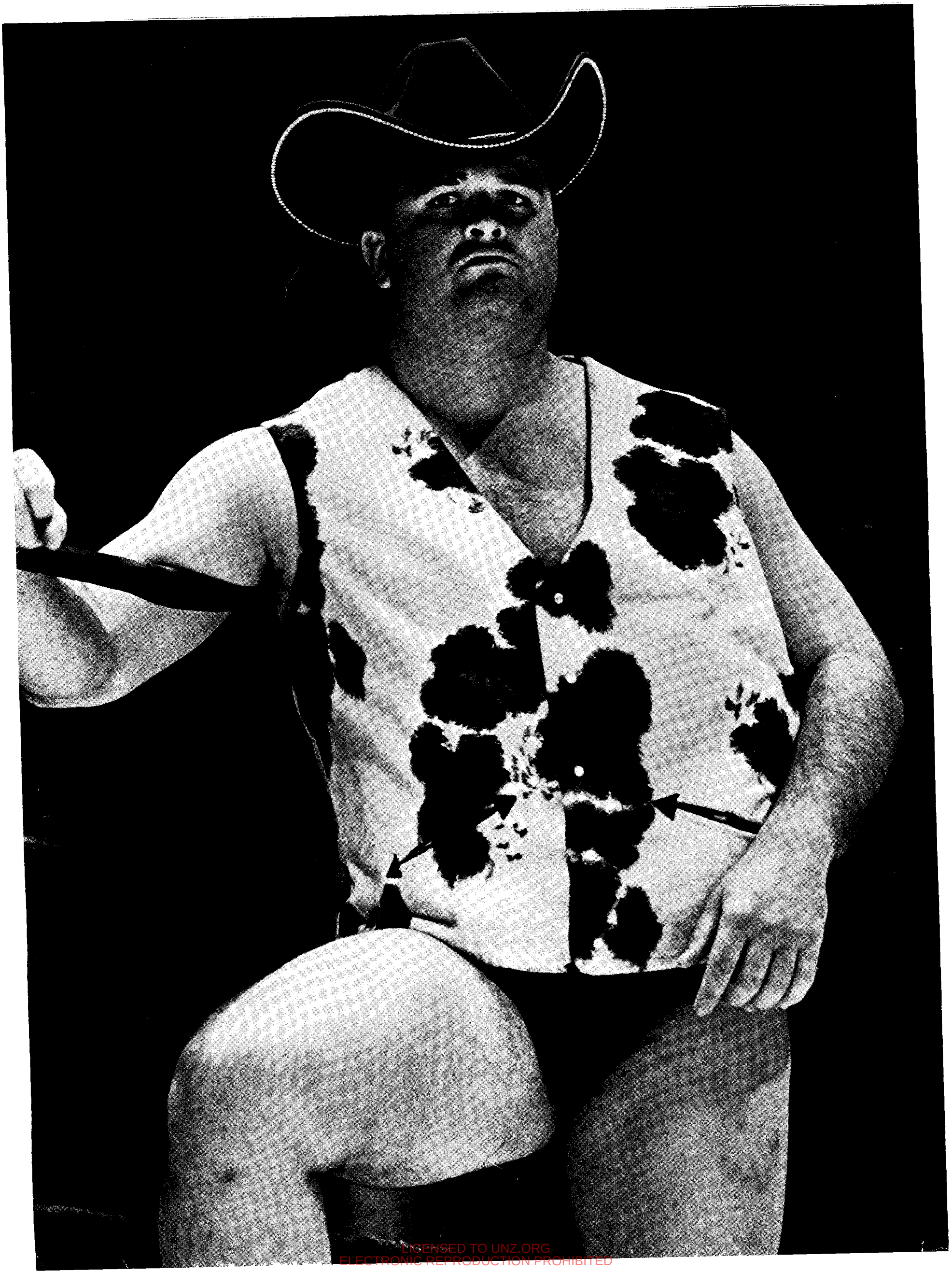

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THE RICH, FULL LIFE OF A BAD GUY

For Cowboy Bill Watts the role of a wrestling villain is pleasant and profitable, if you can keep the fans from killing you.

BY MYRON COPE

Only a few months before, Cowboy Bill Watts had been one of the most beloved performers on the eastern professional wrestling "wheel." Now he was parking his car six blocks from the arena where he was to do battle, hoping that no one would identify him and slash his tires in his absence. "In Scranton I got three tires knifed," he said. "It's hell on your insurance."

Just 26, boyishly handsome in his crewcut, Cowboy Bill had met and defeated scores of scowling, villainous opponents. He was one of the leading good guys on the circuit, and while legitimate athletes might dismiss his vocation as theater rather than sports, he found solace in his income. The year before, he had grossed almost $40,000 in a business that, by conservative estimates, takes in $20 million a year.

Despite his success, Cowboy Bill felt that his prospects as a good guy were limited. The current world heavyweight champion, or, at least, the one recognized as such by the eastern promoters, was a squat, hatchet-nosed opera lover named Bruno Sammartino. Sammartino was firmly established as the leading paragon of humility and clean living, and the Cowboy knew that he could not hope to dent the affection in which the wrestling public held him. Nor could he hope to dethrone the champion, for promoters rarely match one good guy against another good guy.

He and Sammartino had been working together in a series of tag-team matches—bouts that pit two-man teams against each other. One night, with treacherous suddenness, the Cowboy had converted to a bad guy; in a televised match he abruptly turned on the champion, stamping on him and swearing at him. Then he had seized the microphone and shouted at the audience, "In my estimation you're nothing but a bunch of pigs!"

Up and down the Eastern Seaboard wrestling fans had been stunned and angered by the Cowboy's betrayal, and almost overnight he had become a box-office attraction second only to Sammartino himself. Fans spat at him, stoned him with chunks of ice and mailed him death threats. Old ladies jabbed him with hatpins. Old men burned their cigars into his flesh. "I've had some narrow escapes," said the Cowboy, "but if I don't get a crowd reaction, I'm not going anywhere."

Now, on this Monday evening in Washington, the Cowboy stood on the threshold of fulfillment. He would wrestle seven times in six days (twice on Saturday), and the following Monday take on Sammartino himself—in Madison Square Garden.

The Cowboy's opponent at the Washington Coliseum, a one-time ice plant in the city's heavily Negro northeast section, would be Bobo Brazil, a black giant of 315 pounds. "Bobo's a big favorite here," said the Cowboy, apprehensively pondering the reception he would get as a white Oklahoman in a Negro stronghold. No match is dearer to the hearts of wrestling promoters than one that has overtones of ethnic warfare, and there is a fairly brisk demand for Negro wrestlers, virtually all of whom are good guys. Although promoters prefer their crowds intense, to employ Negroes as villains before white audiences would be to invite a lynching. In Canada, a nation less conscious of a distinction between races, a bleached-blond Negro named Sweet Daddy Siki is able to work as a villain, but when he crosses into the States he is transformed into a good guy.

Cowboy Bill's dressing room was already occupied by eight other villains; the good guys dress separately. While waiting for their matches to start, the bad guys slumped on benches, wearing only their undershorts, their bellies big and their mouths clenching cigars. A short man in a purple polo shirt that announced in gold letters, I AM RIGHT, stood in the center of the room, decrying the increasingly homicidal mood of the wrestling crowds.

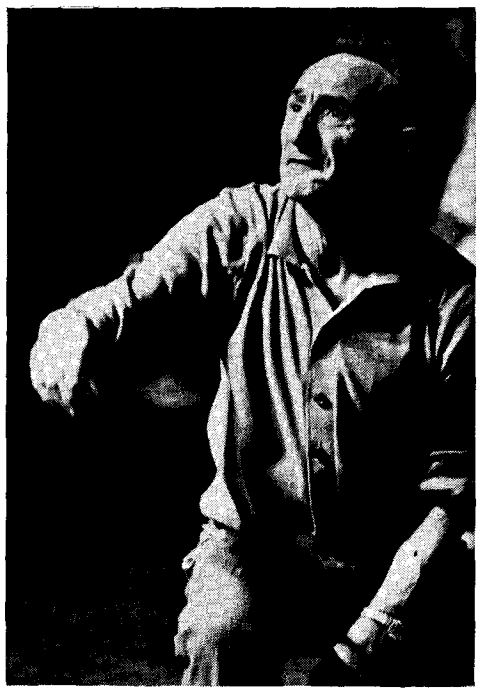
"They see so damn many idiotic imbeciles picketing these days, that's the trouble," he shouted. Fifty-five, his ears thick with cauliflower from his days as a wrestler, his name is Wild Red Berry, and he is said to have become a near-millionaire by shrewdly investing his ring earnings. He keeps his hand in the game by seconding Waldo von Erich, a villain billed as the champion of Germany, and Gorilla Monsoon, allegedly a Manchurian emigrant.

"I read Spinoza and Kant," Berry went on. "We're outspoken men but not raucous. We have to be fit for ourselves to know. I don't want to walk out there and face the setting sun and hate myself for the things I've done."

"Knock it off," said one of the bad guys.

A mustachioed, walnut-colored Puerto Rican named Frank Martinez departed from the dressing

Photographs by Joseph Consentino



Wrestling fans feel deeply about their heroes, and action is often liveliest outside the ring

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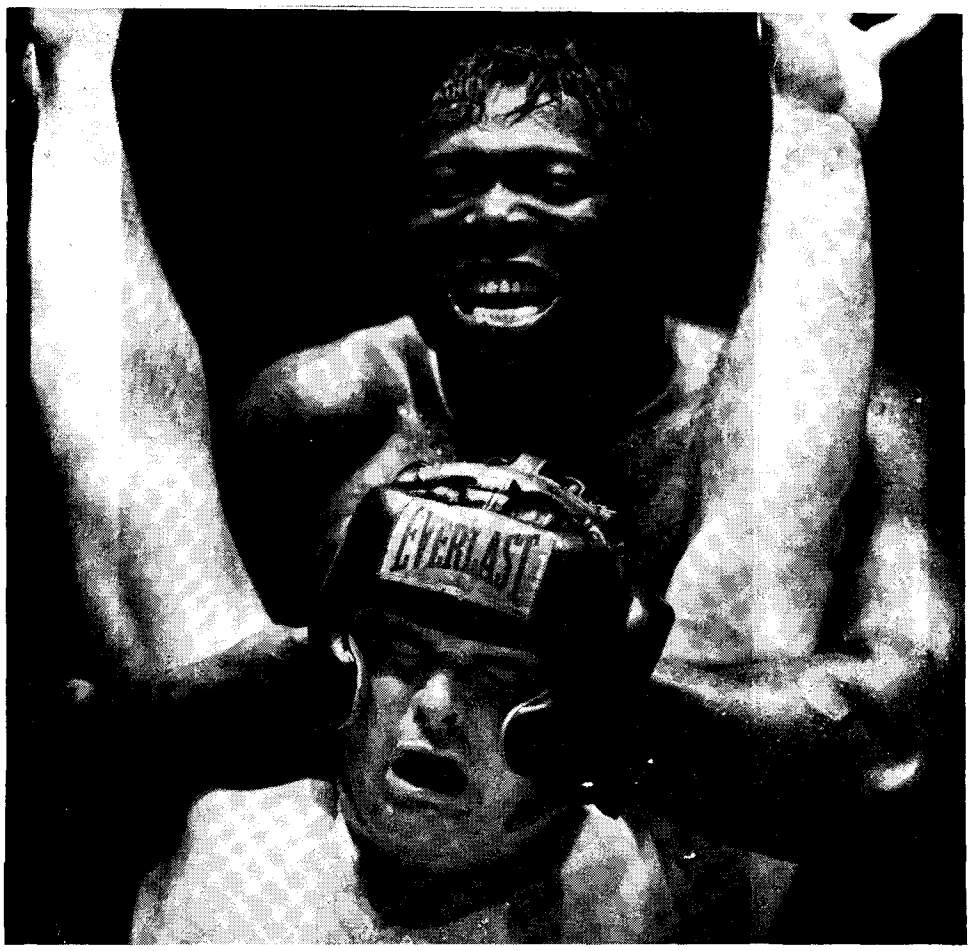

Cowboy Bill grimaces magnificently in the relentless grasp of good guy Bobo Brazil.

Some promoters handle only giants; others specialize in lady wrestlers, and one outfit ships midgets on order.

RICH, FULL LIFE OF A BAD GUY

room for the first bout, making his way up a ramp overhung by chicken wire, which intercepts thrown objects. A handful of "specials"—house cops—flanked Martinez. Although the crowd was 80 percent Negro and Martinez's opponent was a fair-skinned Carolinian, his reputation as a villain canceled any possibility that his skin would win him sympathy.

Martinez, though destined to be pinned in a matter of 17 minutes, quickly goaded the crowd to life by lifting the Carolinian by his ears and dashing him to the canvas. En route back to his dressing room, he also threatened to punch a vituperative old lady in a purple print dress.

The Cowboy left for his match a short time later—the main event often takes place midway in the show, thus giving the principal villain a chance to escape the arena ahead of the crowd. Behind a flying wedge of 15 policemen, Watts plowed up the ramp toward the ring. On all sides the fans rose in waves, shaking their fists and railing at him with a wild-eyed savagery.

In addition to his black tights and black Western-style ring shoes, the Cowboy wore a boxer's headgear for protection against Bobo Brazil's favorite weapon—his "coconut butt." "Take it off, Bobo!" the fans shouted as the match got under way. Bobo butted the Cowboy high on his forehead, but the headgear absorbed the blow and the Cowboy stepped back and withered Bobo with a piteous smile. A toothless young white man charged out of the fifth row, fists clenched, but two cops intercepted him.

Up in the ring the Cowboy suddenly shoved Bobo's head between the middle and top ropes, twisting a pretzel-like noose around Bobo's neck. Bobo's eyes bulged and his tongue hung out. Even though the referee freed him, the crowd was now convinced that Bobo's only hope lay in divesting the Cowboy of his headgear. "Take it off, Bobo!" the fans pleaded.

Now, at close quarters, the Cowboy whispered a word or two into Bobo's ear. (Skeptics might have concluded that Cowboy Bill was cueing Bobo, but the Cowboy assured me later that he was calling Bobo filthy names.) Running backward, the Cowboy flung himself against the ropes, then catapulted off them and crashed into Bobo, striking him to the floor with a forearm under the heart.

Tasting the kill, Cowboy Bill leaped high, bent on descending feet-first on Bobo's chest. In the nick of time, Bobo rolled aside, and the Cowboy crashed clumsily to the canvas. At once Bobo was upon him, ripping off his headgear. A deafening roar of jubilation burst from the crowd.

The Cowboy scrambled to his feet. Bobo charged, and the dreaded coconut butt struck high on the left side of Cowboy Bill's forehead. Blood spurted out and then poured in tributaries down the Cowboy's face and over his chest. Suddenly he climbed out of the ring and, with a great arm-waving gesture of disdain for Bobo's tactics, walked hurriedly up the aisle and through the ramp.

An hour later Cowboy Bill was sitting in a cocktail lounge, refreshing himself with six bottles of beer. Wearing a patch bandage on his head, he spoke of the advantages his career has brought him. He owns a one-third interest in a cattle ranch and is investing carefully in securities. He recently had taken an apartment with pool in Gloucester City, N.J., a town that is central to the wrestling circuit and from which he was able to drive—in his $5,500 air-conditioned car—to most of his appearances in five hours or less. Best of all, his new career as a villain promised to be even more profitable.

"Look how well Buddy Rogers did," said the Cowboy. Rogers, a bad guy who reigned as champion before Sammartino, retired to a life of ease. "He wears a twelve-carat ring on his pinkie, and he went to his high-school principal at a class reunion and flicked the ash off his cigar and said, 'Hey, daddy, I'm that dropout you said would never amount to anything.' "

Since the Roaring '20's, professional wrestling has flourished despite the practically unanimous opinion of sports authorities that all pro matches are theatrical frauds. Certainly it would be an easy matter to fix a wrestling bout, for dozens of the men who regularly wrestle one another work out of the same stable, controlled by a single promoter-manager. Professional gamblers will not bet a dime on a wrestling match. No enlightened sports fan would thrill to a finish in which Sammartino appears to collapse from exhaustion but by great good luck lands flat on his opponent, pinning him to save the day.

When asked if their bouts are fixed, wrestlers respond not with an answer but with another question: "Want to get in the ring with me and find out if I'm a fake?" Certainly there is no doubt that their business is punishing. Punches are pulled, but a good many—usually those thrown to the belly or high on the opponent's back—land reasonably hard. Broken bones are common to the trade, for not even the most agile wrestler can break his falls night after night.

Despite all skeptics, the advent of television in 1947 multiplied fans at least a thousandfold, and created such outrageous caricatures as wrestlers in long blond hair, Indian headdresses, and fur capes. This mixture of showmanship and violence packed arenas as tightly in New York City as in Wichita Falls, Tex.

At the business end of the wrestling cornucopia stands a lanky, pink-faced man of 58 named Vince McMahon, president of Capitol Wrestling Corp. and booking agent for his stable of 40-odd wrestlers, including Cowboy Bill. From his headquarters in a cheaply furnished four-room hotel suite in Washington, McMahon controls the eastern "wheel"—the most prosperous of a handful of regional circuits across the country. He personally promotes shows in the Coliseum as well as weekly televised matches at studios in Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington; additionally, he services 80 clubs in 14 states and occasionally exports his boys to ports as distant as Tokyo.

McMahon deals strictly in "super heavyweights," explaining, "I believe the fan gets a bigger kick out of seeing a 300-pounder hit the canvas or go flying out of the ring." When building the cast for an evening's entertainment, however, he calls on other promoters, each of whom may have his own specialty. There is, for instance, an office in Columbia, S.C., that supplies lady wrestlers and one in Detroit that ships midgets on order. While I was talking to McMahon, his assistant—the former "Jewish Champion," Herbie Freeman—covered a phone with his hands and asked, "You want to use two girls here on the third?"

"Yeh, OK," McMahon said, "I'll use two girls and a girl referee."

"He'll take three," Freeman told South Carolina. "No, he don't need two more."

"Wait, Herbie. I'll use five and make a tag-team match out of it."

"He'll take the whole five," said Freeman.

However impersonal, McMahon is a cautious man who has nurtured his gold mine by methods that are in sharp contrast to those of, say, major-league baseball. He does not, for instance, give away his big events on TV. Before the cameras, his big-name wrestlers grapple only with lesser performers. Most important, McMahon realizes that the bush leagues—the small-town clubs—are the lifeblood of his business.

"It's our job to keep the promoters alive," he says. Toward that end, he usually leaves the local

Watts displays wound after bout with Bobo; none of later opponents attacked cut, good guys being strong on charity.

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promoter with 40 to 50 percent of the receipts, paying the wrestlers himself. No matter how small the town, its promoter is shipped the best McMahon has to offer. Thus Cowboy Bill Watts, only 24 hours after earning $1,000 in Washington, would receive $50 in Harrisburg, Pa.

Harrisburg's Zembo Temple was a far cry from Washington's Coliseum. Cherry trees lined the walk leading into a terrazzo-floored lobby. Cowboy Bill changed clothes in a room appointed with bamboo chaises longues and reminisced on his beginnings. His father is an Oklahoma City steel salesman, a good Presbyterian who years ago gave up his predinner highball lest it have a pernicious effect on his growing children. All the same, Bill impetuously married at 17, was divorced at 19 after fathering a son. Though given an athletic scholarship, he did not graduate from Oklahoma University. He is remembered there as a third-string football tackle and a fairly promising wrestling prospect who, mostly because of disciplinary probation, never saw varsity action. Cowboy Bill left Oklahoma, he says, because of "A love of wine, women and fights."

After a brief trial with the Houston Oilers football club, he obtained an introduction to an Indianapolis wrestling promoter, who put him to work. Wrestling for as little as $25, Big Bill Watts, as he then called himself, drifted to his native Southwest, where he quickly became a popular attraction. Wild Red Berry, he of the Spinoza-Kant leanings, spotted him and tipped off Vince McMahon, who fetched him east and renamed him Cowboy Bill. Now McMahon's top villain, the Cowboy has earned as much as $4,000 in a single night. "Everything I do gets a crowd reaction," he said. "If I blow my nose, they howl, because I *project*. I make 'em feel my loathing for them."

He climbed into the Harrisburg ring opposite his opponent, the "Irish champion" Don McClarity, who was busy signing autographs. One fan—a comely girl—approached the Cowboy's corner for an autograph, but he tore up the paper she handed him, enraging the crowd. Scarcely had the bout begun when a sallow, sideburned young man, seated at ringside with his girlfriend, arose and challenged the Cowboy to a fistfight. The Cowboy stepped onto the apron of the ring, directly over the young man, and beckoned to him.

Screaming murderously, the young man elected to enter the ring at a point where two portly, smiling policemen conveniently intercepted him and ushered him back to his chair. "He wanted to be stopped," said the Cowboy later, after he had pinned the Irish champion. "A lot of them do that. If he had gotten into the ring, though, I'd have torn his eye out. Never give a mark an even break, because they'll never give you one. I've got eight stitches on my back where a guy slashed me with a filed-down iron comb."

Occasionally wrestlers will warm up for their match by offering to take on any man in the house; the spectator who comes forward officially becomes a mark. As a rule, he is a college wrestler or a practitioner of judo or karate and is certain he will expose the professional as a fraud. He is disappointed, painfully. He is intent upon displaying the special skills he has learned, whereas the pro instantly calls upon every cruel blow imaginable.

"Karate and judo are a lot of overrated bunk," said the Cowboy. "So what if a guy can break a board in half? That board isn't hitting back."

After wrestling in a TV show in Washington on Thursday he went on to appear at an ice arena in Brick Town, N.J., on Friday, and then flew to Pittsburgh, where he would wrestle twice on Saturday—at a TV studio at six o'clock and a few hours later at a racetrack. Some 50 fans, carrying lunches, waited five and a half hours under a blazing sun to be admitted to the studio. Most of them were women, many wearing their stockings rolled below their knees. They scrambled into the studio, pouncing on the front-row seats, and when they saw Cowboy Bill pass through the studio they greeted him profanely and obscenely with the sort of language used during race riots.

From the TV studio, Cowboy Bill proceeded to a nearby harness track, where a ring was pitched at the foot of the grandstands. There a tieless, bespectacled man in his 30's turned to me and said, "A lot of this stuff is faked, you know."

"Then why do you come?" I asked.

"Oh, it's not *all* faked. These fellows just put a little color into it, but they get hurt, all right."

Suddenly my astute neighbor was on his feet shouting epithets. Waldo von Erich, Red Berry's German protégé, had entered the ring to oppose a pudgy wrestler named Chief White Owl—a classic morality match pitting Nazism against the original American. "Swine hunt!" bellowed my neighbor, striving to make himself understood to the Hun in perfect Warner Brothers German. "Pig! Filthy German!" Then, turning to me again, he advised, "He's not a man, he's a pig." When the Cowboy entered the ring, a paper cup—packed tightly with ice—flew from the upper grandstand and struck him hard on the top of his head, and a number of fans opened fire on him with wire staples shot from rubber bands.

On the whole, though, Cowboy Bill emerged from Pittsburgh in fairly good shape, his features marred only by a bandage covering the wound which had been opened in Washington by Bobo Brazil's coconut butt. Curiously, no opponent had leaped to exploit so obvious a target. Good guys are strong on charity.

Now the Cowboy moved on to New York for his showdown match with the *prima* good guy, Bruno Sammartino. Unlike the Cowboy, who had been willing to switch images for a better dollar, Sammartino possessed a wistful reverence for the sport he had learned as a boy in Italy. "The fans here in this country, they criticize the gimmicks, but they buy it," he sighed.

"A man named George Wagner was one of the best wrestlers to ever come out of this country—he had everything—but he was nothing," Bruno said. "So he bleached his hair and changed his name to Gorgeous George, and they paid a fortune to see him. The others saw his success and they did the same, and it ridiculed the whole game."

As champion for more than two years, Bruno has earned close to $200,000 annually. (He is not, by the way, the only world champion in America, for at last word Lou Thesz was recognized as champ by midwest promoters and others, and Pedro Morales, whose Mexican blood makes him big in Southern California, reigned in the West.) "Now, I am getting tired of it," Bruno said. "I've had my jaw broken and my wrist broken, and I've had my nose broken ten, eleven times and cannot breathe out of it. But it's so hard to get out when you're at the peak making money."

The Cowboy, meanwhile, had gone into New York declaiming that it was time wrestling had a champion capable of speaking good English. For weeks he had been hurling insults at Bruno, warming New York's Italian population to a nice ticket-buying temperature. Finally, with the moment of truth at hand, he donned a royal-blue Stetson and set off from his hotel to the Garden, followed by a band of children shouting, "You stink, Watts!"

In contrast, only adulation fell on Bruno Sammartino's large ears as he climbed into the ring wearing his bejeweled championship belt. After representatives of the International Bruno Sammartino Fan Club had come forward to present Bruno with a trophy for "ability, determination and fair play," the ring announcer bellowed that victory would be awarded the first contestant to pin his man twice. The formalities over, Cowboy Bill promptly doubled up Bruno with a rabbit punch and downed him with a kick in the belly.

While Bruno lay helpless, the Cowboy repeatedly leaped into the air and stamped on him with his right foot. Each time, the Cowboy's left foot hit the canvas first, breaking the impact of his descent, and his right foot landed flat-soled on Bruno's ample belly. The crowd responded as if Bruno were being torn apart by mad dogs. Six cops moved swiftly to eject a trio of ground-floor spectators for hurling missiles at the Cowboy. The Cowboy went on to batter Bruno from ringpost to ringpost and win the first fall easily.

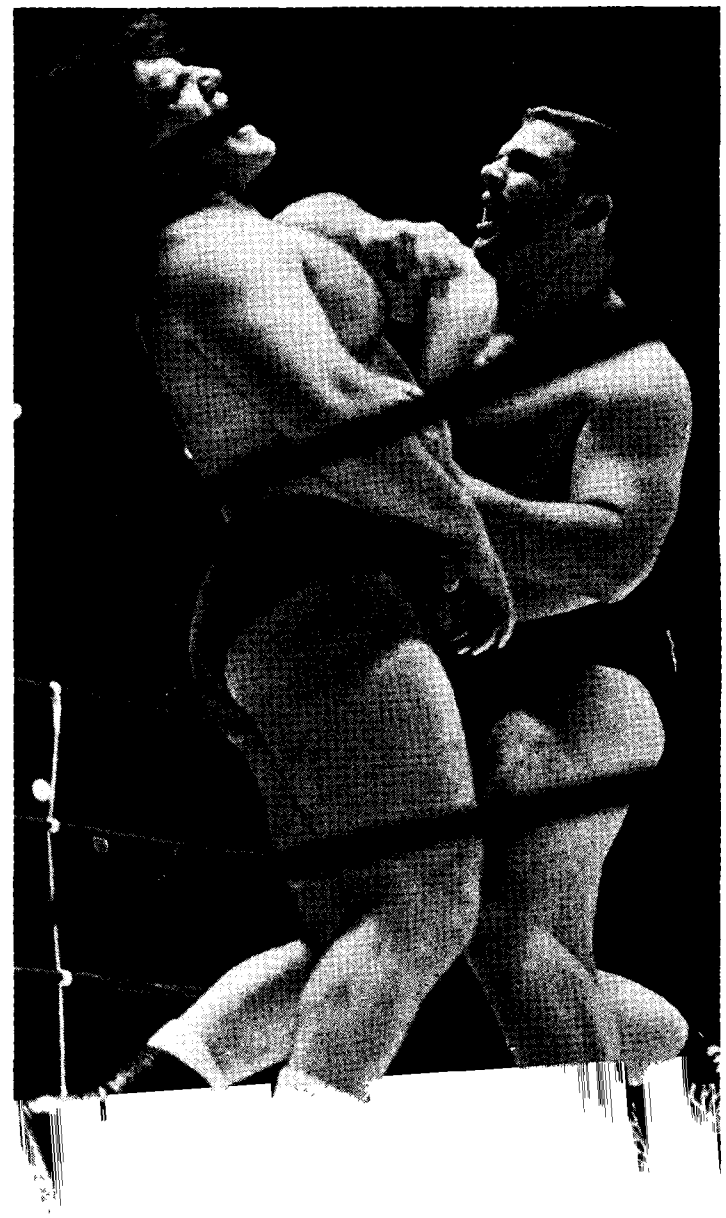
Bruno, though coming out for the second session on wobbly legs, summoned fresh strength from a reservoir of outraged anger and fell upon the Cowboy, fists flailing. Bruno then flung him to the canvas and quickly pinned him. Inexplicably, the Cowboy remained on the canvas, writhing in a convulsion of pain, and could not answer the bell for the third session. The crowd thundered jubilantly as the referee held Bruno's arm aloft in victory. Then Bruno, good guy that he is, went to the Cowboy's aid. "Don't do it, Bruno," the crowd pleaded, wise to the Cowboy's ways.

Sure enough, the Cowboy lashed up with a forearm to Bruno's groin. While the referee restrained Bruno, the Cowboy allowed a police escort to whisk him to his dressing room.

Though he had not dethroned Bruno, Cowboy Bill did not appear entirely crushed when I saw him an hour later with a blonde in the hotel cocktail lounge. There would be rematches with Bruno shortly (all of which the Cowboy lost), and then exotic trips to San Francisco and Japan to tap fresh box offices. Meanwhile, he remained matchless in his arrogance.

"How'd you do tonight, fella?" asked a man passing the Cowboy's table.

"None of your business," the Cowboy said. □



After a vicious assault on Bruno Sammartino, Cowboy Bill collapsed under the champion's valiant counterattack.

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Editorial

The road to catastrophe

New York City, the economic and cultural capital of this country, has suffered three major crises in the past year. Each was worse—and more stupidly unnecessary—than the previous one.

Last summer, when the water supply ran down, and they turned off the fountains and stopped cleaning the streets and shut off the air conditioning in the smog-ridden inferno of central Manhattan, it was possible to put some of the blame on the lack of rain. Last fall, when the electric power failed and millions of people were stranded in the dark, it was possible to blame it on "an accident." But in the winter fiasco, when the subways and buses stopped, there was no such excuse. There was no natural catastrophe—no unforeseeable accident—that required masses of commuters to waste millions of man-hours trying to get to and from their jobs, that cost the lowest-paid workers their badly needed wages, that wounded all businesses and bankrupted some, that cost the city an estimated half billion dollars during the first week alone. The only reasons for this debacle were foolishness, incompetence, indifference, or bad will on the part of powerful men.

Has anyone learned anything from the ordeal?

Perhaps we have learned something about labor negotiations. Calvin Coolidge was unmistakably right when he declared that "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, at any time." But that does not mean that such public servants as policemen, firemen, teachers, hospital technicians—and in this case, subway workers—should be the starvelings of society, compelled by law to work for substandard wages. While the Transport Workers Union demand for a 30-percent wage increase and a 32-hour week was absurd, the Transit Authority could scarcely have expected that its offer of 3-percent raises would be welcomed by cheers of gratitude from men who average $6,250 a year. Perhaps we have learned that unrealistic demands and unrealistic offers do not constitute bargaining.

Perhaps we have learned that when a collision occurs, we need less judicial coercion and more political intervention. When Mike Quill called his strike in defiance of a court order, many of his victims found it personally gratifying to see the old reprobate carted off to jail, but there is little evidence that this shortened the strike. Quite the opposite. Surely a stiff fine on a union treasury is a far more effective punishment than a few days in jail for a "martyred" union leader. And surely the political leaders responsible for our fortunes could have been a little more responsible. President Johnson seemed relatively complacent about the paralysis of America's greatest city, as did Governor Rockefeller. And while one can sympathize with former Mayor Wagner's pleasure at lolling in the Mexican beach resort of Acapulco during the crisis, it was he who had been in power while the crisis developed, and trudging New Yorkers may have wondered at the ease with which he bequeathed the mess to a successor who had barely had time to tell one end of City Hall from the other.

Perhaps, too, we have learned something about our utter reliance on mass transport. It was clear, from the first day, that the government should have started running buses between Manhattan and the outlying boroughs. This may smack of "strikebreaking," a generally disapproved tactic, but the ordinary strike is aimed directly against the employer, who has the power to grant concessions; this one directly attacked 10 million innocent bystanders, and inflicted the greatest damage on those who could afford it least. Even in normal times, mass transport into and out of our cities is a wild gamble, like sailing through choppy seas in a boat loaded to the gunwales. Every heavy snowfall or electrical storm threatens disaster. And every time the mass-transport system fails, the whole city suffers. Thus, by all common sense, it must not be allowed to fail.

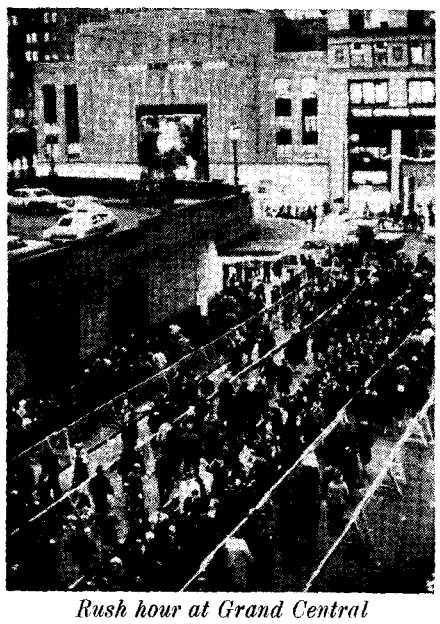
Perhaps we have learned something, but it seems unlikely. Instead of solving the problems that are constantly growing worse, the politicians of all parties seem to rely primarily on the resilience and good spirits of the average citizen, repeatedly demanding that he accept the intolerable as "a challenge." When there wasn't enough water, the people were asked to cooperate in depriving themselves of a necessity of life. When the power failed, everyone was pleasantly surprised to find that New Yorkers would cheerfully put up with almost any inconvenience. When the subway strike started, Mayor John V. Lindsay tried to play the same old card. Apparently prepared to shut down the city, he told everyone to look in his mirror, decide whether he was "essential" and, if not, stay home. It didn't work so well this time. People looked in their mirrors and decided they were essential—particularly if their being essential was essential to their getting paid. Despite Mayor Lindsay's appeals, many employers didn't feel like paying people to stay home—and why should they? As strikebound day followed strikebound day, the number of people prepared to sacrifice their own interests diminished visibly.

Almost a month has passed now, and it seems safe to predict that there will be another water crisis next summer, more power failures, and more subway stoppages. There will also be more slums and substandard education, more smog and pollution, and more crime and rioting. For while our politicians continue to prattle about abstractions like "The Great Society," "Free Enterprise," "States' Rights," "The Neighborhood School" and "The War on Poverty," they will continue to play politics, each party knifing and sabotaging the opposing party, each local warlord fighting for his share of funds and publicity.

A few decades ago we could ignore or scoff at the mess in our cities. In 1880, there were only 50 million people in the whole country; today there are more than that living in the 24 biggest metropolitan areas. There are nearly 200 million of us now; by the end of the century, there will be 250 million in urban areas alone. As long as we keep transforming our central cities into combinations of office buildings and slums; as long as we fail to integrate our cities with their surrounding suburbs, both politically and economically; as long as we substitute hope and guesswork for political leadership and economic planning, we will continue on our present road to catastrophe. □

John Lindsay

Mike Quill



Rush hour at Grand Central

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